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THE PERILS OF HISTORICAL NARRATIVE.

I HOPE to show how the elements and concomitants of historical narrative are imperiled by perversion and accident; how their accuracy is often little more than a question of belief; how they are emasculated by what is called the dignity of history; how they are debilitated by the so-called philosophy of history; how they are modified by unavoidable change in men and manners, and subject to revision through the development and readjustment of material in the hands of succeeding writers.

There is no quality of the historian upon which so great stress is laid, nor one so little understood, as what is called his accuracy; and it seems difficult for the layman to consider it other than a positive thing. Historical accuracy is, in fact, the most fleeting of vanities. Hard, dry, distinguishable facts there doubtless are. An annalist may deal with them and seldom err. But the difference between an annalist and a historian is, that the mere facts of the first as used by the latter become correlated events, which illumine each other, and get their angles of reflection from many causes external to the naked facts. These causes are the conditions of the time, which gave rise to the facts; the views of the period in which they are studied; and the idiosyncrasies of the person studying them. Hence no historical statement can be final. Views change, and leave credulity and perversion always to be eradicated from the historian's page. Individuals are cast in varying moulds. Until Nature has reached the limit of her ethnical and personal diversities, there can be no stay to the rewriting of history upon the basis of the same data; and the problem is kept otherwise alive by the constant discovery of new material. So we may well ask if an annalist is accurate; but to put the same question respecting a historian means a great deal more; and, beyond a certain range, it is never easily answered, and rarely with satisfaction. It is this uncertainty that keeps historical study perennial. It is very easy to say that history is false. Napoleon called history nothing but established fiction. Frederick the Great spoke of it as "lies mixed with some truths." The well-known story of Raleigh in the Tower is rehearsed to point the denunciatory moral, and then we are told that this story itself has no authority, and is another of the lies. The novelist and playwright claim, or the claim is made for them, that their plots and characters are more historic than the historian's. Fielding said that only his names and dates were false, while in the histories these alone were true. Such are the commonplaces which lead many people to talk much of the superiority of Shakespeare's English history to that of the chroniclers and historians. It is superior in its way; and, with this acknowledgment, there is no proposition to discuss. We want Shakespeare, and Bacon, and Hume, and Hallam, and Macaulay, and Green, and Lecky, and

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we want them all. It is of no more account that their recitals do not agree in details than it is that the horses of a sweepstakes are of different colors.

We are often deceived by the disguises of truth. It is a legal fiction that the king, or the state, is always present in court. Truth stands at the bar of history in much the same way. She is hidden from us in the raiments of the historian. A famous lawyer once said that there is an idiom in truth beyond the imitation of falsehood. Therefore, whatever its obscurities, whatever the special pleas of a partisan, whatever the blur of the personal equation, truth may still be there, to be seen at times by sharp eyes in a learned head. Accuracy in a historian is a question of comparison, largely. It depends greatly upon the reader's views. Accuracy in the sense that a problem in mathematics is accurate is, in much that a historian is bound to write, wholly out of the question. You cannot deal with appearances and motives, as a historian must, and demonstrate a truth beyond dispute.

A distinguished author, who sometimes writes history, once said to me, respecting a proposition which he had made, that, if it were not true, it ought to be. It was better than truth to him, and no doubt was to his readers. What is a fact in the face of the higher law of truth? Bulwer puts it thus: "Facts, if too nakedly told, may be very different from truths in the impression they convey." A writer of history, who was trying to tell a story of the making of a new social system in a philosophical spirit, by interlarding his narrative with bits of generalizations, asked me how he could improve his book. I told him by so arranging his narrative that its philosophy would go without saying, or would, in other words, be carried by his narrative. He went for comfort to a brother philosopher, who told him to stick to his philosophy and leave out his facts. There are men who hate facts. When a novelist submitted to me a piece of history which he had been writing, and I pointed out its errors of statement, he scorned what he called "the stern brutality of facts." No one who has dealt largely with historical research but quite understands this disparagement of much that passes for judicial and learned statements; for no one knows so well as such a student that to make a statement of the circumstances of an event involves estimates of probabilities, of character, and of purpose that are not wholly to be clinched by unimpeachable evidence.

I fear that the unquestioned accuracy of history is like the vital principle of life: we seek for it, but never find it. In history, as in all else, we agree to disagree, and accuracy has more faces than Janus. It is in the nature of things that it should be so. Freeman tells us that "absolute certainty is unattainable by the very best historical evidence;" and he adds, as respects two witnesses, that exact agreement in every minute detail is held to be a little surprising. So it is that accuracy in any correlated historical statement is often nothing more than probability as it lies in one mind.

The successful historian employs the same faculties which make for the merchant his fortune. It is penetration of character, discernment of qualities, judicial sifting of evidence, judgment of probabilities, that enable the historian to give the seeming of fact; and, after all, it is but a seeming. The late Dr. Deane succeeded in making uncertain the Pocahontas story of the rescue of John Smith; but there is still left a chance of its accuracy, so that the romance will never die, and each generation will renew the discussion. It is pretty much this condition that governs all historical research, where the character of the actor or of the narrator has any play. We see it in what Niebuhr has done for Rome and Grote for Greece. Thus

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the historian may follow the annalist in his dates and other certainties, and at the same time be conscious that omniscience, infallibility, and the infinite are quite beyond his ken. He knows how scant his divination is as to the probable truths. He knows the difficulty of giving a just value to circumstances. He cannot tell how far, purposely or accidentally, the statements of his witnesses are misleading. Who, for instance, can be quite sure of the maps of the age of American discovery, when we know Spain always concealed her knowledge, and would sometimes resort to falsification in her hydrographical offices, in order to deceive her rivals? Nor was Portugal free from similar practices. Indeed, there is nothing more harrowing to the historical investigator than deceits of record. What was intended to befog a rival comes to us with all the circumstance of truth, and may befog us; and all the more readily if it has been transmitted amid the confusion of prejudice and principle in the mind of the person transmitting it. The wiles of diplomacy are proverbial. One would never suspect, from the letters of Melbourne to Lord Ashburton, that the British government held the evidence to sustain the American side in the northeastern boundary controversy. A general writes a letter on purpose to have it intercepted, and it falls into the hands of an unsuspecting historian.

The historian must encounter among his authorities the alarmist, the faint-heart, and the braggart. We must not wholly believe the fugitives from Braddock's field nor the miserable wanderers from a rapine, like those who escaped from the slaughter of the Wyoming Valley. The particulars of the Norse sagas become to errant minds mere milk for babes. The mendacities of Thevet and Hennepin confound the early geography of a continent. The spurious prophecies of Montcalm, the Philadelphia speech of Sam Adams, the letters that the enemies of Washington tried to make live with the authority of his misused name, are but instances of the political chicanery that would misguide public opinion. But how much that is false is still accepted! How much history must be rewritten upon the demonstration of such falsity! Stubbs tells us that the proved discovery of the forgery of Ingulf's History of Croyland Abbey was a fact that necessitated the revision of every standard book on early English history. Our most distinguished historian was obliged to rewrite his La Salle when Margry divulged documents which he had kept out of sight.

The record may be falsified by national or local pride. Time was when the Scots claimed the blood of the Pharaohs, when the Britons made themselves the heirs of Æneas, when the genealogy of the Spanish kings was carried back to Noah. Every hero of the Middle Ages traced up to Hector. In our day, a weak mind has discerned the blood of Odin meandering through the veins of Washington. We have within a score of years seen state pride seek to make history anew by aggrandizing the transient sojourn of Popham's followers on the Maine coast into the parent effort of New England settlement.

It is the romance of history which attracts the half educated and secures the publisher. An active man of affairs and vigorous writer, who has made some successful ventures in the fields of history, believes that we should elaborate the episodes of progress, and let the gaps and level spaces alone. Another writer, more eminent in fiction than in history, holds that no book has a reason for being which is not popularly readable. Such as these establish canons of history more for the present than for all time. It is the converse of Voltaire's proposition that history is playing tricks with the dead, and is rather beguiling the living. The fact is, however

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we play tricks with the dead or beguile the living, the historical narrative can have no finality. It appeals anew, in each generation, to fresh individuals, or must be told under changed conditions of society. This is a reason for its perennial character quite apart from any necessity of retracting, arising from new discoveries of material. "Truth indeed is single," says Prescott, "but opinions are infinitely various." We must not forget how important a share of any historical narrative is the opinion of the narrator; and, moreover, according to Freeman, we should not forget that "the history of opinion about facts is really no small part of the history of those facts." Farther is it true that though the historian has to do with facts, or what he supposes to be facts, he has quite as much to do with what his actors supposed were facts, but were not. Columbus, on the coast of Cuba, making his crew swear they were on the coast of Asia, and Balboa discovering what he called the South Sea, dominated the historical geography of their time.

History, so far as it embodies the study of the characters of men, deals necessarily with their motives, which are the foundations of character. How uncertain the scrutiny of personal motives is needs hardly to be said. The historian's divining-rod to find the well-spring of motive is his own predisposition, which is the unfailing cause of a diversity of views. John Adams saw a hater of New England in the royal governor of the Stamp Act times. To-day we discover in the diary of Thomas Hutchinson the most filial of natives. The speech which Webster puts into the mouth of John Adams, another imagined by Botta, and an actual record, if we had one, would be far from alike. Mitford sees aristocracy in Greece, and Thirlwall democracy; and one wonders what the fact was. Was it qualities which they had inherited from a line of ancestry that made these respective writers so at variance? There is nothing more perplexing than the delicate relations in history of cause and effect, whether in the events or in the recorders of them. There seems sometimes to be nothing to check dependent progress, if we travel back over the annals of the world. Shall we say the American Revolution traces back to the Writs of Assistance, as most begin it; to the changes of European policy which followed the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, as Bancroft divines; to the revulsion of the Andros revolution; or even to that taking of the emblems of a national life in their hands, when Winthrop and his fellows brought hither the charter of the Massachusetts Company? So mysteriously generation is linked with generation, and century grows out of century. Who would have thought that when the Plantagenet, Henry VII. of England, gave a patent to the Venetian, John Cabot, and his three sons, to discover western lands, he would have determined the fact of the fee in the roadway of the New York Bowery, in a suit of abutters against an elevated street railway, as really happened the other day? Or when Champlain, a Frenchman, wintered on an island in the American wilds, in 1604, he would have determined by the traces of his occupancy a question of bounds between Great Britain and the revolted colonies, two centuries later? Bosworth field and the Bowery, Catholic France and rebellious Protestants, thus contrast and connect, and their concomitant results are good instances of the mutability and dependence of history. Events in the age of their happening are one thing; events placed in the world's memory, affecting the world's opinions and experiences, are quite another thing. This interlacing of the ages makes the new telling of old stories a part of the intellectual development of the race, and this retelling is necessarily subject

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to the writer's personality, and to the influence upon him of his day and generation. So the Tytlers and the Rollinses pass with damson plums and syllabubs into the limbo of forgotten things.

Distance in leagues, as well as in years, makes similar distinctions. This is shown territorially and chronologically in the rules of evidence. We do not find the flavor of the common law in the historians of France. Two centuries change the rules of the witness-stand in our own communities. We cannot forget this when we deal with witnesses of a former age. A sense of right may have been different then from what it is now. The pine-tree shilling of Massachusetts Bay and the iron coin of Lycurgus convey morals as different as can well be imagined. Webster delivering his eulogy on Adams and Jefferson in Faneuil Hall, in an academic gown, and an Irish Catholic descanting at Plymouth on the message of the Mayflower to civilization, have fallen within the survey of a long life. We might believe that when Voltaire said that what is not natural is not true, he could have known of just such paradoxes; but let us think a moment, and we shall decide that what is natural is really based on the artificial notions at the time prevailing. We find it sometimes difficult to believe this. It materially makes the past to us a thing of which the past had no conception. It needs a little effort to take in the fact, says Freeman, that we ought not to forget that Thucydides himself was not to his contemporaries all that he is to us.

The child takes his first history lesson from a fable of Æsop, or he is told how the naughty cat killed the canary. He is shown a moral in the fable, and made to see total depravity in the feline act. As we grow older, the story-telling of the histories is smothered with generalities and garnished with psychology, till we are in doubt whether we are hearing a story or reading the secrets of nature as some one else understands them. We emancipate ourselves at last, and find the freshness of life in the story that travels steadily to the end, in which its philosophy goes without saying, and the narrative needs no condiment to improve its flavor. Such are the stages in the development of the historical instinct. It needs training and large familiarity to convert a maundering method into directness, force, and significance. The colt paces, the finished roadster has learned to trot. To tell the story with Herodotus is what we have come to, after all experimenting.

It is often claimed, on the contrary, that it is the power of generalization and classification which makes a great historian; but this power alone is apt to come dangerously near to cant and platitude. To dole out homilies is not spaciousness of mind. General propositions are by no means circumspection of thought. Macaulay, in his description of a perfect law-giver, strikes close to the perfect historian: "a just temper between the mere man of theory, who can see nothing but general principles, and the mere man of business, who can see nothing but particular circumstances." It is such a one who makes a story, in the telling, carry the meaning which belongs to it, in all its breadth, equipoise, and significance. Gibbon did not spend much time in accounting for the influence of events. His recital showed the connection; an epithet gave the key-note. This, too, is not the least of Macaulay's charms. Neander, on the other hand, stands opaque before his story; and it is this dominating tendency of the Germans which makes a well-composed history so rare a thing in their literature.

I remember a trick of boyhood. A certain fish, when his abdomen is rubbed, swells with the confined air, so that when he is thrown back into his element he flounders desperately in efforts to dive. When I think of the philosophical

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historian gamboling in constraint upon the surface of his narrative, and never lost to sight, I bring to mind this sportive freak of the boy. It is in both cases a wronging of nature. Lingard says that few writers have done more to pervert the truth of history than philosophical historians. It is not that causes and effects do not exist; but the elements of the problem do not remain constant. The times are different, the conditions of life are altered, the peoples are not the same. We are apt to say that human nature is much the same everywhere; but we are little prone to recognize how great an influence on human nature the surroundings of it exercise. We have only to look at the customs, laws, and superstitions of peoples of different regions and different ages to mark this diversity. It is enough to allow that the study of history has ripening effects upon the mind. We may get habits of practical wisdom, but Burke says that we fail to get political precepts to apply to practical issues with the immutability of law. To reach what may perhaps be called comparative history, which Disraeli traces back to Machiavel, is as far as we can go in the construction of a philosophical scheme. Robertson, who had brought his history of America down to the outbreak of the American Revolution, and had forecast the drift of his narrative beyond, was rudely balked by the events which followed. "It is lucky," he acknowledged, "that my American history was not finished before the event. How many plausible theories that I should have been entitled to form are contradicted by what has happened!" One remembers how Freeman, twenty-five years ago, talked of the disruption of the United States as an accomplished fact. The logic of events is a dangerous formula. That there is an agency, or principle, or method in historical progress that justifies historical forecast, as in the laws of storms, can, in the nature of things, be true in no broad sense. Our problems deal with the ductility quite as much as with the docility of the human mind, singly or collectively. There is a flexibility in the relations of cause and effect that is quite beyond gauging. The political prophecies that come true we remember; more that fail we forget.

The historian may be sagaciously profound without being what is called a philosopher. There is all the difference between the two that exists between a field of grain which undulates with the breeze and the same field beaten down by a storm. I do not want, says Milton, speaking of a historian, frequent interspersions of sentiment or a prolix dissertation on transactions which interrupt the series of events.

It is always easy to find instances of what is called, in the lives of men and of nations, the compelling force of natural law, the divine guidance or the devil's machinations. God in history, for instance, appears to be a noble phrase, but the ways of Providence are no less inscrutable to the historian than laws of the natural world that are not understood. What seems providential in history is but the reflex of the mind that contemplates it, and depends upon the training and sympathies of that mind; and as the training is diverse, the view is also diverse. It may have seemed providential to the American Congress that an incompetent like Howe went to Philadelphia instead of going up the Hudson to join Burgoyne, but it could not have looked very providential to his Majesty George III. The old chroniclers of the Spanish Indies saw God's work in the atrocities put upon the natives of tropical America at which the Christian shudders to-day. The untold miseries consequent upon what the world has miscalled religion, in wars, inquisitions, oppressions, inhumanities, appall us; and we are almost forced to ask ourselves at times if the benefits of religion

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in private life can compensate for its public practice through the ages. It need hardly be said that religion is something quite apart from men's definition of it; but it must also be said that when one age sees God in history, the insight is based upon the opinions of a fleeting and changeful period, while the inconstancy of motive, purpose, will, and circumstances is the only thing that is changeless. The theories of Comte, Buckle, and Spencer are interesting; but the life of the world goes on willfully, nevertheless. The South should create lassitude, but the sluggard is in the North. The North should have the warrior; but he appears in the South. Sluggard and warrior, misplaced according to theory, appear in the nick of time for some effect, and the current of history runs up hill, when it should run down. We may strike an average from the wildest helter-skelterism, and this average may be reasonably steady if long enough followed; but an average is not a law, — it is the proof of the absence of law. Moral philosophy may draw its examples from history; but history is no scheme of moral philosophy. Events are provokingly willful. "It is better as I have told it," said Voltaire, when his facts were disproved. The inevitable does not happen. Take a battle. Its course ought to be thus and so. The position of the troops, the superiority of arms, the talents of the commanders, the rights of the cause, all indicate the inevitable; but the other thing happens. The fate of political parties turns on a slander or a rainy election day. Rome ought to fall, and the geese save her. Columbus stretches his course to the Florida coast, and a flight of birds turns him to the West Indies, and saves the Atlantic seaboard for another race. But for a hazy day Champlain might have gone into Boston harbor, and the Jesuits instead of the apostle Eliot might have struggled with the Massachusetts Indians. But for the breakers off Nauset the Mayflower might have landed the Plymouth Pilgrims to grow peaches on the Jersey coast.

There is no question likely to present itself to the mind of the young student of history more officiously than this, Is there a science of history? — and no question which one who has long worked as a historical student would so willingly shuffle out of sight. There are, to be sure, in historical studies some of the semblances of the frailties of science. We have occasionally to take a working hypothesis and hold it as long as we can, and historical opinions are often as unstable as the experimental sciences. Thirty years ago, Buckle endeavored to convince the world that history had mainly to deal with man's subjection to natural laws. Ritter had already recognized a certain potency in man's surroundings, but he acknowledged, nevertheless, that a man's will is a certain and often a compelling factor in his destiny. The laws which govern the progress of mankind, if we must believe Buckle, are as constant as those which send the satellites about the planet; but the potency of human volition is not so easily set aside.

Daniel Webster, in an address before the New York Historical Society in 1852, endeavored to make clear the steadfastness of historical experience as springing from the essential characteristics of human nature everywhere and in all ages; but he proceeded to qualify the statement, until it lost most of its force so far as it exemplified historical teaching. "It may teach us," he said, "general principles of human nature; but it does not instruct us greatly in the various possible developments;" and inasmuch as possible developments are the salient points of historical progress, the exceptions confront us more vividly than the law. Buckle holds that national movements are determined solely by their antecedents; but if antecedents have such an accumulating force that

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they become potent by overpowering masses of men, we should have none of those revolutions like that of the English colonies in America, where a vigilant and determined minority threw a continent into a civil war. Even Buckle, as has frequently been pointed out, after he had amassed his data and formulated his theory, discarded them, when he came to show that individuals really controlled in large part the history of Spain and Scotland.

The treatment of the historical narrative by a mere *littérateur* is almost as bad as that by a mere philosopher. He makes perspectives which do not exist. He forgets things which he cannot readily and gracefully weave into his web. He writes politely oftentimes when he should write judicially. He hesitates to unhorse the traditional hero. Irving held it unwise to destroy the world's exemplars, however the truth might demand it, and he exemplified his practice in his life of Columbus. Such a writer holds candor to be obtrusive, and sees no difference between a host's drawing-room and the court of history. Gervinus has said that the historian must have the courage of the moth, and burn his wings to approach the light.

Writers of a timid sort hold that to be a detective is to lower the dignity of history. Their art eschews what the camera sees, and trusts to the polite eye. Nature hides her ungainliness to the slow eye. It is the business of an artist to second Nature; it is the work of the historian to expose Nature. The ivy beautifies the tower, but we have to strip the vine to repair the edifice.

Scientific research is developing, in these latter days, a body of correlated material in which the historical student finds much to study. It is doing far more. It is raising a body of intermediary elucidators, who prepare it for the popular sense. The fact that the historian's search is symbolized by the camera disposes of that old-time notion of the dignity of history. The camera catches everything, however trivial, and shows its relation to the picture. Robertson was perhaps the last of the great English historians to discard the help of the antiquary and of personal memoirs. Voltaire set the fashion of emphasizing the life of the people. In him the court and the army first lost their prominence. He at last viewed the course of history from the plane of his own century. Carlyle fell into line, and the Germans, in their *Cultur-Geschichte*, have carried the same process to the fullest development. Macaulay, having ridiculed the exclusiveness of the oldest school in an essay on Sir William Temple, exemplified other views in his own history. Buckle is as timorous here as he is bold in his main drift. He would reject personal anecdotes as belonging to biography, and not to history. The faithful student, however, knows what history suffers by any such deprivation. It rests on a personal anecdote that Columbus, to prosecute his voyage, deceived his own crew; but it is nevertheless as essential to the historical narrative as the assistance which he forced from the monarchs of Spain. It may rest on personal anecdote that Columbus deceived himself when he forced his followers to subscribe to a belief in their being on the coast of Asia; but we need such anecdotes to show that the effrontery of his character was quite another thing from the courage and trustfulness of being in the right.

Nothing is more certain in the world's history than that the far-reaching cause may not rest in a great undertaking, but is found in the trivial happenings of humble people. It is of the rivalry of two small Greek tribes that we read in Thucydides. Anglo-American historical literature begins, for New England, in the best sense, with the history of Plymouth Plantation by William Bradford, — a record of the trials and dis-

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comforts and faith of a very small body of unknown, expatriated English yeomen; but generations of a great people have given that record largeness; and we shall search far to find a similarly noble account of the beginnings of any other people.

In conclusion, I may confess that I have made of history a thing of shreds and patches. I have only to say that the life of the world is a thing of shreds and patches, and it is only when we consider the well-rounded life of an individual that we find permeating the record a reasonable constancy of purpose. This is the province of biography, and we must not confound biography with history. Their conduct and their lessons are different and independent. The man is a part of his age, but he requires a different gauge. The age is influenced by the man, but it is fickle where he is constant, halting where he is marching, and active where he is contemplative. Neither the man nor the age can fall behind the years, but, like cannon-balls linked by a rod, the onward course of the twain is marked by different revolutions, and no one can tell which will strike the target first.

Justin Winsor.

A CHRONICLE OF THREE LITTLE KINGS.

THERE was

"Riot of roses and babble of birds,
All the world in a whirl of delight,"

when the three baby kingbirds opened their eyes to the June sunlight. Three weeks I had watched, if I had not assisted at, the rocking of their cradle, followed day by day the patient brooding, and carefully noted the manners and customs of the owners thereof. At last my long vigil was rewarded. It was near the end of a lovely June day, when June days were nearly over, that there appeared a gentle excitement in the kingbird family. The faithful sitter arose, with a peculiar cry that brought her mate at once to her side, and both looked eagerly together into the nest that held their hopes. Once or twice the little dame leaned over and made some arrangements within, and then suddenly she slipped back into her place, and her spouse flew away. But something had happened, it was plain to see; for from that moment she did not sit so closely, her mate showed unusual interest in the nest, and both of them often stood upon the edge at the same time. That day was doubtless the birthday of the first little king.

To be sure, the careful mother still sat on the nest part of every day, but that she continued to do, with ever-lengthening intervals, till every infant had grown up and left the homestead forever.

All through the sitting the work of the head of the family had been confined to encouraging his partner with an early morning song and his cheerful presence during the day, and to guarding the nest while she sought her food; but now that her most fatiguing labor was over, his began. At first he took entire charge of the provision supply, while she kept her nurslings warm and quiet, which every mother, little or big, knows is of great importance. When the young father arrived with food, which he did frequently, his spouse stepped to the nearest twig and looked on with interest, while he leaned over and filled one little mouth, or at any rate administered one significant poke which must be thus interpreted. He did not stay long; indeed, he had not time,

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for this way of supplying the needs of a family is slow business; and although there were but three mouths to fill, three excursions and three hunts were required to fill them. In the early morning he seemed to have more leisure; at that time, the happy young couple stood one each side of the nest, and the silent listener would hear the gentle murmurs of what Victor Hugo calls "the airy dialogues of the nest." Ah, that our dull ears could understand!

For some days the homestead was never left alone, and the summer breezes

> "Softly rocked the babies three,
> Nestled under the mother's wing,"

almost as closely as before they came out of the egg. But much of the time she sat on the edge, while her partner came and went, always lingering a moment to look in. It was pretty to see him making up his mind where to put the morsel, so small that it did not show in the beak. He turned his head one side and then the other, considered, decided, and at last thrust it in the selected mouth.

The resting-time of the newly made matron was short; for when those youngsters were four days old — so fast do birdlings grow — the labor of both parents was required to keep them fed. Every ten minutes of the day one of the pair came to the nest: the father invariably alighted, deliberated, fed, and then flew; while the mother administered her mouthful, and then either slipped into the nest, covering her bantlings completely, or rested upon the edge for several minutes. There was always a marked difference in the conduct of the pair.

Six days the kingbird babies were unseen from below; but on the seventh day of their life two downy gray caps were lifted above the edge of the dwelling, accompanied by two small yellow beaks, half open for what goods the gods might provide. After that event, whenever the tender mother sat on her nest, two — and later three — little heads showed plainly against her satiny white breast, as if they were resting there, making a lovely picture of motherhood.

Not for many days lasted the open-mouth baby stage in these rapidly developing youngsters. Very soon they were pert and wide awake, looking upon the green world about them with calm eyes, and opening mouths only when food was to be expected. Mouthfuls, too, were no longer of the minute order; they were large enough for the parents themselves, and of course plain to be seen. Sometimes, indeed, as in the case of a big dragon-fly, the father was obliged to hold on, while the young hopeful pulled off piece after piece, until it was small enough for him to manage; occasionally, too, when the morsel was particularly hard, the little king passed it back to the giver, who stood waiting, and received it again when it had been apparently crushed or otherwise prepared, so that he could swallow it.

Midsummer was at hand. The voices of young birds were heard on every side. The young thrasher and the robin chirped in the grove; sweet bluebird and pewee baby cries came from the shrubbery; the goldenwing leaned far out of his oaken walls, and called from morning to night. Hard-working parents rushed hither and thither, snatching, digging, or dragging their prey from every imaginable hiding-place. It was woful times in the insect world, so many new hungry mouths to be filled. All this life seemed to stir the young kings: they grew restless; they were late. Their three little heads, growing darker every day, bobbed this way and that; they changed places in the nest; they thrust out small wings; above all and through all, they violently preened themselves. In fact, this elaborate dressing of feathers was their constant business for so long a time that I thought it no wonder

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the grown-up kingbird pays little attention to his dress; he does enough pluming in the nursery to last a lifetime.

On the twelfth day of their life, the young birds added their voices to the grand world-chorus in a faint, low "cheup," delivered with a kingbird accent; then, also, they began to sit up calmly, and look over the edge of the nest at what went on below, quite in the manner of their fathers. Two days later, the first little king mounted the walls of his castle, fluttered his wings, and apparently meditated the grand plunge into the world outside of home. So absorbed was he in his new emotions that he did not see the arrival of something to eat, and put in a claim for his share, as usual. I thought he was about to bid farewell to his birthplace. But I did not know him. Not till the youngest of the family was ready to go did he step out of the nest, — the three were inseparable. While I waited, expecting every moment to see him fly, there was a sudden change in the air, and very shortly broke over us a furious storm of wind and rain. Instantly every young bird subsided into the nest, out of sight; and in a few minutes their mother came, and gave them the protection of her presence.

Several days were spent by the oak-tree household in shaking out the wings, taking observations of the world, dressing the feathers, and partaking of luncheon every few minutes. Such a nestful of restlessness I never saw; the constant wonder was that they managed not to fall out. Often the three sat up side by side on the edge, white breasts shining in the sun, and heads turning every way with evident interest. The dress was now almost exactly like the parents'. No speckled bib, like the bluebird or robin infant's, defaces the snowy breast; no ugly gray coat, like the redwing baby's, obscures the beauty of the little kingbird's attire. He enters society in full dress.

But each day, now, the trio grew in size, in repose of manner, and in strength of voice; and before long they sat up hours at a time, patient, silent, and ludicrously resembling the

> "Three wise men of Gotham"
> Who "went to sea in a bowl."

In spite of their grown-up looks and manners, they did not lose their appetite; and from breakfast, at the unnatural hour of half past four in the morning, till a late supper, when so dark that I could see only the movement of feeding like a silhouette against the white clouds, all through the day, food came to the nest every two minutes or less. Think of the work of those two birds! Every mouthful brought during those fifteen and a half hours required a separate hunt. They usually flew out to a strip of low land, where the grass was thick and high. Over this they hovered with beautiful motion, and occasionally dropped an instant into the grass. The capture made, they started at once for the nest, resting scarcely a moment. There were thus between three and four hundred trips a day, and of course that number of insects were destroyed. Even after the salt bath, which one bird took always about eleven in the morning, and the other about four in the afternoon, they did not stop to dry their plumage; simply passed the wing feathers through the beak, but paid no attention to the breast feathers, which often hung in locks, showing the dark part next the body, and so disguising the birds that I scarcely knew them when they came to the nest.

The bath was interesting. The river, so called, was in fact an arm of the Great South Bay, and of course salt. To get a bath, the bird flew directly into the water, as if after a fish; then came to the fence to shake himself. Sometimes the dip was repeated once or twice, but more often bathing ended with a single plunge.

Two weeks had passed over their

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heads, and the three little kings had for several days dallied with temptation on the brink before one set foot outside the nest. Even then, on the fifteenth day, he merely reached the doorstep, as it were, the branch on which it rested. However, that was a great advance. He shook himself thoroughly, as if glad to have room to do so. This venturesome infant hopped about four inches from the walls of the cottage, looked upon the universe from that remote point, then hurried back to his brothers, evidently frightened at his own boldness.

On the day of this first adventure began a mysterious performance, the meaning of which I did not understand till later, when it became very familiar. It opened with a peculiar call, and its object was to rouse the young to follow. So remarkable was the effect upon them that I have no doubt a mob of king-birds could be brought together by its means. It began, as I said, with a call, a low, prolonged cry, sounding, as nearly as letters can express it, like "Kr-r-r-r! Kr-r-r-r!" At the same moment, both parents flew in circles around the tree, a little above the nest, now and then almost touching it, and all the time uttering the strange cry. At the first sound, the three young kings mounted the edge, wildly excited, dressing their plumage in the most frantic manner, as if their lives depended on being off in an instant. It lasted but a few moments: the parents flew away; the youngsters calmed down.

In a short time all the nestlings were accustomed to going out upon the branch, where they clustered together in a little row, and called and plumed alternately; but one after another slipped back into the dear old home, which they apparently found it very hard to leave. Often, upon coming out of the house, after the imperative demands of luncheon or dinner had dragged me for a time away from my absorbing study, not a king-bird, old or young, could be seen. The oak was deserted, the nest perfectly silent.

"They have flown!" I thought.

But no: in a few minutes small heads began to show above the battlements; and in ten seconds after the three little kings were all in sight, chirping and arranging their dress with fresh vigor, after their nap.

Not one of the young family tried his wings till he was seventeen days old. The first one flew perhaps fifteen feet, to another branch of the native tree, caught at a cluster of leaves, held on a few seconds, then scrambled to a twig and stood up. The first flight accomplished! After resting some minutes, he flew back home, alighting more easily this time, and no doubt considered himself a hero. Whatever his feelings, it was evident that he could fly, and he was so pleased with his success that he tried it again and again, always keeping within ten or fifteen feet of home. Soon his nest-fellows began to follow his example; and then it was interesting to see them, now scattered about the broad old tree, and then, in a little time, all back in the nest, as if they had never left it. After each excursion came a long rest, and every time they went out they flew with more freedom. Never were young birds so loath to leave the nursery, and never were little folk so clannish. It looked as if they had resolved to make that homestead on the top branch their head-quarters for life, and, above all, never to separate. That night, however, came the first break, and they slept in a droll little row, so close that they looked as if welded into one, and about six feet from home. For some time after they had settled themselves the mother sat by them, as if she intended to stay; but when it had grown quite dark, her mate sailed out over the tree, calling; and she — well, the babies were grown up enough to be out in the world — she went with her spouse to the poplar-tree.

Progress was somewhat more rapid

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after this experience, and in a day or two the little kings were flying freely, by short flights, all about the grove, which came quite up to the fence. Now I saw the working of the strange migrating call above mentioned. Whenever the old birds began the cries and the circling flight, the young were thrown into a fever of excitement. One after another flew out, calling and moving in circles as long as he could keep it up. For five minutes the air was full of kingbird cries, both old and young, and then fell a sudden silence. Each young bird dropped to a perch, and the elders betook themselves to their hunting-ground as calmly as if they had not been stirring up a rout in the family. Usually, at the end of the affair, the youngsters found themselves widely apart; for they had not yet learned to fly together, and to be apart was, above all things, repugnant to the three. They began calling; and the sound was potent to reunite them. From this side and that, by easy stages, came a little kingbird, each flight bringing them nearer each other; and before two minutes had passed they were nestled side by side, as close as ever. There they sat an hour or two and uttered their cries, and there they were hunted up and fed by the parents. There, I almost believe, they would have stayed till doomsday, but for the periodical stirring up by the mysterious call. No matter how far they wandered, — and each day it was farther and farther, — seven o'clock always found them moving; and all three came back to the native tree for the night, though never to the nest again.

No characteristic of the young kingbirds was more winning than their confiding and unsuspicious reception of strangers, for so soon as they began to frequent other trees than the one the paternal vigilance had made comparatively sacred to them, they were the subjects of attention. The English sparrow was first, as usual, to inquire into their right to be out of their own tree. He came near them, alighted, and began to hop still closer. Not in the least startled by his threatening manner, the nearest youngster looked at him, and began to flutter his wings, to call, and to move toward him, as if expecting to be fed. This was too much even for a sparrow; he departed.

Another curious visitor was a red-eyed vireo, who, being received in the same innocent and childlike way, also took his leave. But this bird appeared to feel insulted, and in a few minutes stole back, and took revenge in a most peculiar way: he hovered under the twig on which the three were sitting, their dumpy tails hanging down in a row, and actually twitched the feathers of those tails! Even that did not frighten the little ones; they leaned far over and stared at their assailant, but nothing more. I looked carefully to see if the vireo had a nest on that tree, so strange a thing it seemed for a bird to do. The tree was quite tall, with few branches, an oak grown in a close grove, and I am sure there was no vireo nest on it; so that it was an absolutely gratuitous insult.

In addition to supplying the constantly growing appetites of the family, the male kingbird did not forget to keep a sharp lookout for intruders; for, until the youngsters could take care of themselves, he was bound to protect them. One day a young robin alighted nearer to the little group than he considered altogether proper, and he started, full tilt, toward him. As he drew near, the alarmed robin uttered his baby cry, when instantly the kingbird wheeled and left; nor did he notice the stranger again, although he stayed there a long time. But when an old robin came to attend to his wants, that was a different matter: the kingbird went at once for the grown-up bird, thus proving that he spared the first one because of its babyhood.

It was not till they were three weeks

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old that the little kings began to fly any lower than about the level of their nest. Then one came to the fence, and the others to the top of a grape-trellis. I hoped to see some indication of looking for food, and I did; but it was all looking up and calling on the parents; not an eye was turned earthward. Now the young ones began to fly more nearly together, and one could see that a few days' more practice would enable them to fly in a compact little flock. Shortly before this they had ceased to come to the native tree at night, and by day extended their wanderings so far that sometimes they were not heard for hours. Regularly, however, as night drew near, the migrating cry sounded in the grove, and upon going out I always found them together, — three

"Silver brown little birds,
Sitting close in the branches."

These interesting bantlings were twenty-four days old when it became necessary for me to leave them, as they had already left me. It was a warm morning, near the end of July, and about half an hour before I must go I went out to take my last look at them. Their calls were still loud and frequent, and I had no difficulty in tracing them to a dead twig near the top of a pine-tree, where they sat close together, as usual, with faces to the west; lacking only in length of tail of being as big as their parents, yet still calling for food, and still, to all appearances, without the smallest notion that they could ever help themselves.

Thus I left them.

Olive Thorne Miller.

FELICIA.

VI.

THAT night seemed afterward to Felicia like the beginning of a terrible dream. It opened with a bitter experience, — for the first time in her life she received a cruel look, directed point-blank into her eyes. To be admired, quoted, commended lavishly and injudiciously, — this had been her lot so far; and to her half-brother — who was almost double her age — she was indebted for more than a fair share of praise and petting. To receive from him a prolonged stare, keen, critical, — no, was it not more? even angry, bitterly angry, — it was like receiving a blow in the face.

As there was no visitor this evening, she had shared with Sophie the diversion of getting the baby to bed. She was sitting on the floor, with the child in her arms, when Hamilton's step and voice sounded in the hall below, and his wife tossed aside the garments she held and ran downstairs.

When they entered the room, Felicia called out gayly, without rising, "See how strong the baby is, John! See how she has learned to stand alone while you were away! Stand alone-y, precious, for your auntie."

She looked up, startled, as her brother spoke; his voice was cold and hard.

"Go to your room, Felicia," he said, "and pack your clothes. We shall start for the East to-morrow, and you will go with us."

She rose to her feet in surprise, the child still in her arms.

"Going East to-morrow?" she repeated, faintly.

Then it was he bent upon her that cruel look.

"You don't seem pleased," he said, with a short laugh. "I thought you

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would be delighted to get back to your beloved Madame Sevier again."

"I — I don't want to go now — it's so — so hot," said Felicia, hesitating.

"We 'll hunt a cool resort; Mount Desert, perhaps. Or may be we 'll try Long Branch, Cape May, Saratoga. I don't know where we 'll go. We 'll have an outing. You and Sophie have been penned in this dull hole all summer." Again he laughed, his eyes still fixed on hers.

For a moment she did not reply; then she faltered, "This is very strange. It is not proper for me to go off on a pleasure trip so soon after the death of a near connection of my mother's. Papa will be very angry."

"This trip is *my* affair. *I* propose to account to father for your movements," returned Hamilton, significantly.

She did not, as might have been expected of one so indulged and so spirited, resent his tone. She was amazed and startled, and she quailed a little. She lifted her eyes with a propitiatory look. "You are not angry with me, brother?" she said, almost meekly. She usually addressed him by his name; he softened a moment, then hardened again.

"Why should I be angry with you?" he demanded. "Give the baby to Julia, and go to your packing. We leave in the morning at five o'clock."

Felicia went to her room. She stood meditative and motionless, near the window, her eyes upon the scene without. The moonlight alternated with parallelograms of black shadow; very quiet was the street; the stars burned faintly; the wind had died; fireflies gleamed fitfully among the foliage of the shade trees along the sidewalk, whence she was wont to catch the advancing red glow of Hugh Kennett's cigar. She walked slowly to her desk, seated herself, and began to write. Her brother, lounging on the balcony of his own room, watched her curiously through the vista of doors, left open that any welcome vagrant breeze might enter. He saw that she hesitated as she wrote; that she made more than one beginning; that she read over the few lines hurriedly, placed the sheet in an envelope, and directed it with a precipitancy that contrasted with her previous deliberation. He saw her hand it to the maid, who had been packing the trunks, with the injunction to run across the street and place it in the letter-box.

"To-night, Miss Felicia?" asked the girl, in surprise.

"Yes, now," she replied.

John Hamilton rose, entered from the balcony, and walked downstairs composedly. When the servant had laid aside the articles in her hands and descended with the note, she came upon him pacing up and down the hall, his hands in his pockets, and a cigar, which he had just lighted, in his mouth.

"What 's that?" he demanded, glancing at the envelope she held.

"It is a note Miss Felicia wanted me to post," the servant answered.

He held out his hand silently for the note, and as he read, "Mr. Hugh Kennett, Lawrence Hotel," he turned the envelope so that his wife, who chanced to be coming downstairs, could see the address; then he handed it back to the maid, who passed out of the open door into the moonlit street.

"When I asked you, Sophie," he said bitterly to his wife, "how far this affair had gone, you said it would not amount to anything. I thought then you were mistaken, and I think so now more than ever."

Mrs. Hamilton made no reply. She had a scared, anxious look; all her little complacence, so satisfactorily growing and putting forth new shoots, had wilted in an hour. She had never seen so stern an expression on her husband's face. Much bronzed his face was by his trip; his hair and mustache had grown luxuriant; he was stouter than when he left home. Big, strong, and prosperous, his

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was the very face and figure for placid satisfaction; but his eyebrows had met in a heavy frown; he gnawed his lip under his flowing mustache. "We are going to have the devil and all of a time with that girl," he prophesied, grimly.

The sunrise was hardly more than a rosy glow over the landscape when the Hamiltons started on their "outing," and the neighborhood was greatly amazed because of the suddenness of the flitting. Heretofore Felicia had been an excellent traveler, always ready, well, entertained, good-humored. The new faces, the variety of incident, even the rapidity of motion, gave her that keen sense of delight impossible to one less healthy, young, and joyous. Now the zest was lacking to the journey. She did not look with interest at the people about her, and busy her imagination with their histories, the comedies and tragedies of their lives; the landscape slipped by unheeded. Once she would have found Fred and his idiosyncrasies under these new circumstances great fun; now his eager talk tired her; the warmth of the weather oppressed her; she was irritated by the sound of the train, the bustle, the confusion, the swarms of people.

When the party reached New York, and later Boston, she had the shock of a painful surprise. Among the letters which had been sent on from Chilounatti, there was no reply to the note she had written Hugh Kennett the evening before she left town. It had been a simple little note, merely telling him of the unexpected departure and wishing him good-by. But she had confidently expected a reply, and his silence bewildered, pained, and cruelly mortified her. The complication of feelings developed gradually into the first deep depression of spirit she had ever known. There was little opportunity for distraction in outside interests. John Hamilton's idea of summer pleasuring seemed to be expressed by a swift transit from place to place; to see all that was to be seen and to buy all that was desired in as short a time as possible. His plan was to take the cities first, then the watering-places. There was much of isolation in this style of enjoyment. Felicia's New York friends had all left town. The party met few acquaintances, and found but scant entertainment in the spectacle of metropolitan life out of season, — a dismal spectacle enough; like a moulting bird, an absurd caricature of itself.

To Felicia it was very tiresome to wander through the picture-galleries, and gaze vacantly at the works of art designated by the catalogues for intelligent admiration; still more tiresome to force herself to take interest in the endless discussions concerning carpets, glass, and china at the various fashionable stores, where the party came to be well known, and where John Hamilton's liberality and his wife's taste extorted high commendation. Perhaps something was extorted on the other side, but as the Hamiltons were satisfied with their purchases we need make no moan.

Felicia's unhappiness was very evident, and now it was that John Hamilton should have taken the field in force with a bountiful supply of ammunition in the way of tact. If Felicia had been the recipient of the customary kind consideration from her sister-in-law and of his half-jocular, half-tender petting, she would naturally have turned to their affection, and the impressions of the last few weeks might have loosed their hold. But Hamilton proved himself grievously lacking in discernment, in adroitness, even in common policy. He was a man of strong will and high temper; when he was displeased, he was very likely to make the fact more patent than the occasion required.

There was something hard in John Hamilton. Many of those who knew him best never suspected it. The expression of his florid face, his jolly

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laughter, his free, frank, hearty manner, afforded no suggestion of the underlying iron in his nature. His habit of success had given him an imperiousness of intention and expectation. He would not contemplate adverse circumstance; he would not tolerate opposing will. He was at no time disposed to subject his thoughts and feelings to scrutiny. He did not reason on the matter in hand. It was not his intention to break his sister's spirit; he was simply displeased, and it was his instinct to sweep out of existence whatever displeased him.

This silent, bitter antagonism was an unfortunate course to pursue with Felicia. In many respects she and her brother were alike: in her nature, too, there was hard metal; she, too, was intolerant and imperious. When she first became aware of that inexplicable antagonism, pervading the moral atmosphere like a pending thunderstorm, she made some effort to place affairs on a less sombre footing. Her attempts at conversation and vivacity were met with anxious uncertainty on Sophie's part, and a cold unresponsiveness from her brother. Disconcerted and abashed, she fell again into her absorbed musings, with the changed manner of her companions for a new theme. Under these circumstances traveling was not unalloyed pleasure. She would have given up the trip and returned home, but that she had received a letter from her father to the effect that the house was shut up; that he was off on the circuit, and expected to have no vacation until the early part of September, when he would meet the party in New York, and take her home with him. Obviously no radical change was possible, but a new element of feeling was unexpectedly infused into the situation.

During the early portion of the journey she saw but little of her brother. In the cities they visited he had his own engagements. While in transit he occupied himself in playing with the baby or reading the newspapers, or he was absorbed with a note-book and pencil and abstruse calculations. One day, however, when he chanced to be seated beside her, she broke a long silence by saying, with a sigh, she supposed they would receive no more letters until they should again become stationary for a time.

He looked at her quickly, keenly, suspiciously. She did not understand it, — she did not understand him, — and she spoke on the impulse of the moment.

"Are you displeased with me?" she asked, suddenly.

"Why should I be displeased with you, Felicia?" he demanded, curtly. He was rising as he spoke; he had taken out a cigar; in his other hand he had a match. He looked down at her, and his face held so tyrannical an expression — an expression at once angry, cold, and overbearing — that the smouldering fire of her pride kindled in an instant.

"I am sure I don't know," she retorted, with spirit. Their eyes met. Perhaps there came to him at this moment some belated inspiration of policy, for, after a second of hesitation, he turned on his heel and made his way into the smoking-car.

Felicia's pride, once ablaze, did not again smoulder. The infusion of animation into her manner was genuine enough, after this, but it was not the light-hearted joyousness of old. She was on the alert at last, on the defensive; she was even ready to engage the skulking antagonisms. Nothing was expressed; nothing was so tangible that explanations were in order; her resentment only shone in her eyes, vibrated in the ring of her voice, curved with her upper lip, which had drooped lately, and given her a certain pathos to enhance the pallor of her face. She was not always pale now; she flushed easily and brilliantly; she carried herself proudly;

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she became somewhat addicted to sarcasm. Hamilton interpreted all this, perhaps correctly enough, as defiance. "Did n't I tell you, Sophie," he said to his wife, in the privacy of their own room, "that we were going to have a devil of a time with Felicia? I suppose you see how rebellious she is?"

"Perhaps, dear, if you would be a little more gentle with her," suggested Mrs. Hamilton, meekly.

"Gentle! Blankity blank!" exclaimed John Hamilton, hotly. The good lady cowered whenever he fell into expletive.

It would, perhaps, have been lucky for the termination of this affair, looked at from his own standpoint, if Hamilton had married a termagant instead of his acquiescent Sophie. It is well enough for a man to be afraid of no man; it is not a bad thing for him to be afraid — in reason — of some woman. John Hamilton was afraid of nobody, least of all of Felicia. He met her tacit defiance with tacit counter-defiance.

He did not dream how unhappy she was; perhaps he would not have altered his course if he had realized it, so incapable of concession was his nature. She was too intense, too untamed, too young, to accept wretchedness save with passionate protest. Sometimes, after a day made up of the weary daze of shopping and sight-seeing, or the laborious idleness of watering-place life, when shut at last into her own room, she would sob for hours in the light of the summer moon or the white stars.

Underlying the pained bewilderment and indignation induced by the latent domestic discord was the complication of emotions caused by Hugh Kennett's inexplicable silence. Often she said to herself she would be reasonable about this matter. Did she not know him well enough, she asked herself, to decide if it were consonant with his character to inflict a slight upon any human being? He was very tender-hearted, — she had often noticed that; he was almost weak in that respect; it was a little absurd to be so ultra-careful of the feelings of other people; and would he, who would not wound Fred, who spoke with consideration to the servants, to the very beggars on the street, put an affront upon any one, — upon *her?* For a time this train of thought would comfort her; but when again alone, the reverse side of the question would present itself. He would not put a slight upon her, — of course he would not; but her note was a matter of such little moment to him that he could not imagine it was *important to her.* He had *forgotten* her note, — that was all. Her ingenuity in self-torture was as uncharacteristic as her self-depreciation. As to what she had fancied he was about to say that last day, — she had been misled by her vanity. This reflection made her humble enough. In an evil moment an elaboration of this theory occurred to her. Perhaps he, too, had reviewed those words of his, which seemed to hold a momentous meaning, a meaning he did not intend; and if that were the case, what of encouragement did her note imply? Did it seem to lure him further when he had said nothing, — when he had nothing to say? And his silence: was he silent in scorn, divining her misinterpretation; in mercy, that she might have no opportunity to commit herself further? So warped was her judgment, so morbid had she grown, that this wild theory came to be an actual fact to her mind, and all the pangs that had gone before were as nothing to the poignant anguish of her writhing pride.

Toward the end of August, John Hamilton's party found themselves for a few days in Philadelphia. One warm afternoon, the choice was presented to Felicia to go with Sophie to select lace curtains, or with Fred to the Academy of Sciences. She yielded to her nephew's ardent insistence, thinking that it would be cool in the Academy building,

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and she need not talk; it was not even necessary to go through the form of replying to Fred.

The building was lonely. In all the half million — plus — of inhabitants in the city there seemed to be nobody but themselves disposed toward science. The big halls responded with hollow echoes to the sound of their steps. Fred's raptures, when they reached the skeleton of the Megatherium, were difficult to control; he met the gigantic bones as if he had found a long-lost brother. Felicia, tired of his noisy comments and his monotonous accent, as he laboriously read the valuable paragraphs devoted by the catalogue to the admired object, strolled away. As she stood at some distance, looking absently about her, she was surprised at hearing her own name. She turned her head quickly. A gentleman was standing near her, his hat in his hand, a smile of greeting on his lips.

VII.

Absorbed in her own reflections, she had not noticed an approach, and Alfred Grafton was now so foreign to her thoughts that for an instant she had a trifle of difficulty in recognizing him. That supremacy in small crises conferred by her training came to her aid, and the hesitation with which she extended her hand was not perceptible. He stood in a bar of sunshine that lighted him up with unwonted effectiveness; his dark hazel eyes had yellow gleams in them; he was smiling; for once his face had an entirely simple expression, — the expression of unaffected pleasure; the summer suit he wore was becoming; he looked very well.

After a few conventional inquiries as to the health of the family, "I suppose," he said, with an indefinite wave of his hand at the materialized learning in the cabinets about them, "you find all this very interesting?"

"The bones? No, to be quite candid, I don't enjoy them; I don't care anything about them."

His momentary geniality had already disappeared. He replied with an intonation of objection, — not strong enough to be resented as a rebuke, but which irritated by its suggestion that he esteemed his own views the exactly appropriate sentiments.

"I should think a lady of your intellect might find much to instruct and entertain her here."

"I am not a lady of intellect," returned Felicia, perversely. "I am a very frivolous person. I can entertain myself, and I don't want to be instructed."

They were walking together down the long hall. She swung her parasol lightly, and glanced about her indifferently. Grafton may have been vaguely conscious of her strong subcurrent of painful emotion, and, aware that his words were in some way repugnant to her, have yielded to an infrequent impulse of magnanimity; he may have been only desirous to propitiate her. At any rate, he made the one approach to an apology of which his record can boast.

"I hope I did n't offend you," he said, almost with deprecation.

"Oh, dear, no," declared Felicia, heartlessly. "I did n't care."

He could not complain now that her suavity was too pronounced for sincerity. The tone in which she said this was hardly civil, but for a certain tense vibration which, notwithstanding his stilted code and contracted horizon, he had sufficient discernment to interpret as the manifestation of acute mental disquiet. He turned his bright, deep-set eyes upon her, as they walked on, side by side. Her face had lost somewhat in color, in roundness of line, in animation; it had acquired something he did not understand, — something not joyous, but replete with meaning; it seemed to him to have become susceptible of taking on subtle and complex expressions. As

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the momentary irritation faded, there came in its stead a certain dignity, and that ethereal look which much thought or much feeling can confer. Added to the fascination of her smile which he had known — she glanced at him and smiled presently, as if in reparation, and her voice had gentle intonations — was a new fascination which he could not analyze.

He was cordially welcomed by both Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, when he appeared at the hotel that evening. They, as well as Felicia, had found their method of pleasuring rather dismal. "To go about among strangers all the time is poor enjoyment, no matter how many new things one buys," declared Mrs. Hamilton. He was a somewhat cool subject for Hamilton's *camaraderie*, but was, as that gentleman remarked, "a confounded sight better than nobody." The young man hung about them while they remained in Philadelphia, and a few days after they reached the seaside he joined them. He explained, with some embarrassment, that he was awaiting the arrival of his mother, who expected to place his sister at boarding-school in New York, and would return home to Chilounatti with him.

What attracted him was soon apparent enough. He made no attempt at subterfuge after that simulacrum of an explanation of his presence. He was always at Felicia's side. He brought her books and flowers. He arranged sailing expeditions. They often rode down the avenues, kaleidoscopic with the pageantry of vehicles and equestrians that defiled between the palpitating sea and the long line of big hotels, with their fluttering flags, and clanging bands, and flower-like groups of women and children bedecking the piazzas. She wondered at his persistence. She had not intentionally given him reason to persist. When, however, a man interprets himself as the expression of his highest ideal, the translation acquires so much dignity that it is not very difficult to believe his version is accepted by others. Felicia found it less annoying to maintain a state of seeming acquiescence than to give herself the luxury of indulging her irritability. To make sarcastic speeches to him involved the necessity of reparation, retraction, and this sort of tact required rapid and fatiguing thought. After some experimenting, she discovered that it was not impossible to induce him to talk much on subjects that interested him. He was a man of taste, to a certain degree, and would not intentionally have indulged in monologue; but she was adroit, and so managed that he was not consciously egotistic. She found, too, that she could give him a modicum of attention, enough to apprehend his talk, — the surface of her mind, so to speak, while along the deeper current swept her own absorbing reflections. How was he to suspect this dual process? Her violet eyes would rest softly on his face; her lips would part now and then with her enchanting smile; she would occasionally utter some pertinent comment, or a judicious word of acquiescence or dissent; and he was satisfied. He told stories of his college days, — generally stories of intellectual triumph; for he had been a shining light, and was proud of his record. There were even a few animated *contes* of "rushes" and hazing; but he evidently looked on this as youthful frivolity, and unworthy, from his present plane of development. Sometimes he chose deeper themes, and instructed her on subjects of national and scientific importance; and then Felicia found it necessary to rouse herself from her mental trance, and lure him from what she might have termed "Pliny" to his own immediate personal interests. This pleased him, as it might have pleased a wiser man.

Strangers looked on as at the presentation of a romance. The two were the

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noticeable couple of the place, that summer: she with her delicate yet brilliant beauty; he with his cold, narrow, intelligent face, his clear eyes, his formal manner, his evident devotion. After all, this world is very sentimental. It was a presidential election year; there was a war in Europe; the races were in progress: but during the stay of the Hamilton party, all other themes yielded in interest to the conduct of the love affair.

John Hamilton was puzzled. "Is she in earnest, or just giving Grafton a chance to make an idiot of himself?" he asked his wife. There was complacence in his face and in his heart, though he tried to moderate it. "That girl looks well in a boat, and well when she dances, and well when she drives, and well on a horse. I taught her myself to ride, and I'm proud of the job. She was always a plucky little thing from the first time I tossed her in a saddle, the day she was four years old. When they started, just now, her horse shied, and Grafton's heart was in his mouth, but she, — she was as calm as a May morning. Grafton is not a bad match, and he's a right good fellow, too. May be we were mistaken about the other affair, Sophie."

"I dare say we were," said Sophie, hopefully. Her conscience was all right. She believed exactly what her husband wished to believe.

"She is rather sharp to Grafton, now and then," continued Hamilton, meditatively, — "sarcastic and that sort of thing."

"Sometimes a girl treats a man that way when she likes him," said wise Mrs. Sophie.

He turned this over in his mind a moment, as he sat tilted back in his chair and pulled his long yellow mustache; his straw hat, pushed far back, revealed his bald head, and his blue eyes were fixed on that section of the big blue sea where a shadowy white sail defined itself daintily against the soft horizon.

"I think you mean when she is sure *he* likes *her*," quoth John Hamilton, astutely. He was disposed to be particularly complacent to Felicia now, but his incipient benignity received a sudden check. On the evening before the day set for the departure of the Hamilton party, the two young people strolled out on the broad deserted piazza. The salt breeze blew crisp and fresh from the ocean; the band was playing, — the rhythmic beat of a waltz fell on the air; a lane of molten gold lay on the surface of the water, and was lost in vague shadows far away; a big, red, distorted moon was tilted above the illimitable palpitating waste.

"A waning moon is so melancholy," said Felicia, looking at it with wide, soft eyes that had grown melancholy, too. "I wonder why?"

"I don't see that it is melancholy," Grafton declared.

"No, I suppose not," she rejoined. "I dare say you see a planet which suggests to you apogee, or perigee, or nodes, or something wise. I see only the rising moon, and it seems to me particularly ominous to-night. I am afraid. Something unexpected — perhaps something terrible — is going to happen."

She affected to shiver with fear; then, as the breeze freshened, she shivered a little in reality, and drew about her head the fleecy wrap she had brought out with her. He rose from his chair and deftly arranged it. "That will do," she said, shrinking from him. He thought this a little shyness. He had been flattered, as he often was, by her allusion to his superior intellectual gifts and culture; he could not discern the mockery. It was his nature, however, even in satisfaction and complacence, to lay down the law, to dictate, to assert his supremacy.

"You seem a little superstitious," he suggested.

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"Oh, yes, very," replied Felicia, as if admitting something creditable.

"Pardon me," he said, with the precision of intonation, indicative of displeasure, which she especially disliked, — "pardon me if I do not accept that assurance. No well-regulated mind is capable of such weakness as superstition."

"I have told you before that I have n't a well-regulated mind," replied Felicia, composedly. "On the contrary, I am rather goosey in my mind."

He deemed this tone inexcusably frivolous. But then she was so pretty, — so pretty, as she sat in a peculiarly graceful attitude, thrown back at her ease, one arm hanging over the side of the cane chair, the other hand holding the white wrap about her throat; the outlines of her rounded yet slight figure, in its dress of some soft white woolen fabric, definite against the shadows. He had never seen her so unconstrained; their interview seemed all at once peculiarly informal. He had supposed that he particularly approved of a certain ceremoniousness in her manner, a matter of attitude, of gesture, of intonation, indefinable yet definite, like the perfume of a flower; now he had a swift realization how potent must be her charm in the untrammeled intercourse of daily life. This sudden sense of closeness quickened his pulse, but he did not lose his head. Alfred Grafton in love was still — Alfred Grafton.

"You do yourself injustice," he said. "I am sure you have a very well-regulated mind. Otherwise I could not feel toward you as I do."

She roused herself from her easy attitude, and turned her eyes upon him. He was perfectly self-possessed and confident, even expectant. She was sitting upright now; she opened her fan; she looked back at the moon. The delightful vague sense of familiarity with which the previous moment had been filled had suddenly vanished.

"I suppose I ought to pretend that I don't understand what you mean," she said, with coldness.

"It is better to be perfectly frank," he rejoined, with his air of laying down valuable moral axioms.

"Well, then, frankly," returned Felicia, "I do know what you mean, and I think you had better say no more about it."

There was dead silence. When she glanced at him, she was startled by the change in his face. All this time, absorbed in her own suffering, she had taken no thought of his capacity for suffering.

"Do you understand" — he uttered the words slowly — "that I ask you to marry me? You have long known that I love you."

There was another silence.

"It can never be," said Felicia.

As she again met his eyes, she saw that he was not only bitterly wounded, but very angry. She was surprised to find how deprecatory she felt. At his first word of blame, however, her self-reproach vanished.

"If your own conscience does not accuse you," he said, — his face was white, and set, and stern; he articulated with difficulty, — "I need urge nothing."

"Accuse me? Of what?" she demanded, in a voice that trembled a little.

"Of trifling with me. In courtesy, I will not say willfully deceiving me, but I did not expect this answer."

"You do me great injustice!" cried Felicia. "I have accepted your attention as I would that of any other friend, especially if thrown together in this way, — so far from home. I did not think of anything like — like this, till to-night. I had other things to — to think of. Whatever I have done, I have not encouraged *you!*"

"You have encouraged some one, then?" he said, quickly.

She looked at him angrily, but checked

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the reply on her lips, and turned her eyes again to the quivering, shining sea.

"Pardon me, I have no right to ask," he resumed, with sarcastic humility. "I have no right to do anything but endure, when a woman lets me dangle around her for weeks, and then calmly tells me that she did not imagine anything like this. I supposed my meaning was distinct enough. I think it probable that most people have apprehended it."

Felicia made a mistake.

"And if I had understood," she cried, "how could I have altered matters? I cannot be expected to refuse a man before he has offered himself."

"A sophism is ample justification for a social triumph, such as it is," he said, sarcastically. "To my mind it is a poor enough triumph, but no doubt a young lady estimates such matters differently."

"I did not think of it in that way," she declared.

There was another long silence. All at once she looked at him with an almost piteous appeal in her face; tears stood in her eyes; a tremulous smile was on her lips.

"Don't let us quarrel," she said, coaxingly. "Let us be friends again."

Even Alfred Grafton was not proof against that look. He faltered; he was mollified; he took her soft little hand and held it closely. But he was not the man to be cajoled into accepting half a loaf for a whole one.

"You and I cannot be 'friends,'" he replied. "It is everything or nothing. Now let us look at this matter calmly. I love you dearly. I can safely promise to make you happy. Our tastes are similar; my people would be very fond of you; I think your brother would not object."

"And I should not care if he did object!" cried Felicia, fierily, suddenly drawing away her hand. "He is welcome to object as much as he chooses. He shall not interfere with my affairs."

Grafton looked hard at her. Her tears had risen again, but they were angry tears. She brushed them away with an impatient gesture; he saw them glisten, in the moonlight, on her filmy handkerchief. His white heat of rage had returned. "I see," he said slowly, "there is some one else."

Felicia rose. "It is growing cold," she declared. "I must go in." They walked down the piazza toward the parlor. He stopped her before they reached the open door, and looked down into her uplifted eyes.

"I shall never forgive you," he said, deliberately. "I shall always believe you did it intentionally."

"You will think better of that some day," replied Felicia, appalled by the strength of a feeling that had seemed to her a slight thing, that had hardly sufficiently attracted her notice to secure intelligent contemplation.

"I shall never forgive you," he repeated.

Late that night, John Hamilton, coming from the billiard-room where he had been enjoying the unwonted luxury of a game with an old friend, — a man like himself adrift in this sea of strangers, who almost wept for joy at sight of that familiar roseate face and rotund figure, — late that night, Hamilton, coming thus from the billiard-room, flushed with success, perfumed with sherry cobbler and cigar smoke, suddenly met Alfred Grafton. The younger gentleman was evidently ready for a journey. He was wearing his traveling gear; his name was conspicuous on a trunk among other luggage awaiting the baggage wagon. A bell-boy had preceded him with a satchel. He looked annoyed at sight of his friend, but faced the situation with composure.

"Hello! Where are you going, Grafton?" inquired Hamilton, with round eyes.

"To Philadelphia," replied Grafton.

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John Hamilton reflected rapidly.

"Anything the matter?" he asked, tersely.

Grafton, strange as it may seem, shared our common human weakness. He craved sympathy with the eager craving of less gifted mortals. He realized, too, that there was no use in attempting subterfuges with Hamilton, who would no doubt soon be perfectly well aware, without explanation, of the state of the case.

"The matter!" he repeated, bitterly. "She has thrown me over, — that's all."

"The devil she did!" exclaimed the brother, with lively sympathy.

"Did n't suspect my feelings — hopes we shall be friends — all very proper and pretty," returned Grafton, sardonically. "I ventured to suggest, by way of inducement, which my case seemed to need, that my people would be delighted, and that I thought you would not object. She said, very angrily, that she did not care if you did object. I fancy there is some man to whom you *do* object. Stop!" he cried, as Hamilton was about to speak excitedly. "I have no right to know. I have no right to revert to that, — it is none of my affair. My affair is overboard, and I have no more to say or hear on the subject."

When John Hamilton repaired to his own apartment, it was all his wife could do to prevent his arousing Felicia from her bed, in the small hours, to give her what he termed a "solid talk." It was owing, too, to Sophie that this was warded off the following day, on their railway trip to New York. She made pretext after pretext to detain him by her side; whenever she saw him look with a scowling intention across the car to where Felicia and Fred sat together, she evolved some immediate and absorbing subject of interest. Here was a letter about which she had spoken to him, — or indeed had she remembered to mention it? — from the carpet manufactory people; he must read it, and help her decide. And again, oh, had he seen the baby kiss her hand? She did it this morning. "Kiss your hand, darling, to papa."

These tactics were kept up after taking the boat. He escaped, however, just before reaching New York, and joined Felicia, as she stood with her eyes fixed on the vast spectacle of the great city; its innumerable spires glittering in the sunshine, its hovering smoke a shadow in the distance against the intense blue of the sky, its forest of shipping also only a dainty shadow. The breeze swept over the intervenient spaces of the sea, and brought briny odors; it flushed Felicia's cheeks, and blew backward the draperies of her trim traveling dress, and waved the brown feather in the jaunty hat that surmounted her brown hair. She glanced up as her brother placed himself beside her. He had pushed his hat back, and an expanse of bald forehead was aggressively visible; his hands were in his trousers pocket; he wore a natty suit in shaded gray checks, which was very becoming to his richly tinted face.

"What did you do to Grafton, Felicia?" he demanded, curtly.

"Has he a black eye? I suppose I must have given it to him."

"I am astonished at you," her brother continued, severely. "Leading a fellow on and flirting. I had no idea that you were such a flirt."

As a matter of course she resented this. "How dare you say that to me!" she exclaimed, her eyes flashing, her cheeks aflame.

"I understand how all this comes about," persisted the misguided brother; "it is all on account of that fellow Kennett."

"You shall not speak of him to me!" she cried, turning from her brother.

"See here, young lady," persisted Hamilton, laying his hand on her shoulder, "father is going to meet us in New

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York, and we shall see what he will say to these vagaries. He will take your case in hand."

She drew herself away, and walked proudly to the other end of the boat. These unlucky strictures completed an estrangement already sufficiently bitter. She felt that she could never forgive him. She was placed before the beginning of a contest with her father in the mental attitude of resistance. She promised herself she would not be cowed. And yet, a contest about what? About her acquaintance with a man whose friendship she could hardly claim, who had forgotten her, who had ignored her letter. Her heart was bruised, sore, unendurably heavy; she had much ado to refrain from tears, — from crying out in her pain, humiliation, and despair, — as they disembarked, entered a carriage, and rolled along the interminable streets to their hotel.

It was in this frame of mind that Felicia came upon the turning-point of her life.

The rooms had been engaged by telegraph some days before. As she entered the one assigned her, she noticed a quantity of mail matter on the bureau. One of the letters was directed in a handwriting she did not recognize. The envelope was covered with addresses: it had been sent first to her own home, thence to her brother's house in Chilounatti, and had afterward evidently followed her from place to place. Still in her hat and wraps, she sat down with it in her hand.

Before she opened it she divined who was the writer; by some strange clairvoyance she even knew its contents. She attempted to collect her startled faculties. For some moments she remained motionless. Then she opened and read the letter. It was dated six weeks before.

Hugh Kennett began by explaining that he had been greatly troubled by her sudden departure; all the more because he was very anxious to say to her what he had attempted to say the afternoon before she left, — that he loved her, and desired to ask her to be his wife. He feared his effort was somewhat premature, in view of their short acquaintance, but he would be only too happy to submit to any term of probation she might require. He would ask nothing except the opportunity to make himself acceptable to her. He hoped for a reply, and gave an address in Chilounatti, as well as in New York, to which latter city he was going in a few weeks. He added that he should send this letter to her home, as he had not been able to obtain her present address. There was little of protestation. The phrasing was extremely simple; it was almost business-like. Felicia thought it a very strong and manly way to write a love-letter; she fancied she detected a ring of tense feeling in the few terse sentences; she said to herself that it was perfectly in character, — like everything he did.

With the sudden revulsion of feeling an extreme tranquillity had come upon her. It amazed her now that she had not divined the exact state of the case; that she had not had more patience, more confidence, more strength. She took herself to task for not comprehending him better. The memory of the anguish of soul induced by those weeks of domestic discord she dismissed from consideration with a contemptuous indifference, which argued ill enough for the influence, in a possible contest, of the natural strong ties of kindred and association.

"Was I insane," she demanded of herself, "that I should have cared an instant for anything John and Sophie could do, or think, or say?"

Only one influence prevailed with her now. She gave herself up to it; she sank into a vague, delicious reverie. She recalled as heretofore she had not dared to do all the incidents of those

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happy weeks in the early summer, — the introduction at Robert's, the rowing on the sunset-tinted river, the long talks on the quiet moonlit steps, the tones of his voice, the look in his eyes, the words he had spoken. How strange that she remembered them so well! They were not such wonderfully wise and witty words, she said to herself, with a happy laugh; she knew in her heart she believed them to be both. And she could write to him. She would see him soon. Possibly he was in New York, somewhere near to her, now. In a few days — it might be a few hours — and then — and then —

Sophie, coming to her door after a time, was greatly surprised to see her sitting motionless in her traveling attire; but she sank into a chair, and waited while Felicia hurriedly rearranged her hair and changed her dress. Mrs. Hamilton's face was flushed and her manner discomposed.

"Oh, Felicia, I am so annoyed!" she exclaimed. "All my plans are in confusion; and it is John's fault. You know the Graftons are here, at this hotel."

The brush, gliding along Felicia's bronze tresses, was arrested; she met her sister-in-law's eyes in the mirror with an inquiring stare.

"You know," continued the speaker, "Alfred was to meet them here, but — but" — she stumbled — "but for some reason he has gone to Philadelphia, and telegraphed to his mother to join him there next week. Well, Mrs. Grafton is a good deal put out, naturally, you see."

"Really, Sophie," said Felicia, with a hard laugh, "you have a large contract on your hands, if you undertake to become responsible for all of Alfred Grafton's movements, perfect as he is."

"Of course that's not it. But while she was sitting in our parlor fretting about it, Nellie, her daughter, happened to say she should not have cared except that Alfred had promised to take her to some operatic matinée this afternoon. She is to be left with Madame Sevier on Monday, and she seems to think this is her last chance to go to any place of amusement."

"She will see more opera in one term with Madame Sevier than with Alfred Grafton in ten million years," declared Felicia, hyperbolically. "I wonder that he encouraged the frivolity of one matinée. She ought to be reading about the cosmos force."

"She seems to think Madame Sevier's is a sort of nunnery. And John, instead of leaving well enough alone, sent a bell-boy off and bought tickets, and said she should n't be disappointed."

"Lucky for Miss Nellie," remarked Felicia, coolly. "I don't perceive the hitch."

"Why, Felicia, can't you understand? *I* can't go with them. I must see West and Ware about the drawing-room lambrequins that we ordered when we were here before. A most frightful mistake has been made. They are half an inch too short. I have just received a note about it. Oh, if I had it all to do over, I would buy every solitary thing at home. Such a forlorn, toilsome summer I have had. And just think how perverse John is! As soon as he found that I could n't go he managed to call me into the other room, and swore — most frightfully, too — that he would n't go to a matinée this afternoon to save his life. Oh, Felicia, dear, don't you think you and Fred will do? Won't it be appropriate enough if you and Fred represent the family? I must see about my lambrequins. If my lambrequins are spoiled, my heart will break." She rose from her chair and walked precipitately about the room. Domestic tragedy has its opportunity.

Felicia was disconcerted. She had not intended to answer the letter to-day, but she wanted to think it over, to get used to it; it was so sudden, so momentous.

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With the cessation of her own anxieties, however, gentleness and tolerance had come to her. "Sweet are the uses of adversity." That sounds well, but it is a mistake. We are beneficent when we are lucky. Felicia sacrified her preference with a generosity possible only to the happy.

"Well, well, Sophie," she said, with a sigh, "I will take charge of Mrs. Grafton and her daughter, and I 'll excuse you gracefully."

Mrs. Grafton was a mouse. To be sure, a mouse accustomed only to the best houses, to velvet carpets, to fine china and linen and glass, to sweetbreads and cake crumbs, — a mouse of the first quality, but still and always a mouse. She was swift, daring, timorous, cringing, bullying, indefinite, by turns and as occasion justified. You never knew exactly where to find her, — like a mouse, — yet you were very sure she would have a distinct personality when you did come across her. Sometimes you would be positive she was in your immediate vicinity, and she was as far from you in effect as at one of the poles. When you lost sight of her and well-nigh forgot her existence, here she was, — again just like a mouse, — startling you out of your senses. You were always absorbed in amazement that anything so insignificant could be so aggravating. She even looked like a mouse, as she sat on a sofa, in a dove-colored dress and a lace cap ornamented with dove-colored ribbons; and her acknowledgment of the introduction to Felicia was the perfection of furtive meekness. There was in her glance something as well of analytic scrutiny, and this in her daughter — an awkward girl, at once shy and forward — had developed into downright curiosity, as she stared at Felicia with hard black eyes. Our young lady had a sudden rush of indignation, divining that the son of the house had written of his pretensions much as if they were *un fait accompli*. She controlled her irritation, however, and entered with what zest she might into the afternoon's festivities, making Sophie's excuses with such tact that the two ladies willingly overlooked the informality of Mrs. Hamilton's absence; and after lunch the party set out, with Fred as escort.

"Fred will be entirely *au fait* by the time he gets home," remarked Felicia. "He learned all about natural science at Philadelphia, and navigation at the seashore, and hunting in the Adirondacks, and now he is to become a connoisseur in music and acting."

"I 'd a big sight ruther go ter the dime museum," grumbled Fred, "an' see the tattooed man an' the three-headed lady."

Felicia's silvery laughter had an infectious joyousness it had not known for many a day. Mrs. Grafton wondered if she were not a little flippant for Alfred, who was so difficult to please.

"It is always well to learn, Fred," observed the old lady, meekly, smoothing one gloved hand with the other; "we can learn something almost anywhere."

"So I tell him," said Felicia, commanding her countenance with an effort, at the sound of Fred's unintelligible muttered reply.

That afternoon, contrary to her anticipation, afforded her keen delight. She had expected to be bored; she was, instead, in a sort of exaltation. The sudden removal of trouble, in itself cause for happiness, supplemented more tangible cause, so deep, so strong, that she dared not dwell definitely upon it; she only felt herself vaguely, blissfully, drifting like a leaf upon the current. The large assemblage of unknown, unnumbered faces strangely exhilarated her, but she did not, according to her mental habit, disintegrate the crowd. Ordinarily, she knew in five minutes — or thought she did — those whom she was wont to call "interesting," those who were mere human animals, those who

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had been lifted from that plane by some drama of their circumstances. The young man at the end of the next row, she would have said, would be a commonplace banker or lawyer but for some daily heart tragedy, — a broken ambition, a wretched home. And there is a woman with a face like sunshine, — one feels sure she has a nature to match. That old gentleman has little capacity save for the exercise of piling cent per cent on brain and heart. And there is another old gentleman, sixty in years and twenty-five of soul, with a benignant smile and a buttonhole bouquet. She made no deductions now. She saw them as if she saw them not; she had appropriate words and smiles for her companions; in her deeper consciousness she ignored their existence. She looked about her with dreamy, brilliant, happy eyes; she sat very still; her voice was soft; her lips wore those gentle curves which are so much more expressive of a still and blissful content than a smile.

Mrs. Grafton, scanning her furtively, admitted to herself that Alfred's choice was very satisfactory, so far as appearances went. Felicia was pretty and ladylike, and perfectly dressed; and if Madame Sevier had taught her those attitudes and that poise of head, — as easily erect as a flower on a stem, — it was well to have selected that institute for Nellie, who would lounge, and would n't hold up her shoulders. As for Nellie, she gazed at Felicia with the definite intention of discovering the charm of a young lady who had secured the ultimate object, in her opinion, of a woman's creation, — a lover. Nellie's vanity was sufficiently stalwart. She did not comprehend how Felicia managed to be fascinating, but she was fully persuaded that in time she herself would discover the secret and use it as successfully.

The curtain rose after a little, and the audience went for a time into that strange, delightful world where destinies round themselves in an hour or two; where trials accent triumphs; where virtue is lovely and prevails, and vice is odious and is defeated; where retribution and reward come up smiling in the nick of time, and life is dignified, picturesque, consistent, and grand, and very much more worth living, ideally speaking, than our poor little affair, which it modestly proposes to portray.

The troupe was good, but not preëminently excellent; the music was well within the compass of the singers; the stage-setting, costumes, and the chorus were admirable. Felicia, in her absorption, was vaguely responsive to the music, which pervaded her consciousness as the perfume of violets pervades a May afternoon. Like most clever amateurs, she had not been scientifically trained; she experienced no want which these melodious numbers could not satisfy; she did not partake of the musician's intellectual and somewhat strenuous enjoyment; she merely absorbed the representation with more or less vividness through her senses.

As the building was greatly crowded, it was some little time before they made their way out. Nellie, who between the acts had become somewhat well acquainted with her new friend, commented on the performance with her own inimitable admixture of forwardness and shyness.

"Oh, my, was n't it lovely!" she exclaimed, with a fidgety giggle of delight and embarrassment, as they passed out upon the sidewalk, already dusky with deepening twilight and enveloped with the gloom of low-hanging clouds. "Oh, was n't that last duet too beautiful! And the tenor, — oh, Miss Hamilton, I 'm dead in love with that tenor, ain't you?"

"Yes," returned Felicia, entering gayly into the spirit of her prattle, "I am infatuated with the tenor."

As she said this she chanced to raise

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her eyes. They encountered those of a gentleman who was standing in the brilliant radiance of the electric light. He lifted his hat, and she recognized Hugh Kennett. She returned his salutation. She observed that his face was very grave. The agitation which she had unconsciously held in abeyance all day was upon her with such intensity that she could not distinguish if it were pleasure or pain. When they reached the hotel, and her companions had repaired to their own rooms, she opened the door of the private parlor her brother had taken. It was empty. She entered, sank into a chair, and attempted to rally her self-control, so strangely and suddenly vanished. Her breath was coming quick through her half-parted lips; her face was suffused with a deep blush; she removed her hat, — its weight was all at once unendurably oppressive; she fixed her feverishly bright eyes on the dark, moonless, starless sky. As she thus sat motionless in the centre of the lighted room, there was a knock upon the door, and a servant entered with a card. She looked at it in silence for a moment, then said, "You can show the gentleman in."

When Kennett was ushered into the room, she rose, and advanced hesitatingly a few steps. She was turning the card nervously in her fingers; the gesture was in marked contrast with her usual self-possessed manner; her face betrayed some of the agitation which she sought to control.

"I am glad to see you," she murmured.

Kennett took her hand. "That gives me courage," he said. "Did you receive my letter?"

"I received it only this morning," she replied.

"Only this morning!" he cried, in dismay.

"It had been to a great many places," said Felicia. "It had been following us for weeks."

He was both infinitely disappointed and relieved. "I could not believe you would intentionally keep me in suspense," he declared.

"And you were in suspense, too!" cried Felicia, impulsively, with a sudden delighted realization of the fact.

"Were you?" he exclaimed, quickly. "Did you want to hear from me, to see me again? It is asking a great deal, I know, Felicia, but won't you give me an answer to my letter now? I love you with all my soul. I have undergone the torments of — of — well — a great deal of unhappiness since I saw you. Can't you — don't you care for me?"

He was still holding her hand; she fixed her fast-filling eyes on his eyes; her sensitive lips were quivering.

"And I have been unhappy," she said. For all her tears, which presently ceased to flow, she felt that there could, in the nature of things, never again be unhappiness for her. She recovered her tranquillity; words came to her; her silvery laughter rang out. Soon she was questioning him as to his proceedings when he had no reply to his letter; she rejoiced to hear him say that he too had been unhappy. In this she differed from him; her assertion had given him a keen pang. She brought him back more than once to this point.

"So you were worried when you had no letter?" she said, with a flattered laugh that was all he could reasonably desire as protestation or admission.

"Worried!" he exclaimed. "I was nearly out of my mind. I wrote again and again to Robert, and — I cannot possibly account for it — I have never received a reply from him. Finally I went to your brother's office, in Third Street."

"For what?" she demanded.

"To discover if they had your address."

"Away down there, — among the bulls, and bears, and puts, and calls,

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and other wild animals!" she cried, with her happy laughter. "That was romantic and thrilling."

"It was not very congruous, I admit, but it was my only chance. Your brother's partner declined to give me your address."

She stared at him: his eye glittered; his lips were compressed; his face, with the expression it wore at this moment, had a certain ferocity. He was evidently very angry, and controlled himself only by a strenuous effort.

"Mr. Gale did that?" said Felicia, in amazement.

"He was very polite in manner, but very firm. He said he had your brother's express instructions that in case I should ask I should be refused."

Her cheeks were aflame. "How insulting!" she cried, angrily. After a moment's reflection she asked, "Why should John do such a thing as that?" She was remembering her brother's bitter antagonism, and divined that she was coming upon an explanation.

"I can only account for it upon the hypothesis that he has very strong objections to my profession. Some people have, you know."

She looked at him with a sudden smile. "I don't know," she declared, "because I don't know what your profession is."

His face showed that he was startled. "How can that be?" he said.

"I never heard you speak of it," she replied, growing more grave.

"Is that possible?" he rejoined, reflectively. "But surely Robert must have mentioned it?"

"Never," she returned. "And if you don't object to terminating my suspense, I should be glad to know it now."

There was a pause, in which the sounds in the street invaded the silence of the room.

Fanny N. D. Murfree.

CRANKS AS SOCIAL MOTORS.

We have a natural admiration for the complete man who is not beguiled by appearances. It is good to see him taking his reputable pathway through the world; he walks erect therein, deviating neither to the right hand nor to the left. How fascinating a figure is Goethe, the type of the many-sided, well-poised citizen! — one so healthy in mind that when a Napoleon crosses his path he can regard him coolly as an historic phenomenon. He will not disturb his good digestion, and the serene contemplation of mortal affairs which comes of it, by taking up arms, like the lesser German poets and hot-headed students who rush to the fray like passionate animals. This master of life knows too much to concentrate his interest upon any temporary or passing phase of being. It is obvious that cyclones and gales will not help him; he anchors till they are past, and then steers right onward, his sails filled by a steady wind.

"Such men," we are tempted to say, "are our appointed leaders: their judgments are broader and more just than those of their humbler brethren; they should hold a fatherly and protective office in society; we must accept them as arbiters, and rejoice in their well-considered directorship. Surely, if our social progress is to continue, these men must increase!"

Nevertheless, they do not increase. Universal education and facilities for influencing thought are thrusting into prominence many men who are hope-

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lessly one-sided, — men who will accept nothing as proved, and who sting the established social order like hornets. And necessity, that mother of invention, has enriched our English speech with a word to distinguish them. We call them *cranks*, — one of those crisp monosyllables which are easier to understand than to explain. *Snob* was another of these useful creations; it entered the language somewhat earlier. Cranks come from all classes, and may be roughly defined as persons who have not the instinct of their order. They fail to take the prevailing tone of sentiment, which most of us catch as easily as we do the measles, — and often, perhaps, with consequences as regrettable.

One cause of the multiplication of the bright, aggressive crank is the great increase of specialism. Most men who are worth taking into account are specialists. But the average citizen will never allow for his specialism, and confess that his vision is distorted thereby. Only the superior minds have the wisdom to do this. It was Burke who lamented that the law invigorated the understanding at the expense of openness and liberality of mind. It was a greater than Burke who confessed that his spirit was subdued to what it worked in, and received a bias therefrom as real as the stain upon the hand of the dyer. But if these specialists of one hundred or three hundred years ago did well to acknowledge that their outlooks were contracted by their tasks, how much more must we recognize this contraction now, when our complex civilization drives every man into a specialism far more absorbing and narrowing than those known to our predecessors!

The specialist who makes no allowance for the "personal error," and avoids the company of those who might correct his mistakes, easily becomes a crank. Having discovered his panacea, he proceeds to create just the sort of world that will be healed by its application. Prospects of vast and indefinite extent open before him. His pill or elixir is proclaimed a delightful substitute for natural processes of amelioration, each step of which must be guided by a painful intellectual effort. Grant him his somewhat doubtful premises, and he has logical machinery in splendid running order, that will grind you out a scheme insuring glorious exemption from evils now encompassing sentient beings.

Yet, criticise him as we may, the crank, when at his best, feeds that admiration for the heroic which is so fine an element in man. Your many-sided personage, unless he has supreme genius, is hopelessly commonplace. The most uninteresting character in Shakespeare is Horatio. He is the essence of right thinking; one whose blood and judgment are so well commingled that we long for a little more blood and a little less judgment. He is useful to keep up his end of the dialogue and as a drag upon the coach-wheel. It is Fortinbras, no nice calculator of chances, but a man of exuberant energy, ready to risk what is mortal and unsure even for an eggshell, who gratifies our imagination and carries the day.

A useful function of cranks is to try our beliefs by bringing them to the test of action. Scholars might have proved the doctrine of the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures to be untenable, but the mass of well-to-do Englishmen took no note of their researches. Not until the sect calling itself the Peculiar People undertook the anointing of their sick in the manner prescribed by the Apostle, and would hear of no other treatment, was this question of plenary inspiration discussed before the courts and in the Times newspaper. Then the busy shopkeepers were compelled to look into the matter, and to come to some conclusion. The sound and fury of the cranks who led the Chartist agitation in England, and the clamor of our own non-voting

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Abolitionists, stirred easy-going men to revise their inherited opinions as nothing else could have done.

Yet it must be acknowledged that, in spite of his usefulness and his apparent heroism, the crank is not always to be respected. One cannot help believing that there is a variety of this gentry who are self-made cranks, — cranks because they want to be. They seek some social disproportion whereupon they can posture with effect. The pleasures of conformity are humdrum; nonconformity is piquant and startling. Such a man is not a crank from abundance of virtue, as he would have you believe, but rather because he feels his feebleness in the world of practical affairs and is soured thereby. If he pose as an advanced philanthropist, we suspect that his love of mankind has some side glances at personal profit. If facts be against him, he does not hesitate to invent them, and visits with arrogant abuse those who would expose his falsities. He is especially angry with those halting disciples who accept his scheme as something ultimately possible, and then humbly inquire what they are to do provisionally as a practical approximation to the distant good. If he be a rhetorician, he has no scruple in administering the electric shock of paradox, and seeks the levity of assent that may be caught by the sudden spring of a false analogy. No doubt this reckless shooter occasionally hits the mark. Pope describes the talking bird who berates the passers-by with epithets which well-conducted periodicals have ceased to print. But the poet confesses that, though sometimes struck with the extreme felicity of these characterizations, he had never been able to extend his admiration to the speaker whose entire stock in trade consisted of this very limited and abusive vocabulary.

The highest type of the incomplete man who to worldly eyes has something of the crank about him is he who for a noble purpose voluntarily contracts his view. He is willing to sacrifice the geniality of wide culture to the trenchant zeal in a single direction which he feels can alone influence human conduct. Abuses can be dislodged only by continuity of attack. Having reached certain principles bearing upon the general welfare, the man of education will demonstrate them in an essay, and then, thinking that he at least has done his duty, will proceed to refresh his mind by passing to the consideration of other questions. For the iteration of one idea, its incessant presentation under different forms, however good for the community, is narrowing to the individual. It is a high conception of public duty which causes a man of large nature to accept this personal risk, to resign the intellectual balance and completeness he might otherwise attain.

There is a story of a visitor to an institution for those mentally afflicted, who was taken through the establishment by a gentleman by whom he was favored with much scientific discourse respecting the different irrationalities of its inmates. But having gained an attentive ear by his sound and interesting expositions, the guide could not resist seizing the moment of parting to deliver himself of sentiments which established his own right to a place among the unfortunates whose woful extravagances he had so well described. In like manner, the writer of this paper finds it impossible to forbear the opportunity of delivering himself of opinions which for the past thirty years he has advocated, and which, according to the judgment of those who ought to know, entitle him to a fair position in the brotherhood of cranks; for he has persuaded himself — though he has had indifferent success in persuading others — that the first practicable reform, which will initiate, if it does not include, all others, is a total change in our methods of taxing. The saying of Turgot, that the art of taxa-

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tion is that of plucking the goose without making it cry, must be consigned to the limbo prepared for maxims about the divine right of kings and kindred absurdities. Encourage the democratic goose to cry vigorously, until he can be brought face to face with the fact that he is only a goose for making the clamor. Let our imposts give a maximum of education rather than a minimum of inconvenience: the teaching of circumstance, of environment, should supplement the weaker teaching of the schools. Direct taxation, falling lightly, but palpably, upon the necessities of the poor, and heavily upon the luxuries of the rich, is the object-lesson of which we stand in need. One may favor the initiating or fostering of certain industries, and yet hold that custom-houses are abominations. Whenever it is wise to give state assistance, it should take the form of a subsidy, that voters may know what they pay and see that it is well to pay it. Tax exemption, under general laws, is a most pernicious form of public money-giving; it is wasteful, demoralizing, and grossly unjust. The property which the citizen holds subject to taxation he should give subject to taxation; if he gives it with wisdom, let the State increase his benefaction so far as, from time to time, it shall appear expedient.

But this is not the place to make further utterances upon a subject concerning which the present writer has, upon fitting occasions, disburdened himself. Let us reach the conclusion of the whole matter by saying that the impracticable crank whose vision develops the sense of the ideal exercises an important function; we may choose our associates from much worse company. If we cannot wind up our affairs and set out on a pilgrimage for Mr. Bellamy's celestial city, let us at least take our tickets for a way station, in the hope that upon arrival we may find it possible to continue our journey to the end of the line. If the pliant men who serve parties and corporations possess the present, the enthusiasts hold the future. Their eccentricities of thought and action initiate valuable variations; they break through the little circle of conventional obligation, and point to duties lying outside of it. The picturesque leadership of great chiefs is no longer possible. Given our present opportunities of knowledge, or half knowledge, and the social advance must be the resultant of a thousand impacts which impel movement in different directions. The motor is no longer a single clear-sighted hero, but a congress of cranks.

Perhaps the happiest condition the modern man can attain is to acknowledge his one-sidedness, and then to accept it cheerfully. He who would take large views, without a large mind to put them in, is apt to be ineffective. Energy of action is in inverse ratio to the field of vision, and a pushing manliness is after all the supreme quality. It is good to be deceived as to the importance of our special variation from the normal standard. A little wider outlook leads our neighbor the philosopher to expend in irony upon the world the force that was given him to act upon it. Nature provides many twisted instruments for her orchestra, but if each plays his own lustily the result is harmony. Thus we come into effective contact with the universe; and, to the Power that grasps the whole in one collective act of consciousness, an honest acceptance of the distortions of our petty personalities may be the condition of their highest utility.

J. P. Quincy.

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INSCRIPTION FOR A MEMORIAL BUST OF FIELDING.

He looked on naked Nature unashamed,
And saw the Sphinx, now bestial, now divine,
In change and rechange; he nor praised nor blamed,
But drew her as he saw with fearless line.
Did he good service? God must judge, not we;
Manly he was, and generous and sincere;
English in all, of genius blithely free:
Who loves a Man may see his image here.

James Russell Lowell.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN EUROPEAN HISTORIOGRAPHY.

So long as the student occupies himself with political history only, he may fail to perceive the unity of Europe; he may think that each nation has followed its own course. But when he turns to pursue almost any branch of the history of civilization, and especially of the history of literature, he sees abundant evidences of a common European life, of a development proceeding contemporaneously by similar stages in the various countries. In the history of modern European historiography these are very plainly seen. The development is marked by a succession of phases, each of which, even if at first confined to one country, is rapidly propagated, and soon comes to be common to all Europe. Peculiarities of national character and situation have indeed their effect, and there is almost always a close connection between the course of a nation's political history and the development of its historiography; but the main currents are European and general.

It is modern historical literature of which we are speaking. But the sequence of phases common to the historiography of all Europe does not begin with the Renaissance. It is seen with more or less clearness in the Middle Ages. First, in the dark ages, we have the meagre annalists who followed Orosius and Eusebius; we have, in the various barbarian kingdoms, that set of able historians who, renouncing the attempt to write universal history, devoted themselves each to the story of his own nation. At a later period, the metrical chronicle arises in each country, and is in each country followed by the metrical romance of chivalry and the romancing prose history. The monastic reforms of the succeeding age give everywhere new life and vogue to the monastic annals; the thirteenth century, an age of great men and of strong intellectual fermentation, produces monastic historians, who everywhere carry mediæval historical literature to its high-water mark, so far as Latin chronicles are concerned. The thirteenth century saw the beginning, the fourteenth the culmination, of the first great era of vernacular historical writing in prose. Later came a universal tendency toward the compilation of great general chronicles, lifeless but widely popular, in which might be incorporated bodily all accessible historical information out of all preceding chronicles. Finally, the fifteenth century may in general be characterized as the age of the municipal chronicle.

Yet the period of the Renaissance was

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very distinctly an epoch in the development of historiography. Many things joined to make it so. In the first place, the revival of letters brought forward the classical models of historical writing. Secondly, by its preoccupation with antiquity, it for the first time took the writers and readers of history out of the narrow circle of contemporary life and conditions, gave a standard of comparison between age and age, and thus made possible an objective view. These things, together with the general awakening of the European mind and that critical spirit which pervaded the Renaissance movement, induced a discrimination as to sources, a rational disposition of materials, a depth and freshness of thought, a care in respect to form, which were foreign to the mediæval historians, and were in fact the origins of modern methods. Moreover, the invention and use of printing made it for the first time possible to bring together a great number of books and to use them simultaneously; and this of course enlarged the scholar's opportunities of research and comparison far beyond those available in the age of manuscript chronicles. Again, since an insistence upon individual personality was one of the chief features of the Renaissance, it abounded in biographies and memoirs; and these, too, of a superior type to those which had preceded. Finally, certain political characteristics of the age contributed powerfully toward giving to historical science and literature a new turn. It was at once the age of the despots and the age of national consolidation. Able monarchs and brilliant courts gave helpful patronage. The type of politics peculiar to the Renaissance, unscrupulous and cynical, but clear sighted and subtle, did much to develop intelligence, insight, and profundity in historians. The consolidation of nations gave a powerful impulse to the study of national history, though at the same time the strong national feeling which accompanied the movement imparted new strength and vitality to the fabulous legends with which the origin of each nation was surrounded.

First among the historical movements thus stimulated came that of the humanists. The vivid and continuous presence of the traditions of Rome, the prosperity and power of the Italian republics, made it natural that historical studies should first revive in Italy. What is more remarkable is the manner of their propagation thence. If one turns to almost any country in Europe, he finds the list of its modern historians headed by the name of some Italian scholar, who brought into the country of his adoption or sojourn the more developed literary ideals of his native land. In Germany it is the Emperor Frederick's secretary, the learned, versatile, and acute Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, afterward Pope Pius II.; in Hungary it is Antonio Bonfini; in Spain, Peter Martyr of Anghiera and Lucio Marineo; in France, Paolo Emili; in England, Polydore Vergil, the friend of Erasmus.

It has been suggested that, in the change which politics had undergone, the old-fashioned native chroniclers, accustomed to record external events, — wars, rebellions, and the like, — found themselves puzzled by the new order of things, and unable to give satisfactory accounts of reigns marked mainly by events of another sort, or of kings politic, secret, and diplomatic. For penetrating into and describing the newer statecraft Italians were more apt. But it was not long before a similar dexterity in politics, and the literary effects of such dexterity, were developed in other nations. Thus arose the political historians of the Renaissance, the observant and thoughtful expounders of its intellectual but corrupt politics. Among these the foremost were Comines, Machiavelli, and Guicciardini. Machiavelli, applying profound insight to the problems of the growth and decay of states,

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has earned the praise of having founded the scientific study of modern political history. Sir Thomas More's vivid and sagacious History of Richard III. is another example of the work of the political historians of the Renaissance, — work usually bearing upon contemporary history. At the same time, the geographical discoveries of the age were calling into existence, in Spain and Portugal, a brilliant school of historians of the Indies, mostly actors in the great scenes of discovery and conquest, or witnesses of them; and France was maintaining that preëminence in respect to memoirs which had already been acquired for it in the Middle Ages by Villehardouin and Joinville, and which it has retained ever since.

Doubtless our own century has been the greatest age of historical composition, both in respect to abundance of production and as regards the scientific quality of the average product. But it may fairly be argued that the period from 1550 to 1625 was the age of great historians. The public life of the time was exceptionally brilliant and vivid; and never since, unless in the period from 1815 to 1850, have so large a number of the chief historians been also men highly distinguished in public affairs. Probably there was a similar reason in both cases. Apparently, the Renaissance and the Reformation had much the same stimulating effect upon the historical activities of the succeeding generation which, as we shall see later, must be ascribed to the French Revolution. At all events, in England the two foremost historical books of the age — Lord Bacon's profound study of the reign of Henry VII. and Raleigh's noble fragment of a history of the world — were the work of two of its greatest statesmen. Fra Paolo Sarpi, the greatest of the historians of Italy, was the guiding statesman of Venice in her successful struggle against the papacy. Gerónimo de Zurita, the most conscientious and reliable of historical writers, had had much experience in public affairs, and so had Ægidius Tschudi, the most eminent historian of Switzerland. The chief historians of France were two noted statesmen, Agrippa d'Aubigné and President de Thou. Few names in Europe were more famous either in public life or in the field of historical literature than that of Hugo Grotius. Sleidan had had considerable diplomatic experience. Nikolaus Istvánfi was at once the greatest historian and one of the greatest statesmen of Hungary.

Contact with affairs, in influential positions, had given to all these writers an insight and a sagacity in the treatment of political history which go far to explain the eminence of this particular period. Another element in its greatness was contributed by the labors of the official historiographers, now at their best. Their office had for some time been in existence. Monarchs, cities, civil and religious bodies, had their historiographers. The office of historiographer royal had in most cases been called into existence by the movement toward royal aggrandizement and national consolidation which marked the fifteenth century. Sometimes it was united with the office of royal librarian; sometimes, as in Portugal, with that of keeper of the royal archives. Frequently the work of the historiographers was purely antiquarian, or consisted simply in collection and compilation; but in not a few cases they were historians of the highest order of merit.

It is easier to speak of the great historical writers of an age individually than to describe its contribution to the growth of historical science, which advances by the slow and gradual diffusion of juster ideals and more refined methods. The structure of the science has been built up by the labors of quarrymen and masons, as well as of architects. Antiquaries and collectors having preceded, pioneer work in the early

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history of national institutions was begun. Often it was done with what seems to us absurd ignorance of the actual conditions of primitive sociology, and with entire failure to imagine any environment differing from that of the writer. Yet it was accomplished with so much industrious research, learning, and accuracy that the advancement of the science was maintained. The studies of chronology and of historical geography were actively pursued. A remarkable group of Protestant or Gallican lawyers in France, of the party of the *politiques*, began the scientific study of French antiquities, of the philosophy of history, and of critical methods. Spelman and Selden followed them in England.

One of the chief tasks lying before the growing science of historical criticism was to clear away those legends of fabulous antiquity with which each nation had invested the story of its origin. Ocampo related the deeds of an uninterrupted succession of Spanish kings from Tubal, grandson of Noah. The annals of Portugal began with the Trojan War. Milton commences his history of Britain with the giant Albion and Brutus of Troy, with the stories of Locrine and Hudibras and Lear and Lud, "wherto," he says, "I neither oblige the beleif of other person, nor over-hastily subscribe mine own." The Four Masters, surpassing all these, began their annals of Ireland at forty days before the Deluge. Higher claims of antiquity seem scarcely possible; yet, in the time of Sweden's greatest glory, Olof Rudbeck argued that Paradise had been located in that country, and a certain church history insisted that Adam was bishop in the little Swedish town of Kälkstad! So firmly did such fables possess the general mind, and so intimately did they seem connected with the national glory, that great credit belongs to the historians who first ventured to attack them. Their task was a difficult one; old Johan van der Does, who had been the heroic commander of Leyden during its famous siege, and afterward undertook to clear away the misty legends of the origins of Holland, probably found that it required as much obstinate courage to attack his countrymen's historical fables as to defend their cities.

The violent religious and political contests of the time had much influence in quickening historical production. The Reformation excited great interest in the history of the Church. Luther always expressed the highest opinion of the value of history. "To despise such writings and the remembrance of histories and their order is," he said, "not only a coarse Tartaric and Cyclopean barbarism, but also a devilish senselessness, whereby the Devil would more and more extinguish the right knowledge of God." Melanchthon, "the teacher of all Germany," performed for history services of inestimable value. Most of the work done under these impulses had indeed a partisan purpose; yet the research of the Magdeburg Centuriators on the one side, or of Baronius on the other, was immensely fruitful, however far from disinterested. Early Protestantism was also serviceable by furthering the growth of vernacular literature and the consequent popularization of history. Especially was this true in some of the less advanced countries of Europe, which before the Reformation had had little or no vernacular literature. Kaspar Heltai in Hungary, Martin Bielski in Poland, Christian Pedersen in Denmark, did pioneer work of the utmost importance. Their Catholic countrymen, meantime, adhered to Latin.

The political conflicts of the period had similar effects, if we except those contests which resulted in national exhaustion, such as the Thirty Years' War, with which the period ends. In England and France, in Germany and the Netherlands, the burning questions of

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the age were largely those of constitutional law. Parties eagerly appealed to history and legal antiquities for the solution of such questions, much as when, in the time of the barons' opposition to King John, Stephen Langton sought out and produced in the memorable meeting at St. Paul's the antique charter of Henry I. The school of legal antiquaries and historians of French and English institutions, already alluded to, had here one of its chief origins. In the Netherlands, the constitutional and religious struggle with Spain and the attainment of national unity called forth a burst of national feeling and brilliant ambition that showed itself in a great development, not only of painting and poetry, but of philological and historical studies. It is a significant fact that in the southern provinces, declining in prosperity and remaining subject to the repressive despotism of Spain, it was the early and remote periods of the national history to which historians turned, while in the United Netherlands, prosperous and free, they devoted themselves much more often to the recent glories of the war for independence.

If the period from about 1550 to about 1625 was emphatically an age of great historians, the second half of the seventeenth century and the beginning of the eighteenth formed the classical period of memoir-writing. It was not completely a European movement; few memoirs were written in Germany, for instance. It was strongest in France, and next strongest in England. Clarendon and Whitelocke and Burnet stood foremost in the latter country; France produced, among a host of others, the admirable memoirs of Cardinal de Retz, of La Rochefoucauld, of "Mademoiselle," and of Saint-Simon. In general histories, and particularly in political histories, the age of Louis XIV., with all its brilliancy, was not fertile. When we are told that honest Mézeray was absolutely deprived of his salary as historiographer royal because he would not expunge certain statements respecting taxation from one of his books, we see one reason why it was not.

Few things, indeed, are made more clear by the study of the development of history than that it cannot produce its best fruits in the atmosphere of despotism. Not only are there individual instances of suppression, by author or by censor, as when Grafton, in treating of John's reign, with timid subservience omitted all mention of Magna Charta, or as when the Austrian censors outrageously mutilated the text of Palacky's great work; the whole atmosphere of free government is stimulative to historical work, while that of despotism is full of discouragement. A curious piece of statistical evidence for such a proposition is furnished by Switzerland. An industrious antiquary, who has constructed a catalogue of 1313 Swiss writers upon Swiss history, notes the fact that, next after the three chief cities which have, naturally, been the three chief centres of civilization in Switzerland, the greatest abundance of historical work has proceeded from those cantons or districts in which from of old a free communal life existed, as for instance around the Lake of the Four Cantons or in the Grisons. On the other hand, in those towns and cantons which had a government of a military and aristocratic character, such as Bern, there was much less tendency toward historical studies; and production has been at a minimum in those parts of Switzerland which, before 1798, were subject lands to other cantons, such as were Thurgau and Ticino.

The writing of memoirs was not the only, indeed not the chief, distinguishing characteristic of these years. The publication of documents bearing upon contemporary history, as in the collections of Rushworth and Aitzema, had an important place; and Pufendorf, in his two Commentaries, endeavored to

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inaugurate a profounder and more scientific use of them. There were also more general signs of advance, such as the abandonment of the practice of dividing universal history into the history of the four great monarchies. Such a scheme of division did not spring from independent scientific considerations, but rested on assumptions borrowed from without. Its abandonment in favor of the division into ancient, mediæval, and modern history indicated an important step in advance. This was likewise the age of the founding of historical jurisprudence, by Hermann Conring in Germany, and by Gravina in Italy, where also Vico, with profound insight, was laying a new foundation for the philosophy of history. Classical philology stood high, especially in the Netherlands, and a few bold scholars began that destructive criticism of the early Roman history which reached its maturity in Niebuhr.

But above all else, this period, or, more exactly, the period from about 1650 to about 1750, is to be characterized as the age of erudition. All over Europe scholars devoted themselves to the laborious search for additional materials, to the erudite labors of investigation and criticism, and to the publication of chronicles and documents. Enormous additions were made to the sum of accessible knowledge respecting history. Giants of erudition sprang up almost simultaneously in all countries. It was as if all Europe had joined in an effort to provide materials in advance for a coming period of scientific historical work. The age had not the boldness, originality, and fire which marked the sixteenth century, but in scholarship, as in the political world, there was a gain in orderliness and method; a gain, by consequence, in laboriousness and in criticism.

Much of the impulse toward such work came from the Church, and especially from the regular clergy in France and Belgium. One of the results of the Catholic counter-reformation had been the reform of the monastic orders, of which an important element had been the revival of monastic studies. The religious houses preserved great accumulations of manuscripts. The monastic principles of humility and obedience placed the services of all at the disposal of the gifted few, and made those few willing to labor, year after year, at tasks which could be finished only by the toil of successive generations. Great numbers of historical works, some of them prodigious in extent, were produced in peaceful seclusion by scholars thus devoted, laboring patiently and self-forgetfully for the glory of God and of their order. The Bollandist Acta Sanctorum was begun, that stupendous work which, at the end of two centuries and a half of almost continuous labor, is still far from completion. Numerous editions of the writings of the fathers, works upon palæography, vast collections of chronicles, of saints' lives, of charters and documents, ponderous works of antiquities, histories of religious houses and bodies, provincial histories, chronologies, and great repositories of miscellaneous mediæval literature proceeded from other similar companies, and especially from the Benedictines of the congregation of St. Maur.

From France and the Spanish Netherlands the zeal for collection and erudite publication spread to other countries. In Germany, Leibnitz eagerly advocated such work, and set examples of it in two great collections. On the model of one of these, Thomas Rymer compiled his Fœdera. Strype and Tanner, Birch and Carte, were of the same school. Muratori, the greatest of Italian historical scholars, with Mansi and Tiraboschi, did for Italy what the Benedictines of St. Maur had done or were doing for France. Even in Iceland, in Denmark, in Hungary, and in Russia

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(now just entering the circle of Occidental historical work), one finds the same school prevailing. We may even say that it crossed the Atlantic to our own shores; for the Rev. Thomas Prince, of Boston, and the Rev. William Stith, of Virginia, are almost typical examples of the school.

Closely connected with the general tendency to labors of erudition were the establishment and work of learned academies, — another phase common to various countries. Between 1699 and 1726, the academies of Berlin and St. Petersburg came into existence, and the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres began its publications. Between 1719 and 1745, the Royal Academy of Portuguese History, the Royal Academy of History at Madrid, and the Royal Society of History and Danish Language at Copenhagen were founded. All these were of course devoted to learned publication. The bent of the times in this direction is curiously shown in the remark of the Leipzig Acta Eruditorum upon Mascou's masterly Teutsche Geschichte, — that it was so good that one might wish it had been written in Latin!

Enormous as was the labor bestowed in collecting and editing historical materials during this period, in respect to the composition of histories it takes but a low rank. Dr. Johnson's open contempt for history, Sir Robert Walpole's scornful rejection of it, were not unjustified. The histories current in their time were mostly dull and unprofitable. It seems at first somewhat surprising that this should have been the case, for in literature generally the period, including as it did the age of Louis XIV. and the age of Queen Anne, was one of exceptional and famous brilliancy, — and this as well in prose as in poetry; indeed, to the minds of our time, with more especial success in prose than in poetry.

But, while the pursuit of history has many motives, the main incentive to it is, after all, the desire to utilize the experience of the past for the improvement of the present; and in the first half of the eighteenth century both the desire for present improvement and the conviction that the past could teach were at a minimum. Seldom has there been a time when the desire for social regeneration was more remote from the general mind, and when even the desire for minor improvements was so languid. Again, the age was singularly self-centred: indisposed to believe that there was anything it could learn from preceding ages; inclined to regard them as barbarous, as in every way manifestly surpassed. It is an interesting sign of this preoccupation with existing conditions that the romance, chivalric or other, was at just about this time supplanted, as the main imaginative reading of Europe, by the novel of contemporary manners.

The change from this indifferent attitude was swift in arriving, and was of momentous consequence. It involved nothing less than a revolution in the methods of historical writing, the inauguration of that scientific study of the development of humanity and of civilization which has been the characteristic note of all subsequent schools of any considerable importance. In all the development of historiography, from Herodotus and Thucydides down, there had been no transition so important as that which was thus effected by the advent of the sociological school. The philosophical impulse toward its creation came in part from Scotland, but its fundamental ideas were much more fully and effectively stated in France, where deep and increasing hatred of existing institutions was inducing a new interest in the study of the past, and a new catholicity in respect to other times and nations. The humanitarianism and rationalism of the age coöperated with this cosmopolitan spirit to stimulate studies of general history and of the

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history of civilization. Before the first half of the century had ended, Montesquieu had made his fruitful attempt to exhibit the relation of human laws to the laws of nature and the arrangements of the social environment. Then, Turgot, in his second address before the Sorbonne, went a step farther, not only recognizing the operation of law in the institutions and movements of human society, but discerning in history an ordered movement of growth and advance among societies, with regular laws of development. Finally, Voltaire, in his Essai sur les Mœurs, did inestimable service by showing the world, with inimitable literary skill, that laws, institutions, arts, and manners, and not kings, courts, and wars, should be made the chief concern of history; that history needed to be looked at with enlarged view, from the point of view of social generalization.

The fundamental ideas of the school were expounded by the writers of France; their practical application was mostly the work of other nations. Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon imparted new life to historical writing in England, giving practical demonstration of the utility of general ideas to history. A little earlier, Denmark had her Hume (as well as her Molière and her Swift) in Ludwig Holberg. Mascou and Bünau in Germany belonged to the same general class. The foundation of the scientific study of statistics was evidently part of this same movement. With Mosheim the wider ideas of the eighteenth century began to penetrate church history; and Johannes von Müller, whom the general voice pronounced to be the greatest of the German historians in the last years of the century, named Montesquieu and Voltaire as two of the three men who had chiefly influenced his historical thought.

With Johannes von Müller, however, we come within the verge of another climate of historical ideas. He was the herald of the romantic movement in historical work. The earlier expressions of that movement, in the knightly drama and romance of the Sturm und Drang period, though they often fixed false conceptions of mediæval life in the popular mind, were beneficial in so far as they excited greater interest in mediæval history. The current of thought thus started came violently into collision with that conviction of the uselessness of history, that ardent desire to return to nature and govern human life without regard to the abhorred and despised past, which animated the partisans of the Revolution. The Middle Ages were regarded by them with peculiar hostility, as the source of all those privileges and inequalities, those political and religious superstitions and trammels, which it was their especial aim to remove. Wherever the Revolution prevailed, the learned mediæval work of the academies and the monastic establishments was rudely broken up, and the revulsion against history had full sway. But with the outward fall of the Revolution the competing tendency took new life. An appreciative, and indeed over-enthusiastic, study of the Middle Ages began. From it, and from the remarkable development of classical philology among the generation of German scholars just preceding, came the rise of modern Teutonic philology, with its wide-reaching effects upon historiography.

But it was not simply by finally inducing a reaction from its unhistorical attitude that the Revolution was of service to the progress of historical studies. It seemed to have cut at one blow a great abyss between old Europe and new, which made it possible to judge the past with a greater sense of distance, with more impartiality, with a truer perspective. Old things had passed away, and all things had become new. Moreover, in the period succeeding 1815, the strong desire in the political world to do everything that could be done to

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strengthen legitimate monarchy was an incitement to the examination of all the old institutions and forms of social life by which it had been surrounded. Of still more importance, however, was the improvement brought to historical studies, in respect to depth and thoughtfulness and insight, by the experiences through which the generation had passed. Almost all political speculation, almost all historical writing, since the French Revolution, have borne the impress of that tremendous event. The problems of human life in the present and the past seemed radically different to those before whose eyes had appeared revelations of popular forces so gigantic and so unsuspected underlying the surface of society. The volcanic upheaval which revealed those forces brought to light facts of collective human nature which could never again be ignored, and a deeper study of the phenomena of society in the present and in the past was an inevitable result. "Whenever," said Niebuhr, in that very age, "a historian is reviving past times, his interest in them and sympathy with them will be the deeper the greater the events he has witnessed with a bleeding or a rejoicing heart." The post-Napoleonic generation had had in a peculiar degree this stimulus to the deepening and broadening of historical work. The result was a great activity in historical studies, and new and profounder conceptions of what historical studies should be.

It is not at all surprising, therefore, that the period from 1815 to 1848 should have been one of the most brilliant in the annals of historiography. Yet we should hardly be prepared to expect the instant production of so remarkable a crop of historians as at once sprang up in France. Seven great French historians, on the whole the greatest of the century, if living ones be left out of the account, — Guizot, the two Thierrys, Mignet, Thiers, Michelet, and Lamartine, — were all born in the eleven years from 1787 to 1798, and Comte in the latter year. Born thus in the time of the Revolution, their earliest recollections were either of its events, or of the Empire and its tremendous struggle against allied Europe. One or two of them — Augustin Thierry, for example — derived their impulse toward historical studies from the romantic school, to whose influence the revival of Anglo-Saxon studies in England was largely owing, and to which the great historians of Norway, Sweden, and Russia belonged completely. But a much more general characteristic of the period, both in France and elsewhere, is that nearly all of them were, in a more or less important degree, engaged in public life. Here the experience of the sixteenth century was repeated. In both cases an age of great events gave rise to a remarkable activity in historical work; and in both cases those most conspicuous in performing that work were also men conspicuous in political affairs. There is obviously another connection here than that of mere coincidence. The events of the French Revolution, as of the Reformation, had been such as to force historical studies upon minds of the very highest class, upon the very directors of national life.

The part which Guizot, Thiers, and Lamartine played in public life is familiar; and Mignet and Amédée Thierry were not without political influence and administrative experience. But in other countries a similar generalization holds true. A closer connection subsisted between the political and the historical careers in England at this time than has been seen before or since; few Englishmen were more deeply engaged in public affairs than Mackintosh, James Mill, Macaulay, and Grote. Herculano and Lafuente, the chief historians of the two nations of the Peninsula, had a similar prominence in their countries, Van der Palm in the Netherlands, Lelewel and Palacky in the politics of Poland and

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Bohemia. The long political experience of Niebuhr contributed no small part to the wonderful endowment with which he approached the task of examining the development of the Roman nation; and the constitutional conflict in Hungary was fought out in historical writings by some of the same men who afterward directed the struggle in arms or the departments of the revolutionary government.

Accompanying all this literary activity of great historians was a general scientific activity not less remarkable. A striking sign of such a movement was the multiplication of historical societies during this period, — societies organized by private means, not founded by the munificence of princes, as the academies of a hundred years before had been. For instance, in Great Britain, we have, in the thirty years from 1812 to 1842, the foundation of nearly a dozen important societies devoted to publication wholly or largely historical. Within very nearly the same period falls the foundation of several French, German, and Italian societies; of the first general historical society for all Switzerland; of the chief Dutch historical society; of the Icelandic Literary Society; of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries; and of the principal Russian historical and antiquarian association.

The scientific activity of that generation has been maintained in those succeeding; has, indeed, been prodigiously increased, and has assumed the leading place in the historiography of recent years. Critical investigation is the most salient feature of the work of the present age. It has sometimes been said that its peculiar task has been the investigation of *origines*. But this is because it has been preëminently an age of historical criticism, and the origines of nations needed the application of criticism more urgently than any other part of their history. In this particular, the Germans have, as is familiar, been the teachers of all Europe. The age of erudition, as we have called it, had been succeeded by a generation whose main interest was in the philosophical treatment of historical questions, and in the presentation of broad and general views. The time had come when men might resume the labors of pure scholarship with a far greater richness of thought. The awakening of German patriotism through the War of Liberation supplied the needed impulse. It aroused an unparalleled activity in national history; it established the Monumenta; it infused into the science of history so vigorous a life that it could henceforth assume a more independent attitude, — no longer ancillary to philology, or antiquities, or theology, or jurisprudence, or political science, but occupying rather a position central to them all. Before the period of the statesmen-historians formed by the Revolution had ended, the great German investigators had made ready, for the use of a new generation of historical workers, enormous amounts of new material and critical weapons of a constantly increasing strength and keenness; and their extraordinary wealth of learning and technical skill were employed with a thoroughly objective and scientific spirit.

It was because he possessed these gifts in a supreme degree that Ranke was, for more than a generation, recognized as the chief of German historians and historical scholars. When his first book appeared, in 1824, his breadth of view, sagacity, and unprecedented command over the resources of his art made an immediate impression, which his subsequent works, prepared with completer materials from archives, only deepened. Moreover, he was emphatically the founder of a school, nearly all of the older historical scholars of Germany who are at all distinguished having been pupils of his.

It is interesting to note, in view of the lines of influence we have suggested

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in other cases, how great a number of the chief German historical works of the century appeared soon after the events of the year 1848. Since then the tendency has been toward more and more minute specialization; and the eminent general historians of the present time are mostly to be found among the older scholars. There are suspicions that devotion to minute criticism has been somewhat overdone. But the influence of German scholarship upon historical work in other lands has been highly beneficial. In France it has created a school of able and thorough students of institutions, who have been doing much to redeem French historical work from the charge of superficiality. At the same time, improvements in the organization of superior instruction have made it possible for historical scholars to receive adequate special training where their predecessors were mostly self-taught.

The new German scholarship may roughly be said to have come into England with Kemble. Carlyle, who introduced so much of German thought into England, would none of this. Indeed, it is not a little remarkable how entirely averse to the growing scientific tendency were the two most popular historians of that generation, Carlyle and Macaulay. Carlyle despised it; Macaulay's mind, powerful but not profound, was insensible to its value. The historical labors of the present generation in England owe little to these two historians. They are far more indebted to those who have built up the science of sociology and the group of comparative sciences which have become so prominent during the nineteenth century. Broader and deeper views of collective human life have been derived from the work of Darwin and Comte and Spencer, and from the advance of comparative philology, political economy, the comparative study of religions, and comparative jurisprudence. The last two have within the past thirty years thrown a flood of new light upon human history, and their writings may perhaps be said to have been, with the general opening of archives and the increased volume of governmental publication, the most potent causes of the recent expansion of historical work.

One of the most interesting elements in the development of historical work during the present century has been the activity shown by European governments (not, alas, by that of the United States) in fostering it. The tendency has, like so many others which we have successively noted, shown itself in all parts of Europe at once. England has spent great sums of money upon the publications of the old Record Commission and the two series directed by the Master of the Rolls; France, upon the enterprises inaugurated by M. Guizot; Germany, upon the Monumenta. Indeed, it has been for the interest of governments to do so; for historical work, vividly recalling the glories of the past, has often contributed immensely to the quickening of national patriotism. After 1848 the Prussian government ardently favored historical studies, and found its account in doing so. The patriotic party in Italy used them as a means toward awakening national sentiment. With wise enthusiasm they turned to the historical study of Dante, in which all could unite, and which brought into prominence a life filled with ideas and purposes and hopes embracing all Italy. The governments of minor nationalities, the preservation of whose independence depends upon the ardency of national feeling, have been especially active in such assistance. The government of the new kingdom of the Netherlands began such work at once after 1815; that of Belgium, at once after 1830. It seems not unfair to say that the governments of the Netherlands and Belgium and Sweden and Portugal, and even Roumania, have done more for history, in

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proportion, than those of more important nations. The great weight which considerations of nationality have in the present politics of Europe, and which has been increasing throughout the century, is in no small degree due to such historical efforts of states and individuals.

J. F. Jameson.

A SON OF SPAIN.

More than a century ago, one of the great Spanish galleons, sailing from the Philippines to Mexico, was blown out of her course, and, while skirting the coast of Alta California, ran on a sunken rock. A brown stallion, belonging to a wealthy Spanish general, broke from his stall the moment the vessel struck, sprang into the breakers, and swam ashore. After the galleon was got off and repaired, a boat's crew was sent to recover the wild and beautiful creature; but he had climbed the high cliffs, and, rejoicing in his new freedom, was not to be approached. In the afternoon, as the galleon sailed away, the horse ran down to the beach from the mountains, and stood there, watching it out of sight. Then he went back to his wilderness, his leagues of wild oats, and his mountain springs.

In a few months, the herdsmen of Paso Robles, twenty-five miles inland, on the head waters of the Salinas, began to tell stories of a wonderful horse that led a band of strays from the Mission herds. No mustang in all the land could compare with him for beauty and swiftness. He was not large, but finely built; he had rare fire and courage; he was dark brown, with a white crescent in the forehead; for months no one knew whence he had come. At last, a traveler from San Juan Capistrano, far south on the San Diego coast, told the simple Paso Robles folk of the great galleon that had sailed into San Diego Bay for repairs, whose captain had said that not for a silver crucifix would he have lost the best horse ever bred in the stables of the viceroy of the Philippines.

As the tradition further runs, one of the Spanish padres of San Miguel, who had been a soldier in his youth, happened to be crossing the Naciemiento, and saw the famous horse on the cliff, looking down. The priest gazed at the wild creature, and his eyes glowed, as he said, "He is a son of old Spain; he is of the best blood of the Moors."

It was 1869, almost a hundred years after the escape of the brave brown horse, that a young man from northern California, named Van Dyke, was teaching school in San Luis Obispo, near the coast. An American rancher, John Hardy, owned several hundred mustangs, which were considered worth five or ten dollars apiece. But he had a grand saddle horse, a dark brown animal, with very soft, silky hair, small, fine head, large, dark eyes, sloping hips and shoulders, and broad, deep chest, — a horse that was in every way striking and full of power. Van Dyke, who loved a good horse, lost no time in asking Hardy about his El Rey.

"He is," said Hardy, "of a different breed from the mustangs. He comes, they say, from some Spanish officer's horse that got ashore from a ship, in the old Mission days. There are two or three such horses in these hills, but they are hard to find. If a Mexican gets hold of one, he never parts with it, for love or money."

"Then I want another El Rey," was Van Dyke's reply.

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"There 's an old Missourian back in the hills, who has a band of mustangs that he bought from an estate that was being settled a few years ago. I have heard there is a half-brother of El Rey in that band. You might go and see; perhaps you can buy him, bring him to the coast, and get him broken to the saddle. There 's no such horse anywhere else."

Van Dyke found the Missourian, and opened negotiations. Yes, he had horses, if anybody wanted one. Some he would not sell for less than fifty dollars, but most of them were only or'nary, — say five-dollar mustangs. His usual way was to give a man his pick for ten dollars; but bein' as Van Dyke was a schoolteacher, and liable to have his pockets full of money, he would have to pay fifteen.

The bargain was made, with some collateral agreements, and the money was paid down. It was agreed that the mustangs, about six hundred in number, were to be driven into the large corral. Van Dyke and the Missourian were to stand outside, on the stump of a white oak. A Mexican vaquero sat on a mustang inside the corral, ready to throw his lasso over the horse pointed out by Van Dyke. If the man missed, or caught the wrong horse, Van Dyke was to go into the corral and point out his choice again; and if he changed it his money was to be forfeited.

The animals, three fourths of them as unbroken as when they were foaled, came tearing down the gullies, crashing through the scrub oak and second growth of pine, and into the open pasture lands. Once or twice they again escaped to the hills; but in an hour they were forced to the entrance in the long, high fences that converged at the gate of the corral, and after that they were thrust rapidly forward by the vaqueros. It became evident to Van Dyke that his only choice was to be a snap shot at long range.

The horses began to enter on a wild gallop, somewhat checked by the gate. They were of all colors, — "pintos," whites, creams, yellows, bays, blacks, and dozens of browns. Away down the moving mass, Van Dyke watched the tossing heads and flowing manes, rolling up like the waves of a sea. The old Missourian stood beside him, with a grim smile on his heavy face.

"Ef you don't get a better horse than the last fellow did, you 'll do some swearing," he remarked. "But it 's all a gamble. Ef you get my best colt, it 's all right."

Several minutes passed in silence, as the horses tore past, four or five abreast. Then the band broke, and half of them, headed by a tall, fierce colt, whose long mane flew high in the air, made a desperate endeavor to break the cordon of vaqueros. Some of the horses leaped in the air, and tried to take the high fences of oak and pine logs; but at last they were headed once more for the corral. It was a fortunate break, for Van Dyke had his eyes on the leader. Again the torrent rolled past, and leading it, with wild eyes, flaming nostrils, head thrown high in the air, the very counterpart of El Rey came thundering down the open track.

"There!" cried Van Dyke, suddenly, to the Mexican. "Take that brown colt in the lead. That is my horse!"

The Mexican gave one look of surprise; then his lasso whistled forth, but it fell harmlessly. The horse ran into the corral and mingled with the others. He moved about swiftly and wildly, trying the high corral with his shoulders. He left a tumult after him, like the foam track behind a ship. The old Missourian shook his head.

"Never knew that Mexican to miss a throw like that," he said. "Now find that horse again."

"You know the horse," replied Van Dyke. "Tell your man to go and bring him. You can see him from here, trying to break down your corral."

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"That 's a fact; he 's your horse. Here, Pedro, get us that wild brown horse you was tellin' me you wanted to buy. This fellow has picked him out. I 'll give you another one."

The Mexican's face was without expression, as he rode slowly into the corral and lassoed the horse. He drew him up to the gate, and sat there waiting while Van Dyke looked him over. It was the horse he had chosen, and one of the other vaqueros took him to Hardy's ranch that night, where Hardy himself brought out his best bottle of native California wine, "Cucumongo, vintage of 1827," and the colt was christened "El Cid."

In a short time El Cid became Van Dyke's daily companion. He was the brightest, bravest horse that ever a rider knew, and he had a sort of thrilling audacity that was at times magnificent. Hardy used to say, "That horse would fling himself into the ocean or against a stone wall, if you put him at it and he thought you expected him to go ahead."

Van Dyke would add that El Cid would often tear down the rails from a fence, one by one, with his teeth, until he could jump the fence; and once, when lost on the head waters of the Naciemiento, the horse helped his master break a way through the dense chaparral for half a mile to the river. He threw his whole weight into the tops, and tore them down, though he came out bruised and bleeding. Many a time master and horse slept on the hillside, the end of the long stake rope in Van Dyke's hand; El Cid grazing for a time, then creeping up and lying down beside him.

The horse began to be known along the Coast Range for fifty miles. Men came to see him, and asked what he was worth; they made offers for his use "just to run a few races with." Twice El Cid had beaten El Rey in a half-mile run on the beach, and El Rey had been held to be the fastest horse from Cambria south to the Arroyo Grande. Hardy grumbled, "Make the distance five miles, and El Rey will come out ahead." But Van Dyke, though he thought he knew better, felt that El Cid ought not to be made to strain his utmost powers except on some worthier issue.

Winter came, and Van Dyke, the school-teacher at the Summit, took another school, at Piedras Blancas, a little fishing village at the base of a high mountain projecting into the Pacific. It had rained for weeks, and all the streams were swollen, the roadways being overflowed in many places. One Friday afternoon, he had closed school, and started for the cabin where he lived, when Mr. Withrow, the Methodist minister, came hurriedly up the muddy footpath.

"The lighthouse keeper's wife is dying. She wants to see her eldest son, who is on his ranch at Estero Bay. The men all declare it is impossible to get through, but she says she will try to live till he comes, and she knows you can bring him. I think she wants to have her husband forgive her son before she dies. She says you know all the details."

"Yes," said Van Dyke, "I know all about it. I promised her that I would help when the time came. It is a very important matter, and her son must be brought. Twenty-five miles is a hard pull such weather, but El Cid can do it."

The school-teacher ran to the bars of the field and called El Cid from the hill pasture under the Monterey pines. For a week he had not been ridden, but he had had his daily grain and grooming, and was in perfect condition. He held up his head joyously to the bridle, and in a moment more horse and rider were off down the broken highway. The San Simeon River was over its banks; they had to swim for a hundred yards. The Toro was boiling; they landed half a mile below the crossing. At El Leon

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Rocks there had been a landslide; they tore down the fences, and made their way across several marshes and fields to the stage-road again. At Cayucas, the sea had broken in across the bar and swept away the old ford; so here was a longer, more dangerous swim through rolling breakers. Between these places the road was torn up into chasms; but wherever it was possible El Cid went at a wild gallop.

Three hours from the time Van Dyke left Piedras Blancas, he rode up to the old adobe on Estero Bay, where the lighthouse keeper's son lived. Two hours counted for the distance; one hour for the river crossings. The young man saddled his best horse and started; but he could not cross the Cayucas till the next morning, and even then it took him six hours to reach Piedras. But he was in time, and the long gallop was not useless.

In a few weeks Van Dyke found that El Cid had become famous in that wild mountain land by the Pacific. The herdsmen along the Naciemiento told his story; the stage-drivers on the Cambria line pointed out the rocky ridges down which the horse had run at full speed, the deep adobe wallows through which he had plunged, and the flood marks on the banks of the Toro, San Simeon, and at Cayucas. The old legends about his ancestor, the "son of Spain," were revived, and repeated in camp and log-cabin, till the quicksilver-miners of Josephina, the bear-hunters of the Santa Lucias, and the bull-fighters of Paso Robles knew them by heart. Men said that El Cid was the image of the old horse of the legends, — the same in color and form, with the same white crescent, the same indomitable courage.

Van Dyke, when he returned to Piedras Blancas, seemed to be somewhat nervous about El Cid. His old friend, Hardy, had sold his farm and gone on a gold-mining expedition to Arizona, so there was no one to whom he could talk freely. But his thoughts were continually of a Mexican he had seen three times, — always with the same sullen, brooding face: once when El Cid was caught; once as the horse, a little tired, but still full of fire, galloped up to the Cayucas adobe; and once, a month or two later, as he rode past the door of a little Mexican *fonda*, in a small town four or five miles from Piedras Blancas.

In fact, the feelings that all Mexicans alike showed when they saw El Cid surprised and troubled Van Dyke. Hardy had told him that the most curious part of the old tradition was the form it had at last taken among the Mexican herdsmen of the San Luis Obispo hills. The story went among them that the ancestor of El Cid was more than mortal; that he was seen swimming ashore, in the midst of the fiercest storm that ever broke along that coast; and that no one ever caught a glimpse of him except when the waves ran high and the winds were at their wildest.

Further, as Van Dyke discovered, a new legend was added to this. The Mexicans said that no harm could come from torrent, or quicksand, or sea to the man who rode a horse in whose veins that blood flowed. It was when El Cid carried Van Dyke so well through the breakers at Cayucas that the legend sprang into life, all over the mountain land for a hundred miles, from Sur to Gavilan. But the Mexicans had their own name for him, in all the stories. He was never El Cid to them, but always Hijo del Mar — the Son of the Sea.

Slowly filtering through many obstacles, like drops of water following secret channels to springs at the base of Shasta, dim warnings came to Van Dyke, as he began his last month of school. Never anything definite: now a vague rumor that Mexican horse-thieves from Chihuahua were in the San Luis mountains; now a story that a drunken Indian had been heard to say

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that the "Son of the Sea" belonged by right to a Mexican.

Van Dyke built a log stable adjoining the end of the house where he boarded. Every night El Cid was locked up, and the key never left Van Dyke's possession. Three weeks passed, and his mind grew more easy. He would be able to finish his school term in peace, and return to his Northern home with his El Cid. The last school-day came, and the last night of his stay at Piedras Blancas. It was well towards midnight when Van Dyke was awakened by a light in the sky. The old man he boarded with shouted, "The school-house is afire!" The teacher sprang through the window, hoping to save at least the library and desks. Ten minutes later, while he toiled like a young giant in the burning building, he looked up, and high on the pine ridge, silhouetted against the sinking moon, he saw a man riding El Cid up the cañon of San Simeon, towards the Paso Robles trail. A cry of wild, irrepressible joy came wafted back by the wind. It was the triumph of the Mexican.

Van Dyke knew how futile was the effort, but in half an hour three men, with the best horses in Piedras Blancas, were on the track. Once, as they began to descend a mountain ridge, they saw El Cid on the summit beyond the valley, two hours ahead, but they never lessened the distance. There were neither railroads nor telegraphs to intercept the Mexican in his course. He crossed the Coast Range into the San Joaquin, then one broad unfenced pasture; he climbed the Tehichipa Pass, and at that point a cloud-burst washed out the trail. He rode El Cid at last into the lands of the Mexican border outlaws, and there, as the story is told in San Luis, he became a mighty bandit chief, whose horse, Hijo del Mar, was known to fame from the Gulf of California to the Rio Grande.

Charles Howard Shinn.

THE DISASTERS OF 1780.

After the surrender of Burgoyne, the military attitude of the British in the Northern States became, as we have seen,[1] purely defensive. Their efforts were almost exclusively directed toward maintaining their foothold, at first in the islands of New York and Rhode Island, afterward in New York alone, whence their ships could ascend the Hudson as far as the frowning crags which sentinel the entrance of the Highlands. Their offensive operations were restricted to a few plundering expeditions along the coast, well calculated to remind the worthy Connecticut farmers of the ubiquitousness of British power, and the vanity of hopes that might have been built upon the expectation of naval aid from France. But while the war thus languished at the centre, while at the same time it sent forth waves of disturbance that reverberated all the way from the Mississippi River to the Baltic Sea, on the other hand the southernmost American States were the scene of continuous and vigorous fighting. Upon the reduction of the Carolinas and Georgia the king and Lord George Germaine had set their hearts. If the rebellion could not be broken at the centre, it was hoped that it might at least be frayed away at the edges; and should fortune so far smile upon the royal armies as to give them Virginia also, perhaps the campaigns against the wearied North might be renewed at some later time and under better auspices.

[1] Atlantic Monthly, August, 1889, p. 221.

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In this view there was much that was plausible. Events had shown that the ministry had clearly erred in striking the rebellion at its strongest point; it now seemed worth while to aim a blow where it was weakest. The people of New England were almost unanimous in their opposition to the king, and up to this time the States of Massachusetts and Connecticut in particular had done more to sustain the war than all the others put together. Georgia and the Carolinas, a thousand miles distant, might be regarded as beyond the reach of reinforcements from New England; and it might well be doubted whether they possessed the ability to defend themselves against a well-planned attack. Georgia was the weakest of the thirteen States, and bordered upon the British territory of Florida. In South Carolina the character of the population made it difficult to organize resistance. The citizens of Charleston, and the rich planters of English or Huguenot descent inhabiting the lowlands, were mostly ardent patriots, but they were outnumbered by their negro slaves; and the peculiar features of slavery in South Carolina made this a very embarrassing circumstance. The relations between master and slave were not friendly there, as they were in Virginia; and while the State had kept up a militia during the whole colonial period, this militia found plenty of employment in patrolling the slave quarters, in searching for hidden weapons, and in hunting fugitives. It was now correctly surmised that on the approach of an invading army the dread of negro insurrection, with all its nameless horrors, would paralyze the arm of the state militia. While the patriotic South Carolinians were thus handicapped in entering upon the contest, there were in the white population of the State many discordant elements. There were many Quakers and men of German ancestry who took little interest in politics, and were only too ready to submit to any authority that would protect them in their ordinary pursuits. A strong contrast to the political apathy of these worthy men was to be found in the rugged population of the upland counties. Here the small farmers of Scotch-Irish descent were, every man of them, Whigs, burning with a patriotic ardor that partook of the nature of religious fanaticism; while, on the other hand, the Scotchmen who had come over since Culloden were mostly Tories, and had by no means as yet cast off that half-savage type of Highland character which we find so vividly portrayed in the Waverley novels. It was not strange that the firebrand of war, thrown among such combustible material, should have flamed forth with a glare of unwonted cruelty; nor was it strange that a commonwealth containing such incongruous elements, so imperfectly blended, should have been speedily, though but for a moment, overcome. The fit ground for wonder is that, in spite of such adverse circumstances, the State of South Carolina should have shown as much elastic strength as she did under the severest military stress which any American State was called upon to withstand during the Revolutionary War.

Since the defeat of the British fleet before Charleston, in June, 1776, the Southern States had been left unmolested until the autumn of 1778, when there was more or less frontier skirmishing between Georgia and Florida, — a slight premonitory symptom of the storm that was coming. The American forces in the Southern department were then commanded by General Robert Howe, who was one of the most distinguished patriots of North Carolina, but whose military capacity seems to have been slender. In the autumn of 1778 he had his headquarters at Savannah, for there was war on the frontier. Guerrilla parties, made up chiefly of vindictive loyalist refugees, but aided by a few British regulars from General Augustine Prevost's

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force in Florida, invaded the rice plantations of Georgia, burning and murdering, and carrying off negroes, — not to set them free, but to sell them for their own benefit. As a counter-irritant, General Howe planned an expedition against St. Augustine, and advanced as far as St. Mary's River; but so many men were swept away by fever that he was obliged to retreat to Savannah. He had scarcely arrived there when 3500 British regulars from New York, under Colonel Campbell, landed in the neighborhood, and offered him battle. Though his own force numbered only 1200, of whom half were militia, Howe accepted the challenge, relying upon the protection of a great swamp which covered his flanks. But a path through the swamp was pointed out to the enemy by a negro, and the Americans, attacked in front and behind, were instantly routed. Some 500 prisoners were taken, and Savannah surrendered, with all its guns and stores; and this achievement cost the British but 24 men. A few days afterward, General Prevost advanced from Florida and captured Sunbury, with all its garrison, while Colonel Campbell captured Augusta. A proclamation was issued, offering protection to such of the inhabitants as would take up arms in behalf of the king's government, while all others were by implication outlawed. The ferocious temper of Lord George Germaine was plainly visible in this proclamation and in the proceedings that followed. A shameless and promiscuous plunder was begun. The captive soldiers were packed into prison-ships and treated with barbarity. The more timid people sought to save their property by taking sides with the enemy, while the bolder spirits sought refuge in the mountains; and thus General Prevost was enabled to write home that the State of Georgia was conquered.

At the request of the Southern delegates in Congress, General Howe had already been superseded by General Benjamin Lincoln, who had won distinction through his management of the New England militia in the Saratoga campaign. When Lincoln arrived in Charleston, in December, 1778, an attempt was made to call out the lowland militia of South Carolina, but the dread of the slaves kept them from obeying the summons. North Carolina, however, sent 2000 men under Samuel Ashe, one of the most eminent of the Southern patriots; and with this force and 600 Continentals the new general watched the Savannah River and waited his chances. But North Carolina sent foes as well as friends to take part in the contest. A party of 700 loyalists from that State were marching across South Carolina to join the British garrison at Augusta, when they were suddenly attacked by Colonel Andrew Pickens with a small force of upland militia. In a sharp fight the Tories were routed, and half their number were taken prisoners. Indictments for treason were brought against many of these prisoners, and, after trial before a civil court, some seventy were found guilty, and five of them were hanged. The rashness of this step soon became apparent. The British had put in command of Augusta one Colonel Thomas Browne, a Tory, who had been tarred and feathered by his neighbors at the beginning of the war. As soon as Browne heard of these executions for treason, he forthwith hanged some of his Whig prisoners; and thus was begun a long series of stupid and cruel reprisals, which, as time went on, bore bitter fruit.

While these things were going on in the back country, the British on the coast attempted to capture Port Royal, but were defeated, with heavy loss, by General Moultrie. Lincoln now felt able to assume the offensive, and he sent General Ashe with 1500 men to threaten Augusta. At his approach the British abandoned the town, and retreated toward Savannah. Ashe pursued closely,

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but at Briar Creek, on the 3d of March, 1779, the British turned upon him and routed him. The Americans lost 400 in killed and wounded, besides seven pieces of artillery and more than 1000 stand of arms. Less than 500 succeeded in making their way back to Lincoln's camp; and this victory cost the British but five men killed and eleven wounded. Augusta was at once retaken; the royal governor, Sir James Wright, was reinstated in office; and, in general, the machinery of government which had been in operation previous to 1776 was restored. Lincoln, however, was far from accepting the defeat as final. With the energetic coöperation of Governor Rutledge, to whom extraordinary powers were granted for the occasion, enough militia were got together to repair the losses suffered at Briar Creek; and in April, leaving Moultrie with 1000 men to guard the lower Savannah, Lincoln marched upon Augusta with the rest of his army, hoping to capture it, and give the legislature of Georgia a chance to assemble there, and destroy the moral effect of this apparent restoration of the royal government. But as soon as Lincoln had got out of the way, General Prevost crossed the Savannah with 3000 men and advanced upon Charleston, laying waste the country and driving Moultrie before him. It was a moment of terror and confusion. In General Prevost there was at last found a man after Lord George Germaine's own heart. His march was a scene of wanton vandalism. The houses of the wealthy planters were mercilessly sacked; their treasures of silver plate were loaded on carts and carried off; their mirrors and china were smashed, their family portraits cut to pieces, their gardens trampled out, their shade trees girdled and ruined; and as Prevost had a band of Cherokees with him, the horrors of the tomahawk and scalping-knife in some instances crowned the shameful work. The cabins of the slaves were burned. Cattle, horses, dogs, and poultry, when not carried away, were slaughtered wholesale, and the destruction of food was so great that something like famine set in. More than a thousand negroes are said to have died of starvation.

In such wise did Prevost leisurely make his way toward Charleston; and reaching it on the 11th of May, he sent in a summons to surrender. A strangely interesting scene ensued. Events had occurred which had sorely perturbed the minds of the members of the state council. Pondering upon the best means of making the state militia available, Henry Laurens had hit upon the bold expedient of arming the most stalwart and courageous negroes, and marching them off to camp under the lead of white officers. Such a policy might be expected to improve the relations between whites and blacks by uniting them against a common danger, while the plantations would be to some extent relieved of an abiding source of dread. The plan was warmly approved by Laurens's son, who was an officer on Washington's staff, as well as by Alexander Hamilton, who further suggested that the blacks thus enrolled as militia should at the same time be given their freedom. Washington, on the other hand, feared that if the South Carolinians were to adopt such a policy the British would forestall them by offering better arms and equipments to the negroes, and thus mustering them against their masters. It was a game, he felt, at which two could play. The matter was earnestly discussed, and at last was brought before Congress, which approved of Laurens's plan, and recommended it to the consideration of the people of South Carolina; and it was just before the arrival of Prevost and his army that the younger Laurens reached Charleston with this message from Congress.

The advice was received in anything but a grateful spirit. For a century the State had maintained an armed patrol

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to go about among the negro quarters and confiscate every pistol, gun, or knife that could be found, and now it was proposed that three or four thousand slaves should actually be furnished with muskets by the State! People were startled at the thought, and there might well be a great diversity of opinion as to the feasibleness of so bold a measure at so critical a moment. To most persons it seemed like jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. Coming, too, at a moment when the State was in such desperate need of armed assistance from Congress, this advice was very irritating. The people naturally could not make due allowance for the difficulties under which Congress labored, and their wrath waxed hot. South Carolina seemed to be left in the lurch. Was it to join such a league as this that she had cast off allegiance to Great Britain? She had joined in the Declaration of Independence reluctantly, and from an honorable feeling of the desirableness of united action among the States. On that momentous day, of which it was not yet clear whether the result was to be the salvation or the ruin of America, her delegates had, with wise courtesy, changed their vote in deference to the opinions of the other States, in order that the American people might seem to be acting as a unit in so solemn a matter. And now that the State was invaded, her people robbed and insulted, and her chief city threatened, she was virtually bidden to shift for herself! Under the influence of such feelings as these, after a hot debate, the council, by a bare majority, decided to send a flag of truce to General Prevost, and to suggest that South Carolina should remain neutral until the end of the war, when it should be decided by treaty whether she should cast in her lot with Great Britain or with the United States. What might have come of this singular suggestion had it been seriously discussed we shall never know, for Prevost took no notice of it whatever. He refused to exchange question and answer with a branch of the rebel government of South Carolina, but to Moultrie, as military commandant, he announced that his only terms were unconditional surrender. We can imagine how the gallant heart of Moultrie must have sunk within him at what he could not but call the dastardly action of the council, and how it must have leaped with honest joy at the British general's ultimatum. "Very good," said he simply; "we 'll fight it out, then."

This incident is of striking interest as the only instance of an approach to flinching on the part of any American State during the whole course of the War for Independence. In citing the incident for its real historic interest, we must avoid the error of making too much of it. At this moment of sudden peril, indignation at the fancied neglect of Congress was joined to the natural unwillingness, on the part of the council, to incur the risk of giving up the property of their fellow-citizens to the tender mercies of such a buccaneer as Prevost had shown himself to be. But there is no sufficient reason for supposing that, had the matter gone farther, the suggestion of the council would have been adopted by the legislature or acquiesced in by the people of South Carolina.

On this occasion the danger vanished as suddenly as it came. Count Pulaski, with his legion, arrived from the Northern army, and Lincoln, as soon as he learned what was going on, retraced his steps, and presently attacked General Prevost. After an indecisive skirmish, the latter, judging his force inadequate for the work he had undertaken, retreated into Georgia, and nothing more was done till autumn. The military honors of the campaign, however, remained with the British; for by his march upon Charleston Prevost had prevented Lincoln from disturbing the British supremacy in Georgia, and besides this he had gained a foothold in South Carolina; when he

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retreated, he left a garrison in Beaufort which Lincoln was unable to dislodge.

The French alliance, which thus far had been of so little direct military value, now appears again upon the scene. During the year which had elapsed since the futile Rhode Island campaign, the French fleet had been busy in the West Indies. Honors were easy, on the whole, between the two great maritime antagonists, but the French had so far the advantage that in August, 1779, D'Estaing was able once more to give some attention to his American friends. On the first day of September he appeared off the coast of Georgia with a powerful fleet of twenty-two ships-of-the-line and eleven frigates. Great hopes were now conceived by the Americans, and a plan was laid for the recapture of Savannah. By the 23d of the month the place was invested by the combined forces of Lincoln and D'Estaing, and for three weeks the siege was vigorously carried on by a regular system of approaches, while the works were diligently bombarded by the fleet. At length D'Estaing grew impatient. There was not sufficient harborage for his great ships, and the captains feared that they might be overtaken by the dangerous autumnal gales for which that coast is noted. To reduce the town by a regular siege would perhaps take several weeks more, and it was accordingly thought best to try to carry it by storm. On the 9th of October a terrific assault was made in full force. Some of the outworks were carried, and for a moment the stars-and-stripes and the fleurs-de-lis were planted on the redoubts; but British endurance and the strength of the position at last prevailed. The assailants were totally defeated, losing more than 1000 men, while the British, in their sheltered position, lost but 55. The gallant Pulaski was among the slain, and D'Estaing received two severe wounds. The French, who had borne the brunt of the fight, now embarked and stood out to sea, but not in time to escape the October gale which they had been dreading. After weathering with difficulty a terrible storm, their fleet was divided; and while part returned to the West Indies, D'Estaing himself, with the remainder, crossed to France. Thus the second attempt at concerted action between French and Americans had met with much more disastrous failure than the first.

While these things were going on, Washington had hoped, and Clinton had feared, that D'Estaing might presently reach New York in such force as to turn the scale there against the British. As soon as he learned that the French fleet was out of the way, Sir Henry Clinton proceeded to carry out a plan which he had long had in contemplation. A year had now elapsed since the beginning of active operations in the South, and, although the British arms had been crowned with success, it was desirable to strike a still heavier blow. The capture of the chief Southern city was not only the next step in the plan of the campaign, but it was an object of especial desire to Sir Henry Clinton personally, for he had not forgotten the humiliating defeat at Fort Moultrie in 1776. He accordingly made things as snug as possible at the North, by finally withdrawing the garrisons from Rhode Island and the advanced posts on the Hudson. In this way, while leaving Knyphausen with a strong force in command of New York, he was enabled to embark 8000 men on transports, under convoy of five ships-of-the-line; and on the day after Christmas, 1779, he set sail for Savannah, taking Lord Cornwallis with him.

The voyage was a rough one. Some of the transports foundered, and some were captured by American privateers. Yet when Clinton arrived in Georgia, and united his forces to those of Prevost, the total amounted to more than 10,000 men. He ventured, however, to weaken the garrison of New York still more,

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and sent back at once for 3000 men under command of the young Lord Rawdon, of the famous family of Hastings, — better known in after-years as Earl of Moira and Marquis of Hastings, and destined, like Cornwallis, to serve with great distinction as governor-general of India. The event fully justified Clinton's sagacity in taking this step. New York was quite safe for the present; for so urgent was the need for troops in South Carolina, and so great the difficulty of raising them, that Washington was obliged to detach from his army all the Virginia and North Carolina troops, and send them down to aid General Lincoln. With his army thus weakened, it was out of the question for Washington to attack New York.

Lincoln, on the other hand, after his reinforcements arrived, had an army of 7000 men with which to defend the threatened State of South Carolina. It was an inadequate force, and its commander, a thoroughly brave and estimable man, was far from possessing the rare sagacity which Washington displayed in baffling the schemes of the enemy. The government of South Carolina deemed the preservation of Charleston to be of the first importance, just as, in 1776, Congress had insisted upon the importance of keeping the city of New York. But we have seen how Washington, in that trying time, though he could not keep the city, never allowed himself to get his army into a position from which he could not withdraw it, and at last, through his sleepless vigilance, won all the honors of the campaign. In the defense of Charleston no such high sagacity was shown. Clinton advanced slowly overland, until on the 26th of February, 1780, he came in sight of the town. It had by that time become so apparent that his overwhelming superiority of force would enable him to encompass it on every side, that Lincoln should have evacuated the place without a moment's delay; and such was Washington's opinion as soon as he learned the facts. The loss of Charleston, however serious a blow, could in no case be so disastrous as the loss of the army. But Lincoln went on strengthening the fortifications, and gathering into the trap all the men and all the military resources he could find. For some weeks the connections with the country north of the Cooper River were kept open by two regiments of cavalry; but on the 14th of April these regiments were cut to pieces by Colonel Banastre Tarleton, the cavalry commander, who now first appeared on the scene upon which he was soon to become so famous. Five days later, the reinforcement under Lord Rawdon, arriving from New York, completed the investment of the doomed city. The ships entering the harbor did not attempt to batter down Fort Moultrie, but ran past it; and on the 6th of May this fortress, menaced by troops in the rear, surrendered.

The British army now held Charleston engirdled with a cordon of works on every side, and were ready to begin an assault which, with the disparity of forces in the case, could have but one possible issue. On the 12th of May, to avoid a wanton waste of life, the city was surrendered, and Lincoln and his whole army became prisoners of war. The Continental troops, some 3000 in number, were to be held as prisoners till regularly exchanged. The militia were allowed to return home on parole, and all the male citizens were reckoned as militia, and paroled likewise. The victorious Clinton at once sent expeditions to take possession of Camden and other strategic points in the interior of the State. One regiment of the Virginia line, under Colonel Buford, had not reached Charleston, and on hearing of the great catastrophe it retreated northward with all possible speed. But Tarleton gave chase as far as Waxhaws, near the North Carolina border, and there, overtaking Buford, cut his force

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to pieces, slaying 113 and capturing the rest. Not a vestige of an American army was left in all South Carolina.

"We look on America as at our feet," said Horace Walpole; and doubtless, after the capture of Fort Washington, this capture of Lincoln's army at Charleston was the most considerable disaster which befell the American arms during the whole course of the war. It was of less critical importance than the affair of Fort Washington, as it occurred at what every one must admit to have been a less critical moment. The loss of Fort Washington, taken in connection with the misconduct of Charles Lee, came within a hair's-breadth of wrecking the cause of American independence at the outset; and it put matters into so bad a shape that nothing short of Washington's genius could have wrought victory out of them. The loss of South Carolina, in May, 1780, serious as it was, did not so obviously imperil the whole American cause. The blow did not come at quite so critical a time, or in quite so critical a place. The loss of South Carolina would not have dismembered the confederacy of States, and in course of time, with the American cause elsewhere successful, she might have been recovered. The blow was nevertheless very serious indeed, and, if all the consequences which Clinton contemplated had been achieved, it might have proved fatal. To crush a limb may sometimes be as dangerous as to stab the heart. For its temporary completeness, the overthrow may well have seemed greater than that of Fort Washington. The detachments which Clinton sent into the interior met with no resistance. Many of the inhabitants took the oath of allegiance to the Crown; others gave their parole not to serve against the British during the remainder of the war. Clinton issued a circular, inviting all well-disposed people to assemble and organize a loyal militia for the purpose of suppressing any future attempts at rebellion. All who should again venture to take up arms against the king were to be dealt with as traitors, and their estates were to be confiscated; but to all who should now return to their allegiance a free pardon was offered for past offenses, except in the case of such people as had taken part in the hanging of Tories. Having struck this great blow, Sir Henry Clinton returned, in June, to New York, taking back with him the larger part of his force, but leaving Cornwallis with 5000 men to maintain and extend the conquests already made.

Just before starting, however, Sir Henry, in a too hopeful moment, issued another proclamation, which went far toward destroying the effect of his previous measures. This new proclamation required all the people of South Carolina to take an active part in reëstablishing the royal government, under penalty of being dealt with as rebels and traitors. At the same time, all paroles were discharged except in the case of prisoners captured in ordinary warfare, and thus everybody was compelled to declare himself as favorable or hostile to the cause of the invaders. The British commander could hardly have taken a more injudicious step. Under the first proclamation, many of the people were led to comply with the British demands because they wished to avoid fighting altogether; under the second, a neutral attitude became impossible, and these lovers of peace and quiet, when they found themselves constrained to take an active part on one side or the other, naturally preferred to help their friends rather than their enemies. Thus the country soon showed itself restless under British rule, and this feeling was strengthened by the cruelties which, after Clinton's departure, Cornwallis found himself quite unable to prevent. Officers endowed with civil and military powers combined were sent about the country in all directions, to make full lists of the inhabitants for the purpose of en-

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rolling a loyalist militia. In the course of these unwelcome circuits many affrays occurred, and instances were not rare in which people were murdered in cold blood. Debtors took occasion to accuse their creditors of want of loyalty, and the creditor was obliged to take the oath of allegiance before he could collect his dues. Many estates were confiscated, and the houses of such patriots as had sought refuge in the mountains were burned. Bands of armed men, whose aim was revenge or plunder, volunteered their services in preserving order, and, getting commissions, went about making disorder more hideous, and wreaking their evil will without let or hindrance. The loyalists, indeed, asserted that they behaved no worse than the Whigs when the latter got the upper hand, and in this there was much truth. Cornwallis, who was the most conscientious of men and very careful in his statements of fact, speaks, somewhat later, of "the shocking tortures and inhuman murders which are every day committed by the enemy, not only on those who have taken part with us, but on many who refuse to join them." There can be no doubt that Whigs and Tories were alike guilty of cruelty and injustice. But on the present occasion all this served to throw discredit on the British, as the party which controlled the country, and must be held responsible accordingly.

Organized resistance was impossible. The chief strategic points on the coast were Charleston, Beaufort, and Savannah; in the interior, Augusta was the gateway of Georgia, and the communications between this point and the wild mountains of North Carolina were dominated by a village known as "Ninety-Six," because it was just that number of miles distant from Keowee, the principal town of the Cherokees. Eighty miles to the northeast of Ninety-Six lay the still more important post of Camden, in which centred all the principal inland roads by which South Carolina could be reached from the North. All these strategic points were held in force by the British, and save by help from without there seemed to be no hope of releasing the State from their iron grasp. Among the patriotic Whigs, however, there were still some stout hearts that did not despair. Retiring to the dense woods, the tangled swamps, or the steep mountain defiles, these sagacious and resolute men kept up a romantic partisan warfare, full of midnight marches, sudden surprises, and desperate hand-to-hand combats. Foremost among these partisan commanders, for enterprise and skill, were James Williams, Andrew Pickens, Thomas Sumter, and Francis Marion.

Of all the picturesque characters of our Revolutionary period, there is perhaps no one who, in the memory of the people, is so closely associated with romantic adventure as Francis Marion. He belonged to that gallant race of men of whose services France had been forever deprived when Louis XIV. revoked the edict of Nantes. His father had been a planter near Georgetown, on the coast, and the son, while following the same occupation, had been called off to the western frontier by the Cherokee war of 1759, in the course of which he had made himself an adept in woodland strategy. He was now forty-seven years old, a man of few words and modest demeanor, small in stature and slight in frame, delicately organized, but endowed with wonderful nervous energy and sleepless intelligence. Like a woman in quickness of sympathy, he was a knight in courtesy, truthfulness, and courage. The brightness of his fame was never sullied by an act of cruelty. "Never shall a house be burned by one of my people," said he; "to distress poor women and children is what I detest." To distress the enemy in legitimate warfare was, on the other hand, a business in which few partisan commanders have excelled him. For swift-

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ness and secrecy he was unequaled, and the boldness of his exploits seemed almost incredible, when compared with the meagreness of his resources. His force sometimes consisted of less than twenty men, and seldom exceeded seventy. To arm them, he was obliged to take the saws from sawmills and have them wrought into rude swords at the country forge, while pewter mugs and spoons were cast into bullets. With such equipment he would attack and overwhelm parties of more than two hundred Tories; or he would even swoop upon a column of British regulars on their march, throw them into disorder, set free their prisoners, slay and disarm a score or two, and plunge out of sight in the darkling forest as swiftly and mysteriously as he had come.

Second to Marion alone in this wild warfare was Thomas Sumter, a tall and powerful man, stern in countenance and haughty in demeanor. Born in Virginia in 1734, he was present at Braddock's defeat in 1755, and after prolonged military service on the frontier found his way to South Carolina before the beginning of the Revolutionary War. He lived nearly a hundred years; sat in the Senate of the United States during the War of 1812, served as minister to Brazil, and witnessed the nullification acts of his adopted State under the stormy presidency of Jackson. During the summer of 1780, he kept up so brisk a guerrilla warfare in the upland regions north of Ninety-Six that Cornwallis called him "the greatest plague in the country." "But for Sumter and Marion," said the British commander, "South Carolina would be at peace." The first advantage of any sort gained over the enemy since Clinton's landing was the destruction of a company of dragoons by Sumter, on the 12th of July. Three weeks later, he made a desperate attack on the British at Rocky Mount, but was repulsed. On the 6th of August, he surprised the enemy's post at Hanging Rock, and destroyed a whole regiment. It was on this occasion that Andrew Jackson made his first appearance in history, an orphan boy of thirteen, stanch in the fight as any of his comrades.

But South Carolina was too important to be left dependent upon the skill and bravery of its partisan commanders alone. Already, before the fall of Charleston, it had been felt that further reinforcements were needed there, and Washington had sent down some 2000 Maryland and Delaware troops under Baron Kalb, an excellent officer. It was a long march, and the 20th of June had arrived when Kalb halted at Hillsborough, in North Carolina, to rest his men and seek the coöperation of General Caswell, who commanded the militia of that State. By this time the news of the capture of Lincoln's army had reached the North, and the emergency was felt to be a desperate one. Fresh calls for militia were made upon all the States south of Pennsylvania. That resources obtained with such difficulty should not be wasted, it was above all desirable that a competent general should be chosen to succeed the unfortunate Lincoln. The opinions of the commander-in-chief with reference to this matter were well known. Washington wished to have Greene appointed, as the ablest general in the army. But the glamour which enveloped the circumstances of the great victory at Saratoga was not yet dispelled. Since the downfall of the Conway Cabal, Gates had never recovered the extraordinary place which he had held in public esteem at the beginning of 1778, but there were few as yet who seriously questioned the reputation he had so lightly won for generalship. Many people now called for Gates, who had for the moment retired from active service and was living on his plantation in Virginia, and the suggestion found favor with Congress. On the 13th of June

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Gates was appointed to the chief command of the Southern department, and eagerly accepted the position. The good wishes of the people went with him. Richard Peters, secretary of the Board of War, wrote him a very cordial letter, saying, "Our affairs to the southward look blue: so they did when you took command before the *Burgoynade*. I can only now say, *Go and do likewise* — God bless you." Charles Lee, who was then living in disgrace on his Virginia estate, sent a very different sort of greeting. Lee and Gates had always been friends, — linked together, perhaps, by pettiness of spirit and a common hatred for the commander-in-chief, whose virtues were a perpetual rebuke to them. But the cynical Lee knew his friend too well to share in the prevailing delusion as to his military capacity, and he bid him good-by with the ominous warning, "Take care that your Northern laurels do not change to Southern willows!"

With this word of ill omen, which doubtless he little heeded, the "hero of Saratoga" made his way to Hillsborough, where he arrived on the 19th of July, and relieved Kalb of the burden of anxiety that had been thrust upon him. Gates found things in a most deplorable state: lack of arms, lack of tents, lack of food, lack of medicines, and, above all, lack of money. The all-pervading neediness which in those days beset the American people, through their want of an efficient government, was never more thoroughly exemplified. It required a very different man from Gates to mend matters. Want of judgment and want of decision were faults which he had not outgrown, and all his movements were marked by weakness and rashness. He was adventurous where caution was needed, and timid when he should have been bold. The objective point of his campaign was the town of Camden. Once in possession of this important point, he could force the British from their other inland positions and throw them upon the defensive at Charleston. It was not likely that so great an object would be attained without a battle, but there was a choice of ways by which the strategic point might be approached. Two roads led from Hillsborough to Camden. The westerly route passed through Salisbury and Charlotte, in a long arc of a circle, coming down upon Camden from the northwest. The country through which it passed was fertile, and the inhabitants were mostly Scotch-Irish Whigs. By following this road, the danger of a sudden attack by the enemy would be slight, wholesome food would be obtained in abundance, and in case of defeat it afforded a safe line of retreat. The easterly route formed the chord of this long arc, passing from Hillsborough to Camden almost in a straight line 160 miles in length. It was 50 miles shorter than the other route, but it lay through a desolate region of pine barrens, where farmhouses and cultivated fields were very few and far between, and owned by Tories. This line of march was subject to flank attacks, it would yield no food for the army, and a retreat through it, on the morrow of an unsuccessful battle, would simply mean destruction. The only advantage of this route was its directness. The British forces were more or less scattered about the country. Lord Rawdon held Camden with a comparatively small force, and Gates was anxious to attack and overwhelm him before Cornwallis could come up from Charleston.

Gates accordingly chose the shorter route, with all its disadvantages, in spite of the warnings of Kalb and other officers, and on the 27th of July he put his army in motion. On the 3d of August, having entered South Carolina and crossed the Pedee River, he was joined by Colonel Porterfield with a small force of Virginia regulars, which had been hovering on the border since the

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fall of Charleston. On the 7th he effected a junction with General Caswell and his North Carolina militia, and on the 10th his army, thus reinforced, reached Little Lynch's Creek, about fifteen miles northeast of Camden, and confronted the greatly inferior force of Lord Rawdon. The two weeks' march had been accomplished at the rate of about eleven miles a day, with no end of fatigue and suffering. The few lean kine slaughtered by the roadside had proved quite insufficient to feed the army, and for want of any better diet the half-starved men had eaten voraciously of unripe corn, green apples, and peaches. All were enfeebled, and many were dying of dysentery and cholera morbus, so that the American camp presented a truly distressing scene.

Rawdon's force stood across the road, blocking the way to Camden, and the chance was offered for Gates to strike the sudden blow for the sake of which he had chosen to come by this bad road. There was still, however, a choice of methods. The two roads, converging toward their point of intersection at Camden, were now very near together. Gates might either cross the creek in front, and trust to his superior numbers to overwhelm the enemy, or, by a forced march of ten miles to the right, he might turn Rawdon's flank and gain Camden before him. A good general would have done either the one of these things or the other, and Kalb recommended the immediate attack. But now at the supreme moment Gates was as irresolute as he had been impatient when 160 miles away. He let the opportunity slip, waited two days where he was, and on the 13th marched slowly to the right and took up his position at Clermont, on the westerly road; thus abandoning the whole purpose for the sake of which he had refused to advance by that road in the first place. On the 14th he was joined by General Stevens with 700 Virginia militia; but on the same day Lord Cornwallis reached Camden with his regulars, and the golden moment for crushing the British in detachments was gone forever.

The American army now numbered 3052 men, but only 1400 were regulars, chiefly of the Maryland line. The rest were mostly raw militia. The united force under Cornwallis amounted to only 2000 men, but they were all thoroughly trained soldiers. It was rash for the Americans to hazard an attack under such circumstances, especially in their forlorn condition, faint as they were with hunger and illness, and many of them hardly fit to march or take the field. But, incredible as it may seem, a day and a night passed by, and Gates had not yet learned that Cornwallis had arrived, but still supposed he had only Rawdon to deal with. It was no time for him to detach troops on distant expeditions, but on the 14th he sent 400 of his best Maryland regulars on a long march southward, to coöperate with Sumter in cutting off the enemy's supplies on the road between Charleston and Camden. At ten o'clock on the night of the 15th, Gates moved his army down the road from Clermont to Camden, intending to surprise Lord Rawdon before daybreak. The distance was ten miles through the woods, by a rough road, hemmed in on either side, now by hills, and now by impassable swamps. At the very same hour, Cornwallis started up the road, with the similar purpose of surprising General Gates. A little before three in the morning, the British and American advance guards of light infantry encountered each other on the road, five miles north of Camden, and a brisk skirmish ensued, in which the Americans were routed and the gallant Colonel Porterfield was slain. Both armies, however, having failed in their scheme of surprising each other, lay on their arms and waited for daylight. Some prisoners who fell into the hands of the Americans now brought the news

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that the army opposed to them was commanded by Cornwallis himself, and they overstated its numbers at 3000 men. The astonished Gates called together his officers, and asked what was to be done. No one spoke for a few moments, until General Stevens exclaimed, "Well, gentlemen, is it not too late *now* to do anything but fight?" Kalb's opinion was in favor of retreating to Clermont and taking a strong position there; but his advice had so often been unheeded that he no longer urged it, and it was decided to open the battle by an attack on the British right.

The rising sun presently showed the two armies close together. Huge swamps, at a short distance from the road, on either side, covered both flanks of both armies. On the west side of the road the British left was commanded by Lord Rawdon, on the east side their right was led by Colonel James Webster, while Tarleton and his cavalry hovered a little in the rear. The American right wing, opposed to Rawdon, was commanded by Kalb, and consisted of the Delaware regiment and the second Maryland brigade in front, supported by the first Maryland brigade at some distance in the rear. The American left wing, opposed to Webster, consisted of the militia from Virginia and North Carolina, under Generals Stevens and Caswell. Such an arrangement of troops invited swift disaster. The battle was to begin with an attack on the British right, an attack upon disciplined soldiers; and the lead in this attack was entrusted to raw militia who had hardly ever been under fire, and did not even understand the use of the bayonet! This work should have been given to those splendid Maryland troops that had gone to help Sumter. The militia, skilled in woodcraft, should have been sent on that expedition, and the regulars should have been retained for the battle. The militia did not even know how to advance properly, but became tangled up; and while they were straightening their lines, Colonel Webster came down upon them in a furious charge. The shock of the British column was resistless. The Virginia militia threw down their guns and fled without firing a shot. The North Carolina militia did likewise, and within fifteen minutes the whole American left became a mob of struggling men, smitten with mortal panic, and huddling like sheep in their wild flight, while Tarleton's cavalry gave chase and cut them down by scores. Leaving Tarleton to deal with them, Webster turned upon the first Maryland brigade, and slowly pushed it off the field, after an obstinate resistance. The second Maryland brigade, on the other hand, after twice repelling the assault of Lord Rawdon, broke through his left with a magnificent bayonet charge, and remained victorious upon that part of the field, until the rest of the fight was ended; when, being attacked in flank by Webster, these stalwart troops retreated westerly by a narrow road between swamp and hillside, and made their escape in good order. Long after the battle was lost in every other quarter, the gigantic form of Kalb, unhorsed and fighting on foot, was seen directing the movements of his brave Maryland and Delaware troops, till he fell dying from eleven wounds. Gates, caught in the throng of fugitives at the beginning of the action, was borne in headlong flight as far as Clermont, where, taking a fresh horse, he made the distance of nearly two hundred miles to Hillsborough in less than four days. The laurels of Saratoga had indeed changed into willows. It was the most disastrous defeat ever inflicted upon an American army, and ignominious withal, since it was incurred through a series of the grossest blunders. The Maryland troops lost half their number, the Delaware regiment was almost entirely destroyed, and all the rest of the army was dispersed. The number of killed and wounded has never been fully

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ascertained, but it can hardly have been less than 1000, while more than 1000 prisoners were taken, with seven pieces of artillery and 2000 muskets. The British loss in killed and wounded was 324.

The reputation of General Gates never recovered from this sudden overthrow, and his swift flight to Hillsborough was made the theme of unsparing ridicule. Yet, if duly considered, that was the one part of his conduct for which he cannot fairly be blamed. The best of generals may be caught in a rush of panic-stricken fugitives and hurried off the battlefield: the flight of Frederick the Great at Mollwitz was much more ignominious than that of Gates at Camden. When once, moreover, the full extent of the disaster had become apparent, it was certainly desirable that Gates should reach Hillsborough as soon as possible, since it was the point from which the state organization of North Carolina was controlled, and accordingly the point at which a new army might soonest be collected. Gates's flight was a singularly dramatic and appropriate end to his silly career, but our censure should be directed to the wretched generalship by which the catastrophe was prepared: to the wrong choice of roads, the fatal hesitation at the critical moment, the weakening of the army on the eve of battle; and, above all, to the rashness in fighting at all after the true state of affairs had become known. The campaign was an epitome of the kind of errors which Washington always avoided; and it admirably illustrated the inanity of John Adams's toast, "A short and violent war," against an enemy of superior strength.

If the 400 Maryland regulars who had been sent to help General Sumter had remained with the main army and been entrusted with the assault on the British right, the result of this battle would doubtless have been very different. It might not have been a victory, but it surely would not have been a rout. On the day before the battle, Sumter had attacked the British supply train on its way from Charleston, and captured all the stores, with more than 100 prisoners. But the defeat at Camden deprived this exploit of its value. Sumter retreated up the Wateree River to Fishing Creek, but on the 18th Tarleton for once caught him napping, and routed him; taking 300 prisoners, setting free the captured British, and recovering all the booty. The same day witnessed an American success in another quarter. At Musgrove's Mills, in the western part of the State, Colonel James Williams defeated a force of 500 British and Tories, killing and wounding nearly one third of their number. Two days later, Marion performed one of his characteristic exploits. A detachment of the British army was approaching Nelson's Ferry, where the Santee River crosses the road from Camden to Charleston, when Marion, with a handful of men, suddenly darting upon these troops, captured 26 of their number, set free 150 Maryland prisoners whom they were taking down to the coast, and got away without losing a man.

Such deeds showed that the life of South Carolina was not quite extinct, but they could not go far toward relieving the gloom which overspread the country after the defeat of Camden. For a second time within three months the American army in the South had been swept out of existence. Gates could barely get together 1000 men at Hillsborough, and Washington could not well spare any more from his already depleted force. To muster and train a fresh army of regulars would be slow and difficult work, and it was as certain as anything could be that Cornwallis would immediately proceed to attempt the conquest of North Carolina.

Never was the adage that the darkest time comes just before day more aptly

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illustrated than in the general aspect of American affairs during the summer and fall of 1780. The popular feeling had not so much the character of panic as in those "times which tried men's souls," when the broad Delaware River screened Washington's fast-dwindling army from destruction. It was not now a feeling of quick alarm so much as of utter weariness and depression. More than four years had passed since the Declaration of Independence, and although the enemy had as yet gained no firm foothold in the Northern States except in the city of New York, it still seemed impossible to dislodge them from that point, while Cornwallis, flushed with victory, boasted that he would soon conquer all the country south of the Susquehanna. For the moment it began to look as if Lord George Germaine's policy of tiring the Americans out might prove successful, after all. The country was still without anything fit to be called a general government. After three years' discussion, the Articles of Confederation, establishing a "league of friendship" between the thirteen States, had not yet been adopted. The Continental Congress had continued to decline in reputation and capacity. From this state of things rather than from any real poverty of the country, there had ensued a general administrative paralysis, which went on increasing even after the war was ended, until it was brought to a close by the adoption of the Federal Constitution. It was not because the thirteen States were lacking in material resources or in patriotism that the conduct of the war languished as it did. The resources were sufficient, had there been any means of concentrating and utilizing them. The relations of the States to each other were not defined; and while there were thirteen powers which could plan and criticise, there was no single power which could act efficiently. Hence the energies of the people were frittered away.

The disease was most plainly visible in those money matters which form the basis of all human activity. The condition of American finance in 1780 was simply horrible. The "greenback" delusion possessed people's minds even more strongly then than in the days following our Civil War. Pelatiah Webster, the ablest political economist in America at that time, a thinker far in advance of his age, was almost alone in insisting upon taxation. The popular feeling was expressed by a delegate in Congress who asked, with unspeakable scorn, why he should vote to tax the people, when a Philadelphia printing-press could turn out money by the bushel. But indeed Congress had no power to lay any tax, save through requisitions upon the state governments. There seemed to be no alternative but to go on issuing this money, which many people glorified as the "safest possible currency," because "nobody could take it out of the country." As Webster truly said, the country had suffered more from this cause than from the arms of the enemy. "The people of the States at that time," said he, "had been worried and fretted, disappointed and put out of humor, by so many tender acts, limitations of prices, and other compulsory methods to force value into paper money, and compel the circulation of it, and by so many vain funding schemes and declarations and promises, all which issued from Congress, but died under the most zealous efforts to put them into operation, that their patience was exhausted. These irritations and disappointments had so destroyed the courage and confidence of the people that they appeared heartless and almost stupid when their attention was called to any new proposal." During the summer of 1780 this wretched currency fell into contempt. As Washington said, it took a wagon-load of money to buy a wagon-load of provisions. At the end of the year 1778, the paper dollar was worth

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sixteen cents in the Northern States and twelve cents in the South. Early in 1780 its value had fallen to two cents, and before the end of the year it took ten paper dollars to make a cent. In October, Indian corn sold wholesale in Boston for $150 a bushel, butter was $12 a pound, tea $90, sugar $10, beef $8, coffee $12, and a barrel of flour cost $1575. Samuel Adams paid $2000 for a hat and suit of clothes. The money soon ceased to circulate, debts could not be collected, and there was a general prostration of credit. To say that a thing was "not worth a Continental" became the strongest possible expression of contempt. A barber in Philadelphia papered his shop with bills, and a dog was led up and down the streets, smeared with tar, with this unhappy money sticking all over him, — a sorry substitute for the golden-fleeced sheep of the old Norse legend. Save for the scanty pittance of gold which came in from the French alliance, from the little foreign commerce that was left, and from trade with the British army itself, the country was without any circulating medium. In making its requisitions upon the States, Congress resorted to a measure which reminds one of the barbaric ages of barter. Instead of asking for money, it requested the States to send in their "specific supplies" of beef and pork, flour and rice, salt and hay, tobacco and rum. The finances of what was so soon to become the richest of nations were thus managed on the principle whereby the meagre salaries of country clergymen in New England used to be eked out. It might have been called a continental system of "donation parties."

Under these circumstances, it became almost impossible to feed and clothe the army. The commissaries, without either money or credit, could do but little; and Washington, sorely against his will, was obliged to levy contributions on the country surrounding his camp. It was done as gently as possible. The county magistrates were called on for a specified quantity of flour and meat; the supplies brought in were duly appraised, and certificates were given in exchange for them by the commissaries. Such certificates were received at their nominal value in payment of Continental taxes. But this measure, which simply introduced a new kind of paper money, served only to add to the general confusion. These difficulties, enhanced by the feeling that the war was dragged out to an interminable length, made it impossible to keep the army properly recruited. When four months' pay of a private soldier would not buy a single bushel of wheat for his family, and when he could not collect even this pittance, while most of the time he went barefoot and half famished, it was not strange that he should sometimes feel mutinous. The desertions to the British lines at this time averaged more than a hundred a month. Ternay, the French admiral, wrote to Vergennes that the fate of North America was as yet very uncertain, and the Revolution by no means so far advanced as people in Europe supposed. The accumulated evils of the time had greatly increased the number of persons who, to save the remnant of their fortunes, were ready to see peace purchased at any price. In August, before he had heard of the disaster at Camden, Washington wrote to President Huntington, reminding him that the term of service of half the army would expire at the end of the year. "The shadow of an army that will remain," said Washington, "will have every motive except mere patriotism to abandon the service, without the hope, which has hitherto supported them, of a change for the better. This is almost extinguished now, and certainly will not outlive the campaign unless it finds something more substantial to rest upon. To me it will appear miraculous if our affairs can maintain themselves much longer in their present

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train. If either the temper or the resources of the country will not admit of an alteration, we may expect soon to be reduced to the humiliating condition of seeing the cause of America in America upheld by foreign arms."

To appreciate the full force of this, we must remember that, except in South Carolina, there had been no fighting worthy of mention during the year. The Southern campaign absorbed the energies of the British to such an extent that they did nothing whatever in the North but make an unsuccessful attempt at invading New Jersey in June. While this fact shows how severely the strength of England was taxed by the coalition that had been formed against her, it shows even more forcibly how the vitality of America had been sapped by causes that lay deeper down than the mere presence of war. It was, indeed, becoming painfully apparent that little was to be hoped save through the aid of France. The alliance had thus far achieved but little that was immediately obvious to the American people, but it had really been of enormous indirect benefit to us. Both in itself and in the European complications to which it had led, the action of France had very seriously crippled the efficient military power of England. It locked up and neutralized much British energy that would otherwise have been directed against the Americans. The French government had also furnished Congress with large sums of money. But as for any direct share in military enterprises on American soil or in American waters, France had as yet done almost nothing. An evil star had presided over both the joint expeditions for the recovery of Newport and Savannah, and no French army had been landed on our shores to cast in its lot with Washington's brave Continentals in a great and decisive campaign.

It had long been clear that France could in no way more effectively further the interests which she shared with the United States than by sending a strong force of trained soldiers to act under Washington's command. Nothing could be more obvious than the inference that such a general, once provided with an adequate force, might drive the British from New York, and thus deal a blow which would go far toward ending the war. This had long been Washington's most cherished scheme. In February, 1779, Lafayette had returned to France to visit his family, and to urge that aid of this sort might be granted. To chide him for his naughtiness in running away to America in defiance of the royal mandate, the king ordered him to be confined for a week at his father-in-law's house in Paris. Then he received him quite graciously at court, while the queen begged him to "tell us good news of our dearly beloved Americans." The good Lafayette, to whom, in the dreadful years that were to come, this dull king and his bright, unhappy queen were to look for compassionate protection, now ventured to give them some sensible words of advice. "The money that you spend on one of your old court balls," he said, "would go far toward sending a serviceable army to America, and dealing England a blow where she would most feel it." For several months he persisted in urging Vergennes to send over at least 12,000 men, with a good general, and to put them distinctly under Washington's command, so that there might be no disastrous wrangling about precedence, and no repetition of such misunderstandings as had ruined the Newport campaign. When D'Estaing arrived in Paris, early in 1780, after his defeat at Savannah, he gave similar advice. The idea commended itself to Vergennes, and when, in April, 1780, Lafayette returned to the United States, he was authorized to inform Washington that France would soon send the desired reinforcement.

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On the 10th of July, Admiral Ternay, with seven ships-of-the-line and three frigates, arrived at Newport, bringing with him a force of 6000 men, commanded by a good general, Count Rochambeau. This was the first installment of an army of which the remainder was to be sent as soon as adequate means of transport could be furnished. On the important question of military etiquette, Lafayette's advice had been strictly heeded. Rochambeau was told to put himself under Washington's command, and to consider his troops as part of the American army, while American officers were to take precedence of French officers of equal rank. This French army was excellent in discipline and equipment, and among its officers were some, such as the Duke Lauzun-Biron and the Marquis de Chastellux, who had won high distinction. Rochambeau wrote to Vergennes that on his arrival he found the people of Rhode Island sad and discouraged. Everybody thought the country was going to the dogs. But when it was understood that this was but the advance guard of a considerable army, and that France was this time in deadly earnest, their spirits rose, and the streets of Newport were noisy with hurrahs and brilliant with fireworks.

The hearts of the people, however, were still further to be sickened with hope deferred. Several British ships-of-the-line, arriving at New York, gave the enemy such a preponderance upon the water that Clinton resolved to take the offensive, and started down the Sound with 6000 men to attack the French at Newport. Washington foiled this scheme by a sudden movement against New York, which obliged the British commander to fall back hastily for its defense; but the French fleet was nevertheless blockaded in Narragansett Bay by a powerful British squadron, and Rochambeau felt it necessary to keep his troops in Rhode Island to aid the admiral in case of such contingencies as might arise. The second installment of the French army, on which their hopes had been built, never came, for a British fleet of thirty-two sail held it blockaded in the harbor of Brest.

The maritime supremacy of England thus continued to stand in the way of any great enterprise; and for a whole year the gallant army of Rochambeau was kept idle in Rhode Island, impatient and chafing under the restraint. The splendid work it was destined to perform under Washington's leadership lay hidden in the darkness of the future, and for the moment the gloom which had overspread the country was only deepened. Three years had passed since the victory of Saratoga, but the vast consequences which were already flowing from that event had not yet disclosed their meaning. Looking only at the surface of things, it might well be asked — and many did ask — whether that great victory had really done anything more than to prolong a struggle which was essentially vain and hopeless. Such themes formed the burden of discourse at gentlemen's dinner-tables and in the back parlors of country inns, where stout yeomen reviewed the situation of affairs through clouds of tobacco smoke; and never, perhaps, were the Tories more jubilant or the Whigs more crestfallen than at the close of this doleful summer.

John Fiske.

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SIDNEY.

XXVI.

Sidney Lee came out from that experience of death and dawn with an absolute conviction. She did not attempt to justify herself by reasons. She *knew;* that was all, but it was enough.

She had left Miss Sally's room with a face which shone; even the grief which veiled it — while yet that silent Presence dominated the household — could not hide the solemn light in her eyes. Grief and pity and regret moved across the peace which she had found, but did not disturb it; even as the winds, engraving themselves upon the sensitive sea in a thousand intricate and flying paths, do not stir the quiet of the deeps below.

With Sidney, there was perhaps less grief than regret. She was feeling, even in her exaltation, the misery of the lost opportunity; she was realizing that it is impossible to atone to the dead for indifference to their small interests, carelessness of their daily cares, — in a word, for unexpressed love, — and that such a realization is always pain Sidney had never known before. But it was that pain, mingling with her strange gladness, which brought into her face a new look, — at once wistful anxiety and calm desire. Major Lee saw it, and, remembering his daughter's words on that night when Miss Sally had died, — "Father, I have found God," — said to himself that this changed expression was only part of the same nervous excitement. Sidney had come to him that next day, and tried to tell him, briefly, what those words had meant; not that she courted discussion, — only that, with the gladness of the woman of old, who, after lighting her candle and searching diligently, called in her friends and neighbors and said, "Rejoice with me," Sidney desired to share her certainty. But her broken words, with no attempt at argument, indicated only a physical condition to her father. As soon as this strain was over, her common sense would assert itself. He was sorry and perhaps a little disappointed, — Sidney had been so different from the ordinary hysterical young woman; but he would let it pass; it was of no importance.

Even Mrs. Paul noticed the change in the girl, and she was annoyed by it; it made her uncomfortable, as anything which she did not understand was apt to do. "Poor, dear Sally is dead and buried," she said to Katherine, "and crying won't bring her back again. Sidney should look pleasanter, or keep her room. Red eyes belong to one's bedchamber; they are too personal to be modest. You never see me with red eyes."

"Because you are too modest?" said Katherine, with great simplicity. She was sitting in the drawing-room with her prospective mother-in-law, behind bowed shutters. It was very hot; all the sounds which crept into the shadowy room were hot, — the droning of the bees in the honeysuckle around the west window, the rattle of heavy drays down in the scorching street, and the pant of a steam-drill a block away.

Katherine looked white and languid, but Mrs. Paul, fresh from Scarlett's cool fingers, was alert and comfortable. Her thin black silk had a frost of delicate lace about the neck and wrists, and she swung lightly, back and forth upon her arm, a green taffeta fan. On a table by her side was an India china bowl crowded with roses, and near it a tall silver tumbler full of sangaree, which was so cold that the polish of the silver was dimmed with beaded mist. Katherine had declined the claret and the fan, and everything, in fact, except a little

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cushion in a white lavender-scented linen cover, which Scarlett had placed behind her head.

"Still," Mrs. Paul conceded, "I have no objection to your declining things, because you don't annoy me by looking uncomfortable. Poor Sally used to distract me by declining, — I suppose out of some foolish idea of politeness, — and then looking like a martyr. Really, you know, Kate, not that I would talk against the dead, — I don't approve of it, — but poor Sally was very trying at times?"

"I never found her so," Katherine answered. "I think it was the instinct of unselfishness which made her decline a pleasure. Oh, how good she was! (It is strange how quickly we learn to say 'was' instead of 'is'!")

"Of course she was good," returned Mrs. Paul. "I never said she was n't good. But really, you can't say she was entertaining. Now, I never pretended to any remarkable goodness, but I am not uninteresting, I think?"

"Oh, far from it," said Katherine. "You are interesting, most interesting. And Miss Sally, as you say, was not; but she was good and lovable."

Mrs. Paul looked blank for a moment, but Katherine's frank and confidential air reassured her.

"It was her goodness," she announced, clinking the bits of ice in the silver tumbler, "which made your cousin propose to her. Katherine, my dear, the only thing I don't like about you is your cousin."

"Poor cousin Robert!" said Katherine sadly. "Yet I am sure, I am quite sure, that he did not realize that he was dishonorable."

"He was only dishonorable because he was a fool," returned Mrs. Paul, with a shrug. "He should have made Sally break the engagement. A man of the world engaged to a prude would easily have arranged that. It was hard, though, that Sally should die. It was merely coincidence, of course, but the young man gets the credit of it, and people think she died of a broken heart. (As though Sally could die of a broken heart! Between ourselves, my dear, a good woman is not capable of a great passion. Did that ever occur to you?) No, to my mind, your Steele is unpleasant rather than dishonorable, — most unpleasant. And what do you think I heard yesterday? That the very day of the funeral he was found in his hotel drunk! Now, I am not a temperance fanatic. I have seen a gentleman overcome after a dinner, for instance, and thought none the worse of him; but — after a funeral! Really, the occasion should be considered."

"*Oh!*" said Katherine, the tears starting to her eyes.

"He is a mass of inconsistencies," Mrs. Paul continued, tapping her fan thoughtfully upon the edge of the table. "Some one told me — Scarlett, I believe it was — that those last nights he hung about the house all night long. He gave Scarlett quite a start, when she came upon him in the darkness. Yes, I have no doubt he was unhappy; and yet — to be intoxicated! Did you know Alan had taken him back to live with him again? Alan has not very much backbone. Men with faces like his have no depth nor persistency. I only hope his passion for Sidney will last."

"But if she does not return it, that is hard upon him."

"I was not thinking of Alan," Mrs. Paul answered. "I was thinking — of Mortimer Lee!"

Katherine looked at her with wondering interest. "You really have no heart, have you, Mrs. Paul?" she said.

"My dear," explained the older woman, "I am all heart, only I have some head, too. I believe in justice. Mortimer Lee has been a wicked atheist, and he ought to be punished. And you know — ridiculous as it is — what it would be to him if Sidney fell in love

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with any one. But of course my chief desire is to benefit Sidney. It has always been my habit to try to help others. Lord! how annoyed I was that your cousin did not fall in love with Sidney! I could forgive his conduct about his mother's money and the breaking of his engagement, but — to propose to Sally! I can forgive wickedness; but that was worse than wickedness, — it was stupidity."

"It seems to me a matter of imagination," Katherine observed. "We can forgive a condition which we can imagine for ourselves; but what we can't fancy ourselves capable of, we despise."

"Exactly," said Mrs. Paul. "You have a great deal of sense, Kate. Now, I could not be a fool."

"No, indeed," answered Katherine warmly. "But what an inference you make one draw!"

"Very true!" cried the other, in high good humor. She was distinctly flattered, and loved Katherine more than ever. "As for Sidney and Alan," she continued, "unless I am very much mistaken, — and I never am mistaken in such matters; I've lived myself, — Sidney has come to her senses at last, and Mortimer Lee is to learn a lesson."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that Sidney is in love with Alan. Such a change does not come into a woman's face as has come into hers, for nothing."

"Mrs. Paul," said Katherine, sitting up and looking at her with sudden attention, "there is a change, but" —

"Well?" demanded Mrs. Paul. "Don't grow commonplace, Kate, and hesitate over a sentence."

"It is not because of Dr. Crossan, — I am sure of that. It is because (yes, I don't see why I should not speak of it. Sidney told me, and I think she would be glad to have it known), — it is because Sidney is not what she was."

"Go on," said Mrs. Paul.

"I think the change in her face is from some deeper reason than that she has fallen in love. (If she has, which does n't seem to me probable.) But she told me — that she believed."

"Believed?" repeated the other, frowning. "Believed what?"

"She said she had 'found God.'" Katherine lowered her voice. "I tell you only because I am sure that as we all knew what her old thought was, she would wish us to know her new thought."

"What!" cried Mrs. Paul. "Sidney says she 's 'found God'? (though I am sure I think the expression very irreverent. I suppose she means she 's been converted?) Lord! what does Mortimer Lee say? Well, I am glad!"

"Oh, Mrs. Paul!" said Katherine, shocked into remonstrance.

"But how has it come about?" persisted the older woman. "Has Mr. Brown seen her? I did n't suppose Sidney had been to church for years." She paused, lifting in her delicate old hand a little silver vinaigrette, made like a fish, with glittering scales, and curiously flexible. Her face was full of the keenest interest and pleasure. "Mr. Brown was never allowed to try to convert her, you know. Well, I am very thankful, of course. It has always been a grief to me to have Sidney out of the Church. She was never even baptized, — did you know that? I expected to be her godmother; but Mortimer Lee would not have the child christened. Shocking, was n't it?"

"How careful you are of your creed!" commented Katherine, with delightful deference; "and yet I notice you do not often intrude your religion?"

"I hope not, indeed! Conversation about one's spiritual condition leads to horrible self-consciousness; and thank Heaven, I never had any need to talk about it. I never had a doubt in my life."

"You mastered the eternal verities with your catechism, I suppose?" said Katherine.

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But Mrs. Paul did not notice the remark. "As for Sidney, with her antecedents her unbelief did not reflect upon her socially, although it was unbecoming, — most unbecoming. I 'm sure I 'm rejoiced that she has come to her senses. I suppose she 'll be confirmed at Easter?"

Katherine shook her head. "I don't know, but think not. I spoke of it, but she looked at me in the blankest way; and when I said something about seeing Miss Sally again, you know, and all that, she apparently did n't understand for a moment, and then she said, '*That* expression of the Eternal is gone, but *He* remains.' I don't know what she meant," proceeded Katherine doubtfully. "I asked her if she did not believe in immortality, and she said she did not know anything about it, but 'God was.'"

"She does n't know what she is talking about!" cried Mrs. Paul impatiently.

"At least she is convinced," Katherine answered.

"Convinced!" returned the other. "My dear Kate, anything so positive as a conviction is scarcely modest in a well-bred young woman. And there is too much talk about convictions in these days, and too little good behavior. Sidney should have been confirmed ten years ago, with convictions or without them, if I had had my way."

"I wonder if her — change of opinion will make any difference in Major Lee?" Katherine asked.

"Certainly not. The day when the infant converts his grandfather is past, my friend; and as for saying she *believes*, but not in immortality, and that she won't be confirmed, — I never heard such nonsense! Really, Kate, I would n't encourage her to talk in that way; it is quite improper. I hoped, when you first spoke, that she had become — well — you know what I mean — a change of heart, you know — a Churchwoman."

Katherine did not pursue the subject; she had been awed by Sidney's uplifted look, and she had vaguely understood it; but as she tried to explain it the idea melted away.

Sidney had chosen to name "*God*," that tireless, eternal activity which constitutes the universe; that energy which is in all and through all, pulsing in every atom, recognizing itself in the conscious instant of a man's life, creating and destroying, working towards its own infinite end. With this naming (or let us say this perception), and the devout submission to and trust in the laws of nature which it implies, there had come to her, not happiness, but blessedness, and that peace which, truly, the world can neither give nor take away. But the process by which she had reached peace must be personal before it can commend itself to the understanding, and for that reason she could not show it to Katherine.

In a direct and simple way, Katherine felt that Sidney would wish that others might know her present attitude, and so had told Mrs. Paul, whose absolute inability to understand the situation made her uncertain as to her own grasp of it. She did not want to speak of it any further, and she was glad that at that moment Sidney entered; not that she meant to question the girl, but she wanted to watch her.

Mrs. Paul looked up impatiently. Sidney, in her black gown, her face marked by some deeper pain and meaning than merely grief for Miss Sally's death, confused and annoyed the older woman; beside, with that curious vanity which leads one to confess a fault, she had been just about to tell Kate a story — Lord! why could not Sidney have stayed at home? Innocence is a great nuisance at times.

"Well? What? Dear me, Sidney, the heat has made you white; pray go and ask Scarlett for some rose-water, and bathe your face. It is very unpleasant to see any one look fagged."

"I came over," Sidney answered, with an absent air, which did not ac-

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knowledge the fault-finding, "to ask you — I was putting away her things, and I thought you might like something which belonged to her — and I came to ask you if you would care to have this piece of lace?"

"Do sit down, and don't look so white. Lace? Let me see it. Yes, I'll take it; but I am sure I don't see why in the world you should bring *me* lace. I have more now than I know what to do with. I mean to give Katherine some superb lace when she is married. Do you hear that, Kate?"

Katherine was looking anxiously at Sidney. "My dear," she said gently, "you really are worn out; you should not have crossed the garden in this blazing sun. I shall have to ask Dr. Crossan about you."

In an instant Sidney's face flushed to the forehead. Katherine smiled and glanced at Mrs. Paul, who asked, "Does Alan still call every day? Really, poor, dear Sally's sickness was an opportunity for Alan! I saw him yesterday," she continued, swinging her fan lazily. "He is looking shockingly. I don't believe he will live long." Katherine gave her a warning look, but Mrs. Paul ended her sentence. "He is really ill, you know."

Sidney drew a quivering breath; her eyes dimmed with a flying terror. "Is Alan going to die?"

"Well, some time, I suppose," returned Mrs. Paul. ("You see, Kate? I said so!")

"Is he?" Sidney repeated, standing before Mrs. Paul, and trembling very much.

"Oh, Lord, Sidney, don't glare so! No, of course not. But he was ill a little while ago, you remember; and poor Sally told me that Mr. Steele had told her — But what is it to you, my dear?"

Sidney did not answer. She scarcely heard Mrs. Paul say, in a perfunctory manner, that Katherine had told her something she was very glad to hear, and she hoped Sidney would try to live a consistent life, and be sensible about confirmation; and then, —

"Just arrange, will you, to come in when Katherine is n't here? I don't need anybody else if she is here. Oh, and give the lace to Scarlett, will you?"

Sidney would not let Katherine go home with her; she shut herself out of the cool darkness of the hall, and then went slowly back through the blazing garden. She had left that inevitable task of "putting away" to bring Mrs. Paul the piece of lace, but she forgot how much yet remained to be done. Alan had been ill! She walked over to the evergreen circle, where the sun-dial stood among the shadows, and sat down on the curved bench. It was here Alan had told her that she needed love in her life, — it seemed to Sidney that her life dated from that day; then, afterwards, he had said he loved her, and she had declared that she did not, and never would, love him. "Oh, but I do, — I do," she said quietly, aloud. She looked up between the dark points of the firs into the cloudless and dazzling sky; her eyes overflowed with tears, but her lips smiled.

She forgot everything but joy. She was as entirely glad as the soul can be which has one moment without memory. She put out her hands as though to meet the hands she loved; her face was wet with tears, but it was illumined. Suddenly it changed. Love? No, she must not love him. Her heart was bounding, her lips breaking into smiles, her joy overflowing in words, when this old habit of thought asserted itself. With it came the memory of that experience of dawn and death, the strange unreasoning conviction, the solemn instinct, that her life was to be an expression of the Eternal Life. Yes, that was all true, all true; and she would be *good*; and it was well to be alive, though she did not know why. She would do her work; she would try to help any one who needed her, — but she would not know sorrow;

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why need she? She could do her part in the world as well, and better, unhampered by the horrible fear of death; she would not love Alan. Yet inescapable joy shone in her eyes; she only knew that she loved, while, mechanically, she asserted that she would escape from love. The long z-z-ing of insects stabbed the silence of noon; the hot scent of flowers wandered in among the shadows; and on the old sun-dial a bird perched, and plumed itself, looking at her with fearless interest.

In a numb, helpless way Sidney was struggling to be obedient to the heavenly vision, and yet to save herself. At last it seemed to her that she was incapable of meeting this crisis, and, with that power which comes at rare moments into every life, she put aside the truth which had been revealed to her, and took up again the small details of death and life. "I will finish putting the things away, and then I will think," she said to herself.

She went into the house, so intent upon thrusting this new greatness aside, until she could find an hour which should be all its own, that she was really only aware of the work she at once began to do; she did not think of Alan. Her eyes blurred again and again as she folded Miss Sally's little wardrobe away: the pathos of the small darns, the carefully brushed, and turned, and turned again gowns, the bits of ribbon, the treasured pieces of lace, struck upon Sidney's heart with a pain which was part of her new experience of life. "Oh, if I had only been kinder!" she said over and over to herself.

If we could but take our possessions with us when we leave this world, life would be less terrible to those who love us, whom we leave. The many small things, which are so useless to every one except the owner, suddenly become sacred. They cannot be destroyed; to give them away is a confession that they are cumbersome, and is another unkindness to the dead. This thought came to Sidney, on her knees before the lower drawer of Miss Sally's bureau. Of what use to any one was the little ugly mosaic pin? But Miss Sally's fingers had touched it; it was her pride and joy; it must be kept. The black silk aprons which Sidney had always disliked, the small bags of rose leaves which would so soon crumble into dust, — none of these could be thrown away. The collection grew as the girl's tenderness and remorse grew. There was a little faded pincushion, which with a pang she recognized as one of her youthful gifts to her aunt, which Miss Sally had cherished through Sidney's indifferent years. There were daguerreotypes; and some photographs of Sidney, on which were written, "My darling Sidney," and "Dear little Sidney," and the child's age. One thin, square book gave her a shock of memory, as she unfolded the white paper in which it was wrapped, and saw the familiar gilt cherubs on the brown cover of Reading without Tears. Sidney sat down on the floor, and leaned her head against the old dressing-case, with the book open in her lap. How it all came back to her! — the time when she learned her letters standing at Miss Sally's knee, while her aunt's gentle voice alternately implored and encouraged her, as might be the condition of Sidney's temper. Never out of patience, never unjust, what matter if sometimes unwise? "Oh, if I had only been kinder!" she sobbed. It was not reading without tears now. And so the book was added to the "things to be kept;" memory of that old tenderness made it sacred. Almost all these forlorn little treasures were connected with Sidney or her father, in some way, and so made the sting of her remorse sharper.

These voiceless possessions of Miss Sally's raised such an outcry of regret and self-abasement in Sidney's mind that, at last, she could not bear it, and

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rose, the pathetic task still unfinished. Her conscience clamored that she must do some kind act. Miss Sally's poor seemed to entreat her, and it was to them she fled. Down, in the fading afternoon, to one miserable tenement after another, and then coming shuddering back again. "No, it is all too awful! Oh, I cannot live! I cannot bear it. It is not enough to know that there is a Meaning, and I will not love Alan."

XXVII.

The blue July day grew sullen with heat towards evening, and the skies blackened along the west. There was no wind, but the trees shivered. That night the major's tea-table was very quiet; Sidney could not talk, and her father desired only to listen. He knew that she was troubled, and longed for deeper understanding of her pain, but he asked no questions; he waited for her to know that she needed him before he should try to help her. Unless, indeed, she did not need him? The remembrance of that hysterical experience, he thought, might now be only a painful mortification, and she would prefer that they should both forget it.

But as they sat at tea, in the half darkness of the long, octagonal room, — it was too hot for lights, — he was aware of a hopeless depression in her face that filled him with an aching pity. "If Sarah had not died!" he said to himself. The major had never recognized his affection for his sister until she was dead; but it was not of his own loss that he thought, as he saw Sidney's pain. He was almost angry at Miss Sally because she had died, and so his darling suffered. He spoke only of commonplace things, however: of the mutter of thunder, retreating and retreating, in the west; of the heavy sweetness of the white phlox beneath the window; or some query concerning Katherine and John.

Sidney scarcely heard him; the tumult in her mind shut out everything else; it seemed to her almost as though her father must hear it, too. Once she lifted her eyes and found him looking at her with a face full of troubled love. She started, and smiled. "Did you speak to me?"

"No," he answered; and then, as they rose to leave the room, he rested his hand for a moment upon her shoulder. "Sidney, what is it?"

She put her hands up to her face. "Oh," she said sharply, "I do not know — I thought I knew — and yet — and yet" —

"Yes?" the major queried, in a mild voice. He was already less anxious; she was going to tell him, and it was inconceivable to him that his child could have any trouble that he could not lighten. He already saw himself explaining that of course he had attached no meaning to those confused words of hers, and she must not feel the slightest embarrassment; that such a nervous condition was most natural under the circumstances. The major readily appreciated that she suffered as she remembered her foolish excitement. The patience and sweetness in his worn old face made the tears spring to Sidney's eyes. "Oh, I have not even thought of him! He wants to help me, and I have shut him out for fear he would not understand."

"I cannot seem to make it right," she said; "what shall I do?" They had come into the library, and the major, sitting down in his big leather chair, still kept her hand in his.

"Make what right?" he asked.

"That there should be suffering," she answered, with a cry in her voice. She dropped her head upon her father's knee, and he felt her tears against his hand. "I thought God was enough; but when I see pain, when I feel it, myself, then it seems to me that the Meaning must be understood before the

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pain can be borne; and yet a Meaning ought to be enough."

"Sidney," he said, "my darling, I had not meant to refer to this; I had hoped that you were better, if I may be allowed the expression. Surely, you are not serious in speaking as though this were a reasonable subject?"

She lifted her head, but still knelt beside him, looking at him with miserable eyes. "It is the only subject there is, it seems to me; there is nothing but the Eternal. Suffering and death are part of it; only — only I do not want pain, father?"

For a moment Major Lee was too amazed for words; then he said gently, "Let me understand you. I fear I have not followed you intelligently, — the fault is mine. But do I understand that you have" — he stopped and smiled — "have become a Christian?" He was troubled at the condition which this conversation indicated, but he was amused. He wondered if it were worth while to treat it seriously.

"A Christian?" the girl repeated vaguely. "Oh, no, I am not that. That means to believe Christ is — God?" She paused a moment, and then said eagerly, "Except as God is in all things, in every one; in Him preëminently. And, father, He felt that it was worth while to suffer, to lend His life to the End."

"I beg that you will be more clear," the major said. "I still do not follow you?"

Sidney had risen, and was sitting near him; she had an open fan in her hand, and in the dusk it looked like a great white moth swaying upon a flower. Her face had grown clearer as she spoke, but her voice was unsteady. "Oh, it is not that my truth is not true, and that it is not *enough;* it is only that I do not want to suffer. But that is equivalent to saying that I do not want to do my part!" she ended, with a hopeless sigh.

"You will have to explain what you mean, Sidney," said her father patiently. "What is enough?"

"The — the Meaning," she answered, almost in a whisper. "*Eternal,* I call it to myself."

The major leaned forward in his chair and looked at her. "If you were quite strong, my darling, instead of being worn out by your aunt's illness, it would be worth while to discuss this with you. But then, if you were yourself, you would never personify an emotion, or name Force God. I should as soon expect you to take the next logical step and become a Roman Catholic!"

"Let me tell you about it," she entreated, and then began to speak with the deliberation of one who fears to lose the thread of his discourse, as, step by step, he advances along some intricate path of argument. She did not even look at her father; she pressed her lips together once or twice as she proceeded, as though to insist upon calmness. It had been so real to her, that one great moment of her life, that she could not understand, as she tried to tell the story of Miss Sally's death and the beginning of her own life, how impossible it is to bound an experience by words, or by an explanation define the unutterable God. Once the major made an impatient movement, and said something under his breath, but she did not seem to hear him.

"And so," she ended, "the Meaning in the universe is the Refuge, — is what aunt Sally called God; and oneness with that Intelligence, it seems to me, makes life bearable, — and it ought to make it beautiful."

"Is that all?" said the major.

"Yes," she answered.

He looked at her with puzzled tenderness; he was so grieved that she should suffer, so anxious because of her white face, so incapable of treating her convictions seriously or entering into an argument upon this fantastic idea which she chose to regard as the solution of

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life, that he did not know what to say. It occurred to him to beg her to go and rest, and yet he would not hurt her by dismissing her convictions lightly.

"Your proposition," he began, with the gentlest courtesy, "is of course gained without the assistance of reason. And you will forgive me if I say that I am sure your calmer thought will show you its inadequacy." Sidney did not answer. "And its inevitable conclusion: you now call the universe God, just as one creates a name for a hitherto unapprehended fact; but you might as well have called it Devil. You invest it with no personality, I observe, but you regard it with that poetic fervor which is, I am inclined to think, a phase of intellectual growth, which expresses itself in art, or religion, or love. Do you mean" — he smiled, with tender amusement — "do you mean to have a garland of roses and a goat with gilded horns, and to sing hymns to the great god Pan? For you see just what you have evolved, — pantheism."

She tried to say that her conviction was without a name.

"If I were not assured of your intelligence," her father said, "I should fear lest you might go a step further, and say that this 'Meaning' was good, and that it was Love" ("Love is God," Sidney said, under her breath), "and then all the rest of it," proceeded the major lightly, but with that sweet concern for her in his voice that would spare her the pang of mortification, — "the coming down to the earth, the vicarious atonement, heaven, hell, even prayer, perhaps."

Sidney leaned forward, resting her cheek in her hand. "Why not prayer?" she said slowly. "That impulse is the Eternal. Is not prayer just claiming one's self, in a way? Oh, father, everything is of Him!" She was so absorbed that, for the first time, her father felt a thrill of real anxiety. "But as for heaven and hell, I cannot see that a wish or a fear, — and that is what heaven and hell are, it seems to me, — I cannot see that they can create facts. And to call the Eternal good is almost presumption; or that I should say that I love — It. But still — good? Yes, I suppose so, if that means the process by which an end is attained. What the end may be we may not know; but that there *is* an end, a meaning, is enough."

"So, then," questioned the major, "you construe that sin, misery, — in a word, life, — is for your good?"

"My good? Oh, no, not mine; only they must be for good, in some way. I don't think it need make any difference to us what the good is, do you? See, father, the clay in the brickyard: it is pounded, and burned, and made into bricks, and great, warm houses are built and streets paved. Well, that is good, is n't it? Not the clay's good, — but what of that? There is a reason why the clay should be tortured, and if it could only just dimly know that there was a *cause* for its pain, it would be content; yes, and do its part. Well, I 've seen that there is a meaning, for us. I don't know what, but that does not matter."

Major Lee looked at his daughter, in silence. Was this the result of twenty-four years' training to exact thought, — the poetical fancy of a tired girl!

"Yes," Sidney proceeded, "life is worth while when one sees that the Eternal Purpose is a refuge! Do you remember that little church we saw the summer we went to the seashore, made of stones from the beach, — stones covered with barnacles? Well, the barnacles were killed, but the church was built. Oh, father, life is surely less hard to bear if there is a meaning in it!" She rose as she spoke, her face radiant, and with an uplifted look in her eyes.

The major took her hands in his, and drew her down beside him. "Come, be your reasonable self, Sidney! My dear, I detect traces of the Calvinism

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of your maternal grandfather. You have practically announced your willingness to be damned for the glory of God! But, seriously, you have nothing more than you had before; you have not even personified the Unknowable, as an attempt at comfort."

"No, I trust Him, — that is all," she answered eagerly; "and I don't say Unknowable any more. Unknown, perhaps, but, oh, in my soul I *know God!* It limits Him to say Unknowable, and have we a right to do that? One has but to give one's self to the purpose of life, I think, — so far as one can see it, — and then, wait."

"For heaven?" inquired the major. He was torn between derision and anxiety, but tenderness dominated each.

"Waiting means trust, it seems to me," she said slowly. "No, I have not thought we were immortal. Somehow, that seems unimportant, father. But have we any right to dogmatize either way? It may be so. We used to say love needed the illusion of immortality as an excuse for being. But" — she stopped — "but the Eternal is enough."

"Sidney," said Major Lee, "has Alan Crossan told you that he loves you?"

"Yes," she said, in a whisper.

"Well?" questioned her father, sternly.

"I told him I did not love him." Major Lee breathed again. "But I do. Only I — cannot!"

It must have been eight o'clock when this talk of theirs began, but it was two in the morning when Sidney, without the good-night kiss which had been hers for all her unmothered years, left her father and went up to her room. After that acknowledgment that she loved Alan, Major Lee paused, as though to gather all his forces of love and sympathy and wisdom to meet this crisis. That breathless "I — cannot!" meant nothing to him. She loved, and love is at least as immortal as the lover. He saw now, clearly enough, what had blinded Sidney's reason. The theory of a God was only the first step; he was confident that she would follow it by that assertion of a belief in immortality with which Love, venturing into the same world with Death, excuses its own existence. So he must first demonstrate the folly of this extraordinary fancy of hers, which denied personality, but declared a person.

It seemed simple enough to Major Lee; he would go over again the old conclusive arguments. He knew perfectly well that the girl's knowledge, which was only his knowledge, could not possibly stand against him. How could she fence with weapons he had given her, which were pointed against herself? She did not attempt to. Again and again he stopped, courteously, for "her reasons," and she responded, "I do not reason, father; I know." "You *feel*," he corrected her, and the anxiety in his voice seemed to her contempt. Once she attempted to say that one fact which, to her mind, proved the morality, as humanity thought of morality, — the morality of the Eternal Purpose, — was the awful pain of remorse for sin. It was in violation of the *Purpose;* — not the palpable inexpediency; something deeper, — the thwarted God! That Major Lee brushed this assertion away with a word produced not the slightest effect.

"The Eternal is in us," she said gently, but with a voice as determined as his own.

"You play with words, Sidney," he affirmed. "You have not moved one whit; you stand exactly where you have always stood; you know — *nothing!* Only you wish to find an excuse for choosing sorrow, and you declare yourself satisfied with — what? A Great Nothing in Particular; a universe which is a differentiated God. Is it not better, instead, to have a noble acceptance of necessity, and silence? And you say you love? Let me tell you what love has made my life." He paused, and

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looked at her. "I am astounded that this should be necessary; that I, who have lived the folly of love before your eyes, should yet have to assert its misery in words!"

His surprise was so genuine that for a moment, in the half darkness of the room, they stared at each other like two strangers.

The wind twisted the flame of the lamp into a blue whirl, and a moment later the storm broke, and the rain went trampling through the garden. For a moment the silence in the room could be felt, and then Mortimer Lee began to say that love was the curse of life, and life itself was only free from misery in proportion as it was free from happiness. As Sidney listened, she lived over with him his days and months of hideous anxiety and inescapable dread. She saw that the joy of his marriage walked by the side of fear. She watched his fierce struggle with death, the hand-to-hand conflict with fate, while he held a dying woman in his arms, — a woman who besought him not "to let her go." And then she listened to his life afterwards, — empty, black, hopeless; lived only to teach her how to live that she might escape such suffering.

"And now," he ended, holding out trembling and entreating hands, "you tell me you love Alan Crossan! Oh, child, if I could only see you dead instead!"

"I love him," she said, her breath coming as though she sobbed, though her eyes were without tears, "but I cannot bear it, father. Yet we are wrong, you and I."

"No!" he cried, and it seemed to Sidney that his voice was suddenly that of an old, old man, "we are right; and you shall not love him, — you shall not suffer!"

"You cannot save me from myself," she said.

"I will," he answered. He put his trembling hands on either side of her face, and looked at her as she had never seen him look before. Then he said very gently, "Go, Sidney."

She dared not intrude upon that look by a word, or by the familiar good-night. She turned, and softly went away.

XXVIII.

When his daughter left him, Mortimer Lee began to walk up and down his library. Long after Sidney was faintly smiling in her sleep, as her dreams opened the doors of resolution and bade joy enter, — even after the lamp burned white in the gray of dawn, — he still kept pacing back and forth, thinking. He did not tell Sidney the conclusion of his deliberations, when, in the morning, as usual, hanging upon his arm, she walked with him to the iron gate to say good-by; there was a conscious tenderness in her manner, the major thought, which made his dim eyes burn at the very pity of it, for her and for him. When he left her, he went at once to Alan Crossan's house.

There were one or two people waiting for the doctor, and the major took his place among them. His white head was bowed a little, and the fingers upon his stick were tremulous, but that was all; there was no anger in his face, only the patient habit of sorrow. When Alan, opening the office door, caught sight of the old man, he started with surprise, and went to him at once with extended hand. "What is it?" he said hastily.

The major looked at the hand, and then at Alan's face. "I wish to see you," he answered.

Alan was confused and puzzled. "If you will come up to my library," he said, aside, "these people can wait?"

"I will wait."

Alan went into his office, his face tingling. "It is about Sidney, — but why?" The wild thought even occurred to him that she had sent her

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father to say "Yes." His two poor people were somewhat ruffled, as is the habit of non-paying patients, that the doctor did not give them the attention and interest which they felt assured their cases demanded. Instead, he hurried them away, and then begged Major Lee to come into his library.

"Very well," the major answered, and followed him through the hall and up the stairs to the pleasant room, with its sunshine, and chemicals, and stacks of music. There, when they had seated themselves, the two men looked at each other in a silence which Alan was the first to break. "I was afraid some one was ill, but I hope I can be of service in some other way than by pills and powders." He attempted to speak lightly, but it was evident that he was excited.

"You are very good," returned the other, by force of habit. "I have come to ask a favor, namely, will you kindly refrain from coming to my house?" As he spoke his voice began to tremble with anger. Alan, instantly, was calm and joyous.

"I am sure," he said, "that you would not say such a thing unless I had offended you, and I beg that you will tell me in what way I have been so unfortunate?"

"I have made no complaint, merely a request. If it needs an explanation, you will, I think, find it in your own conscience."

Alan felt his face growing hard and impatient. "You are displeased because I love Sidney?"

"Pray be exact," answered the major. "I regret that you love my daughter, but I have no right to be displeased; although, indeed, had I the time and inclination for personal feeling, I might be displeased that you had told her of your love. You observe the difference? It is, however, unnecessary to discuss it further." He rose as he spoke; he was an old man, and the restraint and grief told upon him. His whole body was trembling.

"But you cannot leave me in this way," said Alan hotly. "I do not admit for a moment that it was wrong to love Sidney, or to tell her so. I will not be thrust out of your house, Major Lee, without an explanation, as though I were a rogue! She has refused me: is not that enough?" Alan's hurried breath showed that this agitation was not good for him.

"Can you not perceive that it might be" — Major Lee paused; he was not used to deception — "it might be displeasing to my daughter to see you, under such circumstances? But you admit nothing wrong? Very possibly, — very possibly. Yet when your father and I were young men, Alan, we would not have considered it honorable to have endeavored to win the regard of a woman without the consent of her father. What, then, would have been our opinion of a man who won it — who tried to win it — against the known wishes of her father?" His sad eyes had in them something beside personal injury; it was the son of his friend who had done this thing.

Alan's face flushed, but he was angry at himself that he should feel ashamed. "I cannot agree with you, Major Lee. And you have no right to suggest dishonor. We must not argue now about the wisdom of love; of course I know your ideas. But will you not grant that if it were my honest conviction that you were wrong and all the world was right, that love was good and worth the cost, then I had a right to speak of it to your daughter? Granting my conviction, you cannot speak of dishonor."

Mortimer Lee hesitated. "It was not my purpose to accuse you; I merely wished to request" —

"You have accused me, however," interposed the young man quietly.

"If you insist," returned the major, "upon pursuing this subject, yes, I do

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consider such conduct dishonorable. You have no right to decide upon my views, unless you investigate them, which, if I mistake not, you are entirely incapable of doing."

"Then I am to understand," said Alan slowly, "that you make this request because you do not consider me an honorable man?"

Major Lee looked straight into the stern, beautiful eyes. His own were suddenly filled with entreaty. "If you loved her, your first thought would be to spare her!"

Alan's indignation vanished with the confession of those words, — he forgot everything except that Sidney loved him, and her father knew it; and then came the tender desire to shield the major from himself, — he must not guess that his pretense at anger had betrayed his fear. (How that look in his face brushed the years aside, and showed Sidney's entreating and disdaining eyes!) As that thought came to Alan, he smiled, and the major, watching him, said to himself, "No wonder, — no wonder; but it shall not be."

"It is strange," he began to say, "that you do not see the reasonableness of my position, Alan" (he did not know that his voice had softened), "even without the investigation of which I spoke; for I should suppose that even the most superficial observer of life must at some time be struck by the sorrow of love? Every school-boy will remember his Plato, and the wisdom of moderation; and you, a man, you surely know that love is not moderation; it is the highest height and the deepest depth. And you wonder that I would protect her!"

"To gain the heights once, a man would walk in the depths afterwards!" cried the other.

"But you" — Mortimer Lee had nothing but entreaty now — "you have not the hope of a very long life before you, I have been told! Is it possible that you do not see" —

"I think I see what you mean," Alan answered gently. "I suppose I shall not live very long, but" —

The major looked at him, with a strange simplicity in his worn face. "Is — is the time short? May it not be — quite far off?" The hint of hope in his face was so unmistakable that it touched Alan into a smile; but there was a mist of pity in his happy eyes.

"Well, you know," he said, "dying is not one of those things which can be arranged by date." He bit his lip to hide his smile. It was an unusual experience, the frank intimation that his early exit from the world would give pleasure. "Sidney has refused me," he added encouragingly. "So you must not be anxious. Yes, I know what you mean. I do love Sidney, and because I love her she shall not love me. I had made up my mind to that. But if you think that she — that — I mean, if you think it would be best, I will go away from Mercer. But" — He stopped; a quick determination came into his face. "Look here," he said; "I want to say something right here." He rose, and stood looking down at his companion. "You are an old man, Major Lee, and I am only a young fellow — but I — I am going to tell you something, sir, and I beg your pardon in advance. I think you ought to hear it; I think some healthy-minded person ought to show you how preposterous, how absurd, this idea of yours is. Why, I assure you, I can't take it seriously," protested Alan, frowning and gesticulating. "It is perfectly fantastic!"

Mortimer Lee was too much astonished for words. This boy, this light-headed boy, who knew no more of life than a frolicsome puppy, to whom love and death were only words, was going to "show" him that logic was not to be applied to life.

"If Sidney," proceeded the young man, "could just get away from this one-sided habit of thought, this dealing

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with death as an isolated fact; if she could fall in love," — the dignity of reserve came into his face, but his voice was gentle and his words simple, — "if she could fall in love in a natural, wholesome, human way, it would be far better for her than the egotism of the avoidance of pain which you inculcate. I trust, sir, that I have not offended you, but it has seemed to me that this should be said."

"Sir," returned the major, "you have a right to express your opinion; the more so that you have done me the favor of assuring me that you will leave Mercer."

Alan flushed. "Major Lee, you know that I did not mean to take advantage of — of that. I shall go away, but I thought it proper that you should know my going was no concession to your views. It is only because I have not a man's ordinary chances of life. If I had! — But I will go away." A man, however, cannot doff his character as he would his coat, and Alan added, "for a time."

The major was very much moved, — too moved to resent the folly of the youth who had attempted to instruct him, or to discuss his own position; he did not try to conceal his relief at Alan's acknowledgment of ill health, nor his joy that he was going away. "Young man," he said tremulously, "there is, in this distracted world, one certain thing, — compensation. You spare Sidney, and you are yourself spared the pain of leaving her." He put out his hand, and Alan took it in his brave young grasp; neither of them spoke. It was not a time for thanks or for protestations.

A moment later he had gone, and Alan was alone.

No one can contemplate the two realities of life and remain unchanged; he must be either narrower or nobler. Alan Crossan, looking into the eyes of Love and Death, in these last few weeks, had gained a point where he was not aware of himself. This talk with Major Lee was not, as it would have been six months ago, a "situation," a "scene," to be observed with interest; instead, it was felt.

"I will go away," he determined. And this solemn joy of renunciation made him decide that he would not even say good-by to Sidney. That very day he began his arrangements for departure.

The first thing to be thought of was Robert. Robert needed him. "Yet," Alan had grumbled to himself, only the day before, "the fellow does n't want me. How the deuce am I to get at him?" But after that promise to the major, he had the inspiration which is so common in friendship that the wonder is it is not commonplace and futile, — Robert must feel that he was needed. (The curious part of this plan is that both sides regard it as subtile.)

As soon as this suggested itself to Alan, he went in search of his friend. "Bob, I wish you 'd do me a favor," he began, as he entered Robert's room; and then he unfolded his plan that they should travel together for a time. "I am not up to going by myself," he admitted; and Robert was eager and grateful for the chance to be of use.

"See here, old man," Alan said, as he rose to go, "I 'll have to prescribe for you; you 've let up on morphine too suddenly?"

"No," answered the other, "it had to be done at a blow. I made up my mind to that when I made up my mind about the Church."

"The Church?"

Robert smiled faintly. "Yes. I can't manage my own life; I 've made a failure of it; but I can put it where it won't do any more harm, and perhaps — I dare to hope, some good. I have entered the Catholic Church, — my mother's church, you know."

"Good Lord!" said Alan.

"*She* forgave me," proceeded the other, "but I cannot forgive myself; I do not mean for telling her, — that was

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right, — but for misleading her, in the first place. I cannot trust myself. The church which directs, and governs, and obliterates the individual is the place for a man like me. When you are well and strong again, I shall enter some brotherhood — and — and I shall at least be harmless."

"You will be crazy," Alan assured him. "Man alive! how can you be a Catholic? What are you going to do with your reason?"

"Have I used it so well that I can rely upon it, do you think?" returned the other. And later, when the two men talked much of this matter, Alan reluctantly admitted that his friend was wise.

They hastened their arrangements for departure, and, without discussion or apparent agreement, it came about that they left Mercer the day before John and Katherine were married. The doctor was sorry for this, but he felt Robert's pain at the remembrance of what that day was to have been to him and to Miss Sally, and made no protest. He called to say good-by to Mrs. Paul the night before they went away, but she was too happily excited to regret very deeply his absence from the wedding, or to think of mentioning it to Sidney. So the girl went to the little church, that pleasant August afternoon, full of strange fear and hope. She was willing to see Alan, she had said to herself a dozen times; with too little understanding of love to know that she was selfish.

Since the night when she had talked with her father, Sidney had changed from one opinion to another as to the expediency of love, — even when one's soul rested in the assurance of God. But she never wavered in her old conviction that love meant sorrow. She was like a flower swaying into the sunshine and into the shadow, but rooted all the while in the earth from which it sprang. Sometimes it seemed to her that she would tear love out of her heart; then, that she would love Alan a little, but he should never know it; then, that he might know it, and they would both forget it; and, again, that love should end. But, no matter what temporary opinion she might hold, she never swerved from the determination not to marry him. There was, however, no reason, she said to herself, that she should not meet him, sometimes, and she was confused and a little troubled that he no longer came to see her.

Of course she should see him at the wedding, she thought. She was to have gone to church with Mrs. Paul, but Mrs. Paul had forgotten her; so Sidney found her way to Miss Sally's seat, which was in the shadow of a pillar and beside a blue window, that was tipped half-way open, so that she could see the glimmering line of the river across the meadows, and beyond, the hills, misty with August sunshine; nearer were the dusty roofs of the brick-kilns, and long rows of sun-baked bricks; and nearer yet was the frame of ivy leaves about the little window. With the singing murmur of the organ John and Katherine entered. Sidney had never seen a wedding before. She sat in the dark corner, leaning forward, nervously grasping the back of the pew in front of her; she listened with an intensity which made her breath come hurriedly, and her eyes blur, so that she could scarcely see the bunch of white August lilies which some one had placed in the book-rack, behind Miss Sally's small shabby Prayer-Book. Not a month ago, what a different scene the little gray church had witnessed! It had been Death, then, which had moved up the aisle to the chancel; and now, Love followed, joyously, in Death's very steps, — forgetting!

Perhaps the words which remained in Sidney's heart, out of all the stately and beautiful marriage service, were those least thought of in the daily careless life of husband and wife, — "till death us do part."

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"Part!" she thought. "If they believe what they say they believe, that death does not end all, why is it not 'till death us do join'?"

"O Eternal God," she heard Mr. Brown say, "Creator and Preserver of all mankind, Giver of all spiritual grace" — and Sidney knelt with the rest, but with a certain terror. To presume to address the Unknown! — oh, would not silence be better?

Death had not been so solemn to Sidney as was this crown of life, — solemn and terrible; an entering into the Eternal, a yielding up of God to God. It was neither joy nor sorrow, but an acceptance of life as part of the Purpose of the universe.

She dared not look into the faces of the man and woman thus glorified, as they turned to leave the church. Still kneeling, she hid her eyes in the bunch of white lilies, and waited. Yet she might have looked. It is conceivable that Moses could have come down from the mount, good and glad, but with no glory in his countenance that need be hidden from awestricken eyes. No one saw Sidney in the dark corner; and after the gay little company had gone, she still sat there by the blue window. Some birds twittered in the ivy, rustling the leaves as they moved; the organist in the dusky loft pushed in the stops and shut the organ, and a muffled echo crept along the arches of the ceiling. A rosy finger of light from the west window pointed up the aisle and into the chancel; the shadows of the leaves moved across it like living things.

"Why do they have *words*," Sidney was thinking, "and why were we here? We had no right to see them. A wedding is love and God; it was profane to see it."

The sexton, old and wrinkled, went limping up into the chancel to take away the flowers; he sang to himself in a soft falsetto, which cracked into unexpected bass.

"The Lord my Shepherd is;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green, He leadeth me
The quiet waters by."

He did not seem to be aware that he was treading upon holy ground. Back and forth he went, carrying the flowers in his lean old arms; then, still singing, he came with a long pole to shut the windows, set deep in the gray walls. Sidney startled him, as she rose and went away.

Oh, how terrible life was; how unbearable without the Eternal Refuge of the enfolding understanding of it all! Yet, how foolish to invite sorrow as these two had done! She would not do that.

But her heart was full of Alan, as she walked home; not with any weakening of resolution, but with the human joy of love, which is not to be destroyed by reason, or time, or death itself; so that when she came into the library, and saw, leaning against the crystal ball on the oak table, a letter addressed to her in Alan's hand, her face flushed with happiness. She opened it with smiling haste; and then stood, in the yellow dusk of sunset, reading its brief and friendly words.

DEAR SIDNEY, — I am sorry to go away — and for an indefinitely long time — so hastily that I may not say good-by to you; but I must leave Mercer to-night. [Sidney, her face settling into white calm, mechanically looked back; it was dated the day before.]

Sincerely yours, ALAN CROSSAN.

The yellow light faded and faded; the sparkle of the crystal ball trembled into gray; the shadows stretched themselves about the room. There was the click of the iron gate in the courtyard, and Major Lee's step upon the porch.

"It is better so," she said, lifting her head. "I am glad that he has gone; this decides it. It is better for him."

Margaret Deland.

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MADAME DE MONTESPAN, HER SISTERS AND HER DAUGHTERS.

No better description can be found of the court of Louis XIV. than the few famous sentences of La Bruyère: "There is a region in which joys are visible, but they are false, and sorrows hidden, but they are real. Who would believe that the eagerness about brilliant shows, the bursts of laughter and of applause at the theatres of Molière and of Harlequin; that the feastings, the huntings, the ballets, the *carrousels*, could conceal so much uneasiness, so many cares, and such various interests, so many fears and hopes, passions so keen, and affairs so important?"

Madame de Montespan, whose position made her doubly conspicuous, was one of the most characteristic figures in this little world. Her joys were visible, but they were false; her sorrows hidden, but real. This common fate, and many of the qualities that distinguish her, were also shared by a group of women near her, — women of her own family, from whom she was less widely removed, in the eyes of her contemporaries, than we perhaps usually imagine.

Each and all of these women, in their degree, were so marked an expression of their time that the observation of their individual personalities becomes very interesting; and, in fact, Madame de Montespan cannot be understood intelligently if considered by herself alone. It is as surrounded by her sisters and her daughters that she stands smiling on destroying Time, with her immortal courtesy of bearing and free gracefulness of gay demeanor blended with something of insolent haughtiness. One who pauses for a moment delays long to contemplate the group.

It must be looked at in several successive phases to be seen in full. As it first became of importance it consisted of Madame de Montespan, in the days when she was the king's mistress, and of her two sisters, the Abbess of Fontevrault and Madame de Thianges. Much goes to indicate that Madame de Montespan drifted into the position she occupied at this time; that she did not assume it of her own will, but even unwillingly. Saint-Simon believed that she was thrown into the king's arms by the blind carelessness of her husband; and Madame de Caylus, the niece, and the loyal and familiar niece, of Madame de Maintenon, says of the superb Vashti: "Far from being dissolute by nature, the character of Madame de Montespan was originally alien to *galanterie*, and inclined to virtue. [Madame de Caylus believed the *fonds* of her character to be personal ambition.] Her project had been to govern the king by the power of her brilliancy. She had flattered herself that she could be not only mistress of herself, but of the king's passion. . . . The result was more natural. . . . She was in despair, as I have said, at the coming of their first child; she was consoled before the second arrived; and afterward carried shamelessness as far as it could go."

She was at the height of her splendor when Madame de Sévigné saw her, one day in July, 1676, at Versailles. Going thither with her friends, the Villars, the father and mother of the famous marshal, and, at three o'clock, entering "that beautiful apartment of the king," which is "so divinely furnished, in all respects magnificent," she found herself one of an agreeable gathering — without crowd — of all that was most select, and exchanging courtesies with every one. The king bowed to her most graciously; the queen spoke to her, and so also did Madame de Montespan. Madame de Sévigné writes: —

"She was modesty itself [*je lui trou-*

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vai le dos bien-plat], but, seriously, her beauty is something surprising, and her figure, too, which is not half as stout as it was, while her complexion, her eyes, her lips, are as fine as ever. Her dress was wholly of *point de France;* her hair was dressed in a thousand curls, the two at the temples falling very low on her cheeks; black ribbons on her head, the pearls of the Maréchale de l'Hospital ["larger than those of the queen," says Mademoiselle in her Mémoires], and added to them diamond clasps and pendants of the greatest beauty, three or four jeweled pins; no coif; in a word, a triumphal beauty to win admiration from all the ambassadors." She pictures delightfully the card-playing, the music, and the talking that went on in this gay assemblage: "The talk is incessant; nothing remains unspoken" (*rien ne demeure sur le cœur*); and then continues: "At six o'clock they get into chariots; [in one] the king, Madame de Montespan, Monsieur, Madame de Thianges, and, on the step-seat, the excellent Madame d'Heudicourt, as if in Paradise. . . . You know how these chariots are arranged. The people in them do not sit opposite each other, but all the same way. The queen was in another with the princesses, and every one troops after according to fancy. They float on the canal in gondolas with music. They return at ten, when a play is acted. Midnight strikes; supper is served." And so the festive day comes to an end.

It was a year earlier than this that Madame de Montespan went by water, in all magnificence, to meet the king returning from a victorious campaign. She was "in a painted and gilded barge, furnished in red damask, . . . with a thousand ciphers, a thousand streamers of France and Navarre. Never was anything more splendid. . . . She embarked [at Moulins] on the Allier to take the Loire at Nevers, which will carry her to Tours, and then to Fontevrault, where she will await the king's return."

It was not merely with the charms of Cleopatra or Armida, or those of the fairy "Niquée," — to whom both Madame Sévigné and Saint-Simon compare her, — that she held the admiration of Louis. Charming wit, delightful powers of conversation, added flavor and quality to this radiant beauty. Madame de Caylus says that "her talk gave charm to the most serious subjects, and ennobled the most common." La Grande Mademoiselle (Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the king's cousin) describes her, in 1671 (before her relations with the king were acknowledged), during a sojourn of the court at Tournay, as full of vivacity. "She went often to a benevolent establishment for little girls to see them at their work. In the evening, with the queen, she would tell us all she had seen, imitating the children in the most amusing way in the world. The queen showed her much friendship, and took great pleasure in her society."

Madame de Caylus again says: "She had been perfectly well educated by a mother of the greatest piety, who sowed in her heart, from her earliest childhood, seeds of religion which she never did away with." And elsewhere: "Madame de Montespan had qualities not at all common, greatness of soul and elevation of mind. She showed it in the suggestions she made to the king regarding the education of Monseigneur. She did not consider merely present times, but the idea posterity would conceive of this education from the choice made of those who were to conduct it." Saint-Simon speaks in general terms of her regard for worthy people, and her entire freedom from levity in matters of religion.

About lighter matters, too, points of taste and such like, her praises are sung. Mademoiselle describes a present the king made to the Dauphiness on her marriage, — "the prettiest thing in the world," she says. "It was a coffer

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mounted in gold, in which there were all sorts of jewels and trinkets [to the amount of 50,000 livres, states another chronicler], and trimmed gloves which Madame de Montespan had taken pleasure in trimming. She had much enjoyed arranging the whole thing."

She gave evidence of more artistic taste in a superb volume she had made for the king as a New Year's gift. Dangeau says: "Madame de Montespan made a present to the king, in the evening, after supper, of a book bound in gold, and full of miniature paintings representing all the cities of Holland which the king took in 1672. [She had been with him there in 1671.] . . . Racine and Despréaux have written the text for it, and have added an *Éloge* of his Majesty. . . . Nothing was ever seen richer, better executed, or more agreeable."

It was in sympathy with her, and in admiration of her beauty, wit, taste, and splendor, that her two sisters drew close to Madame de Montespan on terms of simple good-fellowship, which her glory made extremely agreeable, all the more that her affection for them was sincere and cordial, and that the king became their personal friend. In truth, the relation between the sisters and the king was from first to last of a singularly free and familiar nature; in conversation, at least, they met on the footing of equals, or even the balance of superiority swayed to the feminine side. Their *esprit* was delightful: its note was the same as that of Madame de Montespan; its character was universally recognized, and was so unique that it became known by the name of their family and distinguished as "the Mortemart brilliancy." Saint-Simon speaks of its "peculiar, delicate, and exquisite quality, always natural and always agreeable," and adds, "One still perceives with pleasure this charming and simple quality in those persons yet living whom they brought up, and to whom they were attached; among a thousand others they can be distinguished in the most common conversations." Madame de Maintenon, praising a granddaughter of Madame de Montespan says, "Elle s'exprime en Mortemart."

The "queen of abbesses," Madame de Fontevrault, came from time to time out of her cloister, still invested with her veil and her vows, but possessing even more *esprit*, and some thought even more beauty, than Madame de Montespan, and took her place, in all the private (but not the public) gaieties of the king, with Madame de Thianges and the most choice selection of all the ladies of the court; but always maintained extreme personal demeanor in these places and parties where her attire seemed so little to belong. That she was "very learned" is testified by more than one authority. She seems to have been familiar not only with Italian and Spanish, but to have written and spoken Latin easily; and also to have had some slight knowledge of Greek, — enough to undertake a version of Plato with the aid of a Latin translation. This was sent by her to Racine, who rewrote some part of it; and in 1732 it was published under the title "Le Banquet de Platon, traduit un tiers par feu Monsieur Racine de l'Académie française, et le reste par Madame . . ." About the same time (thirty years after her death) there was published a little paper of hers on Politeness (*la politesse*); but she read more than she wrote. Madame de Caylus says of her: "There could not be combined in the same person more reason, wit, and learning; and her learning was really a consequence of her reason. Having no natural inclination for convent life [*religieuse sans vocation*], she sought an interest suitable to her position; but her acquisitions cost her nothing of her native qualities."

She was even a good theological scholar, according to Saint-Simon. "She

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had also," he declares, "remarkable talents for governing, an ease and a facility which made her regard merely as play the guidance of all her order,[1] and of many great matters into which she entered, where it is true her position much contributed to success. She was very regular and very exact, but with such sweetness, such graces, such ways, as made her adored at Fontevrault and by her whole order. Her least letters were things to keep; her ordinary conversation, even if about matters of business or discipline, was charming; and her addresses before the chapter on *fête* days were admirable. Her sisters loved her passionately [with periods of hot coolness], and notwithstanding their imperiousness of disposition, increased by the height of favor, they showed real deference to her. . . . The king felt for her an esteem and regard and friendship which neither the fall of Madame de Montespan nor the rise of Madame de Maintenon could diminish. [When she died] he truly mourned her, and solaced himself by showing his regret; he gave her abbey to her niece, her brother's daughter, a nun of the house and a person of high merit."

Madame de Thianges was very different from the abbess; she was the eldest of the three by ten years, and she lorded it over her sisters, and even over the king, whom she amused almost better than the others could. Madame de Sévigné, writing in later days (1685) from the country to her daughter at court, says, "You shall tell me some day about the gaiety of those great dinners, and what story Madame de Thianges chose to amuse the company with, for she knows more than one." Twenty-five years earlier, Somaize, in his Dictionnaire des Précieuses, describes her as one of the most agreeable women of the court, adding, "But there is no reason for surprise at this, since she is the daughter of Metrobarzane [the Duc de Mortemart]."[2] He continues: "Tisimene [the *précieux* name of Madame de Thianges] has retained her father's love of letters and regard for men of letters, whom she looks on with good will, provided they have some gaiety; for over-melancholy things displease her." Earlier still (in 1657), two years after her marriage, this quatrain was written on her: —

"Jeune Marquise de Thiange,
Le moyen de vous oublier
Lorsque partout on entend publier
Qu'en beautez, en vertuz, vous passez pour un ange?"

But it was not as *un ange* (rhyme-suggested) that she appeared to Mademoiselle de Montpensier, la Grande Mademoiselle, when, in this same year (1657), she was the guest of Mademoiselle. Her hostess calls her "*une fort plaisante créature*," and reports that "she led at Saint-Fargeau the most ridiculous life in the world. She did not rise from her bed till she was told that I had sent for dinner; she came to the table in very negligent dress, and often with disheveled hair. She used to say, 'I don't mind being found looking so by the people who come to see Mademoiselle: those who know anything will attribute my lack of ceremony to familiarity; fools will think me a crazy woman, for which I don't care a bit.' It got to be a way of hers [*elle arrivoit assez de manière à cela*]; for she would have to be sent for twenty times, and all the pages and footmen in the house would be after her, and sometimes three or four pages bringing her her dress, — she laughing at it all. As she likes extremely to sit up late, when I had gone to bed (which was not early, for she made me sometimes stay up till two o'clock, listening to her talk), she

[1] The Abbess of Fontevrault held jurisdiction over all the convents of the Benedictine order in France.

[2] Madame de Morteville speaks of the duke as "*grand amateur de musique et grand courtisan.*"

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would go into her chamber and play little games with her women and my pages and valets, till four or five in the morning; sometimes she had little repasts. The next morning she would tell us about it as if these doings had been the finest in the world."

A little later, Mademoiselle gives in great detail the story of a quarrel on the part of Madame de Thianges with the Chevalier de Bethune, which began by her "taking her busk" and breaking with it a glass from which he was just about to drink, spilling the wine all over him. This not sufficiently relieving her excitement, she came to Mademoiselle in tears of anger to demand punishment for the chevalier, — "a very civil youth, who was only too courteous to ladies." "I told her," says Mademoiselle, "to go to bed, and not to cry so, and that I would attend to the matter." "She was horribly exasperated [*elle avoit un déchaînement horrible*] against the chevalier;" but Mademoiselle induced him to beg her pardon, and "when her good humor returned she told us that she sacrificed her resentment to God, and that it was that obliged her to pardon. She said wonderful things to us about piety; she had had an admirable access of it that year at Christmas. I give that name to this good impulse because it did n't last long."

In 1674 (seventeen years later) Madame de Sévigné writes of her: "M. de Grignan spoke truly in saying that Madame de Thianges no longer wears rouge, and that she covers her bosom. She is scarcely recognizable in this disguise; but nothing is more a fact. She is often with Madame de Longueville, and in the full fashion of piety. She is always in very good company, and is not solitary. The other day I was near her at dinner: a servant offered her a large glass of liqueur; she said to me, 'Madame, this man does not know that I am pious.' That made us laugh. She spoke very naturally of her good intentions and of her change; she keeps a watch on what she says about others, and when anything escapes her she suddenly checks herself, and exclaims with detestation of the bad habit.[1] For my part, I find her more charming than she was."

Her sister, Madame de Fontevrault was not of this mind. She wrote at this time to Madame de Sablé (her long-time friend, though between forty and fifty years older than herself): "I begin to believe that she makes it a point of conscience to treat me ill, seeing that this flying out at me [*déchaînement*] began almost at the same time as her devoutness, and that it continues without my being able to divine the grounds of it." Six months later, the abbess recurs to the subject of her sister's "devoutness," saying, "It seems to me it might be very real if she quitted the court; but I cannot believe that one can maintain in that region a life as austere as should be that of true Christians."

As long as she lived, even after the departure from court of Madame de Montespan, unique privileges and distinctions were hers there. She had at Versailles a magnificent apartment adjoining that of Monseigneur, where the princes and princesses, her nephews and nieces, by whom she was both loved and feared, and all the other most distinguished people at the court, constantly visited her.

She was *folle* on two points, Madame de Caylus says, — her own personal appearance and her family, being equally proud of both. "As to her person, she considered herself a *chef d'œuvre* of nature, not so much for external beauty as for the delicacy of the organs that composed her body; and, uniting the two points of her insanity,

[1] Madame de Caylus speaks of her as "disparaging and scoffing in talk," but "not from a bad heart."

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she believed that her beauty and the perfection of her temperament arose from the difference which birth had made between her and the world in general."

An early *portrait* of her (1658), executed after the fashion of the time by Mademoiselle, touches with caricature these same outlines. It is written in the character of the subject herself, who thus is presented as saying: "I have the air belonging to my birth; that is to say, of a woman of very high rank. . . . The alliances of my house permit me to believe that I am descended from Rosanire, daughter of Policandre, king of the Picts; judge from this whether I have not a fine manner, and whether I do not carry myself nobly. People do battle with me because of this; but such battles are not unpleasant. . . . I am on as familiar terms with the lower classes as that princess was from whom I have the honor of descending." Mademoiselle had implied previously that the princess sometimes forgot her high estate and enjoyed the frolics of a shepherdess: this is evidently a "skit" at the midnight revelries of Madame de Thianges while at Saint-Fargeau, which it is clear seemed very undignified to the granddaughter of Henri IV., who never forgot her birth, even in her not infrequent hours of extravagant action and feeling. The *portrait* continues: "It is said that my eyes are beautiful and sweet, and opinion about their glances is dependent on whether I am liked or no. I have a beautiful mouth and teeth and a charming laugh, a beautiful bosom, admirable hands. My manner is melancholy, although I have an extremely gay disposition. . . . I have a very agreeable and entertaining mind, and rarely is dullness to be found where I am; at least, the granddaughter of the great Euric [Queen Christina of Sweden, who much admired Madame de Thianges] has often told me so. I dance badly; and in that I resemble neither my great-grandmother, nor my great-great-grandmother, nor my grandmother of five generations back. There is no song [*chanson*] that I do not know. My memory is unrivaled, and if I had chosen to employ it about more solid things perhaps it would have been not less useful; but as we know that, according to the common saying, memory and judgment are inharmonious, the world may think as it chooses about this. . . . Finally, to sum up, I think there is much more that is good than bad about me."

If she was at all beautiful in youth, in later years she must have had a deplorable appearance, for Saint-Simon describes her thus, with a freedom not to be repeated if it were not so strange a picture: "She was blear-eyed and wore a shade of green silk, and under her chin a great linen bib. It was not needless, for she drooled incessantly and greatly. In this attire, she seemed from her air and her manners the queen of the world; and every evening, with her bib and her green shade, she was carried in a chair to the top of the little stairway of the king, entered his private apartments, and was there with him and his family, seated in an armchair, from after supper till the king's bed-hour. . . . There she engrossed the conversation [*tenoit le dé*], disputing, often bitterly, with the king, who liked to irritate her. . . . Sometimes, in anger, she abused him, and the more the king laughed the greater grew her fury." The king allowed himself other liberties with her, of a less pardonable kind and stranger still. She and Mademoiselle were very fastidious in eating. "The king found pleasure in putting hairs in their butter and their tarts, and playing off on them other odious tricks of this kind. They would scream and be sick, and he would laugh heartily. Madame de Thianges would be for going, would scold the king [*chantoit pouilles au roi*] without restraint, and some-

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times across the table would pretend to throw these nastinesses in his face." What a picture! Louis le Grand! the majestic monarch!

These scenes were after the departure from court of Madame de Montespan, whose beauty, wit, taste, and splendor had paled under the cloud stealthily and treacherously cast upon her by her sombre rival. But in her downfall there was, as Sainte-Beuve has remarked, a certain dignity and even stateliness; the "esprit Mortemart" saved appearances to the last. On the other hand, never was more conspicuous the coldness of nature of both those two consummate egotists, Louis and Madame de Maintenon.

The final and complete separation of the king from Madame de Montespan, with whom his relations had long been only those of courtesy, was chiefly brought about by Bossuet, who abhorred her presence at court if only as a continual and visible reminder of past immoralities. But Madame de Maintenon's hatred of her former benefactress was deeper and more subtle than that of the eloquent moralist, and it was through her influence that the fatal blow was dealt by the immediate hand of Madame de Montespan's eldest (illegitimate) son, the Duc du Maine, whom Madame de Maintenon had stolen from his mother, and converted into her enemy as selfishly as she had her royal lover. Mere boy as he was in age, he felt, with the instincts of a born courtier, that his mother had become an embarrassing weight on his fortunes, while from his former governess he could hope and expect all things; and consequently he gladly himself carried to Madame de Montespan the order, the very positive order, of the king which imposed on her permanent exile from the court.

She withdrew to Paris, to the community of Les Filles de Saint-Joseph, which she had founded; but in her restless unhappiness she could not remain there, and she wandered hither and yon, — to the baths at Bourbon, to Fontevrault, and to her son, her Montespan son, the Duc d'Antin, with whom readers of Sainte-Beuve are familiar as *le parfait courtisan*. Her children, whom she passionately loved, were, with the exception of M. du Maine, most dutiful to her, and unfailing in attentions. "It were little to say," declares Saint-Simon, "that she had influence over them; it was authority, and she used it unhesitatingly. She made them gifts continually, both from affection and to preserve their attachment, and also to keep open this connection with the king, who had no sort of intercourse with her, even through their children." Both she and her children for long, weary years were constantly hoping for the death of Madame de Maintenon, and for her own consequent return to favor.

The three children of Madame de Montespan who form this group are, Madame la Duchesse, married to the grandson of the great Condé; the Duchesse d'Orléans, wife of the king's nephew, son of Monsieur; and the Comte de Toulouse.

The eldest, Madame la Duchesse, was the most like her mother, with not less charm, but with even less worth. Our constant authority, Saint-Simon, thus describes her: —

"With a figure slightly, but scarcely perceptibly, twisted, her face suggested the most tender passions, and her nature was such as to play with them at her will without being governed by them. All modes of pleasure seemed to belong to her. At ease with every one, she had the art of giving ease to each. There was nothing in her that did not, with unequaled grace in her slightest actions, turn naturally to pleasing, with a wit just as natural, that had a thousand charms. She loved nobody; yet, while this was recognized, one could not prevent one's self from seeking her

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favor, nor persuade one's self, even persons the most remote from her, that one had failed to win it. Even the people who had most grounds for fearing her she fascinated, and those who had the most reasons for hating her had need to recall them often to resist her charms. Never the least ill humor under any circumstances. Playful, gay, agreeable, with the most delicate wit, invulnerable to surprises and *contretemps*, free in moments of the most perplexing and constraining incidents, she passed her youth in frivolity and pleasure of every kind, which, as often as she could, she carried to debauchery."

"With these qualities," continues this pitiless exposition, "with much intelligence and ability for political intrigue and affairs, with a subtlety which cost her nothing, but with little power of managing matters of long continuance, she was contemptuous, mocking, biting, incapable of friendship, very capable of hate, and then malicious, proud, implacable, fruitful in black designs and in the most cruel *chansons*, with which she gayly smothered people whom she seemed to love, and who were constantly with her. In her was to be seen the siren of the poets; such charms and dangers were hers. With age came ambition, but the taste for pleasure still remained, and the appearance of frivolous interests served for a long time to mask serious purposes."

Madame de Grignan wrote of her: —

"She has the prettiest, the most brilliant, the most charming little visage I ever saw in my life; and her wit is sharp, amusing, frolicsome, to the last point. Nothing is droller than to be present at her toilet, and to see her dress her hair. I was there the other day. She woke soon after midday, put on her dressing-gown, and set about dressing her hair and eating her panada [*un pain au pot*]. She herself curls and powders her hair, and eats at the same time; the same fingers are busy alternately with the puff and the panada; she eats her powder and panadas her hair, and the result is an excellent breakfast and a charming *coiffure*." Such was Madame la Duchesse, always thus styled, half royally, as the wife of M. le Duc.

Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans was another sort of person. We turn again to a page of Saint-Simon, and see her picture: —

"She was tall and every way majestic [yet, "without being humpbacked nor twisted, she had one side larger than the other, and her step was irregular"]; her complexion, her neck, her arms, were admirable, and her eyes also; her mouth well enough, with beautiful though rather long teeth; too large and too flabby cheeks, which spoiled her looks, but did not quite deprive her of beauty; what disfigured her the most were her eyebrows, which were as if skinned, and were red, with very little hair; beautiful eyelids and chestnut hair growing prettily [*bien plantés*]." Then he speaks of her intelligence, and says she had remarkable coherence of mind ("*une grande suite dans l'esprit*") and the famous Mortemart quality, "a natural eloquence, a justness of expression, a singularity in the choice of terms which was always original and always surprising, with that special manner of phrase peculiar to Madame de Montespan and her sisters, and caught only by persons familiar with her and brought up by her. Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans said everything she wished and as she wished with infinite delicacy and agreeableness; she said even what she did not say, and made everything understood to the degree and with the meaning which she wished to give to it; but she had a thick utterance, so slow, so confused, so difficult to ears that were not well accustomed to it, that this defect, which she seemed unconscious of, extremely injured the effect of what she said.

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"Every degree and kind of propriety and decorum found their centre in her, and the most intense arrogance was enthroned in her. . . . M. le Duc d'Orléans, who often laughed about it, called her Madame Lucifer in speaking to her, and she agreed that this name did not displease her. . . . At the same time, the timidity of Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans was extreme. She would be made ill by a somewhat severe look from the king, and perhaps by one from Madame de Maintenon; at least she trembled before her; and she never answered these personages about the most common and public things but with stammering and in fright. I say 'answered,' for as for beginning the conversation, especially with the king, that would have been more than she could do. For the rest, her life was a very languid one, though she had excellent health: solitude and reading till her lonely dinner, working the rest of the day, and receiving, from five o'clock in the evening, persons who found neither amusement nor freedom in her society, for she never knew how to put people at their ease.

"Of her two brothers, each was, turn by turn, her favorite." The younger of these brothers, the Comte de Toulouse, remained faithful to his mother, and it is he and his sisters, as we have said, who grouped themselves about Madame de Montespan in the years immediately succeeding her banishment from court. There is much interest to be found in following the course of their lives, but that we cannot do here. We can only now consider Madame de Montespan herself in her last days, which she passed at Paris.

The attachment she had so long retained to a court life, as well as her chimerical hopes, died within her as the cold years deepened her neglectedness, and she turned more and more to what she esteemed religious duties. She relinquished even her relations with her daughters; she saw them only rarely and by arrangement; but she occupied herself with the interests of D'Antin, for whom previously she had felt only indifference.

"Little by little" (we follow Saint-Simon again) "she came to giving almost all she had to the poor. She sewed for them many hours a day on common and coarse articles, like chemises and other such needful things, and made those about her work on them, too."

What a contrast to the scene in the king's apartment described by Madame de Sévigné! All her luxuriousness disappeared; her table became most frugal, her fasts frequent, her prayers incessant, her penances severe; and she forever suffered the secret punishment of a terrible fear of death. Yet with all this she could never cast off that queenlike state which she had assumed in her pride of place, and which clung to her in her humbled condition as a permanent habit of life. Her armchair — the supreme sign and token of dignity in those days — was the only one in her apartment. Others were brought for Monsieur, or la Grande Mademoiselle, or Madame la Princesse, when they visited her, but for any one else, for her children, even the Duchesse d'Orléans, never, — they had to sit on common chairs; and not even the greatest personage did she rise to receive. Visits in return she paid to no one; an occasional message of compliment sent to certain people was the height of her condescension.

"All France," says Saint-Simon, "was at her doors. I know not through what fancy it had come, as years went on, to be considered a sort of duty to go there. . . . She spoke to each as a queen who holds her court, and to be addressed by whom is an honor. . . . She was beautiful as the day to the last moment of her life, . . . with a grace which made her haughtinesses overlooked, and which was in harmony with them."

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It is almost impossible not to linger, but we must hasten to the end. She died at Bourbon, after only a few hours' illness; but during those few hours the fear of death, which all her life had so continually appalled her, suddenly vanished, and disquieted her no more. She summoned her attendants and servants, and made before them confession of her sins, asking pardon for the scandal she had so long occasioned, and even for her high temper, "with a humility so serious, so deep, so penitent, that nothing could be more edifying." Sweetness and peace marked all her actions.

Her funeral was strangely uncared for and obscure, but she was bitterly wept by all the countless poor she had befriended. Her daughters were heart-broken. "The grief of Madame la Duchesse was astonishing, — she who had piqued herself all her life on loving no one." The memory of Madame de Montespan is protected by this group of her children, her servants, the poor, as they stand mourners at her death-bed.

Hope Notnor.

EPHEMERON.

Gray, on the daisiest grass,
Shadows of moving leaves;
Happy the brown bees hum,
"Summer has come — has come;"
Lightly the low winds pass,
Shaking the peony-sheaves.

Tulips the sun looks through
Shining and stately stand;
Redder than rubies glow
All their great globes a-row,
Bright on the summer blue,
Lanthorns of fairy-land.

Ever and aye my own
Still shall this moment be;
I shall remember all, —
Shadows, and tulips tall,
Scent from the bean-fields blown,
Song of the humble-bee.

. . . . .

Lost is that fragrant hour,
Dewy and golden-lit, —
Dead — for the memory
Pitiful comes to me
Wan as a withered flower, —
Only the ghost of it.

Graham R. Tomson.

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MR. BRISBANE'S JOURNAL.

THERE lies before the writer a quaint old manuscript volume, found by him years ago in one of the country villages of New England. The ancient folio tells in several hundred closely lined and gracefully penned pages the story of the travels of Mr. William Brisbane, a South Carolina aristocrat, a kinsman of the Pinckneys, and an ardent Federalist, who in 1801 sold his plantation and began a long tour for pleasure and for health.

During four years, broken only by one return to his home, he journeyed with his wife by private coach over our Northern States and through Europe, expanding in his journal at a later time his notes of what he saw and did. Curious features of the antique work are its rusty leather and board covers, its copperplate fashion of manuscript, its odd spelling and erratic capitals, and the family coat of arms imprinted on the initial page. Altogether, during the four years, Mr. Brisbane, as his itinerary shows, traveled 3561 miles in our own land and 16,733 miles in Europe; a remarkable distance for the time, when the slow, old-fashioned ways of journeying are taken into account. The parts of his journal which refer to his trip through our Northern States give us some vivid glimpses of that old life from which we have drifted so fast and far away, and appear here in print for the first time.

It took Mr. Brisbane, in the early June of 1801, ten days of "very unpleasant passage" to make the voyage of about six hundred miles in the ship Sophia from Charleston to New York. At the latter city he bought "a coach and pair of excellent horses," with which he made the journey up the Hudson and on to Ballston, repeating the same trip during the following summer. In the narrative of the later journey the following entry occurs: —

"In our passage up the North River, last summer, a wide-spreading tree, said to be the largest in the country, was pointed out to us as the one under which André was examined by the patrol who took him, and has ever since been called by his name. It is somewhat remarkable that this immense tree was a short time afterward shivered to pieces by lightning and almost totally destroyed, only the stump remaining; and it is said upon the very day, but, undoubtedly, within a short time, of the death of General Arnold, who died that summer in England, twenty-one years after the death of poor André. Curiosity led us to walk to the spot where this celebrated tree had so long flourished. Nothing now remains of it but a part of the trunk. A few days after, we met with a Major Paulding on the road, who was one of André's captors."

It was near Poughkeepsie, described in the journal as "a large and respectable town," that Mr. Brisbane visited Deveaux Park, the country seat of Colonel Deveaux, a wealthy friend. Differing in kind, perhaps, from the modern homes of rural wealth, but not less tasteful outwardly and more solidly luxurious within, must have been that North River mansion: the grounds sloping in a smooth lawn half a mile to the Hudson, and the primeval woods "shaped into angular copses so as to form handsome avenues," with the river dimpling beyond. To the luxurious appointments of the mansion let the following words of Mr. Brisbane testify: —

"Some of the furniture is perhaps the most costly in the United States, — particularly a very superb cellarette and an elegant set of dining-tables. The first cost 700 dollars. The tables

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are of the finest mahogany, uncommonly wide, and, when full spread, are intended to contain twenty-four covers, under each of which is a silver basket of openwork neatly let into the table; and underneath the baskets are copper boxes with plated fronts to contain heaters, which serve in winter to keep the company as well as the plates warm. In the centre and at each end of the table are circular fancy pieces, handsomely designed in stained satin-wood and neatly inlaid. The outer edge of the table is bound with a plain silver band."

Continuing his journey northward, Mr. Brisbane passed through Hudson city, then a place "of respectable size, and of most rapid growth in a few years from a cultivated farm." His reference to Albany in 1801 is curt and uncomplimentary: —

"The houses have a mean appearance, except those newly built, and the place in general is dirty and disagreeable, — dreadfully hot in summer and extremely cold in winter. The inhabitants are mostly descendants of the Dutch, and still, in a great degree, possess their manners and habits, and continue to use the Dutch language as well as the English."

A single day's travel from Albany brought Mr. Brisbane to "Ballstown," then in its fashionable heyday, and not yet eclipsed by near Saratoga, which is mentioned in the journal merely as a side attraction. There follows a somewhat detailed story of midsummer gayeties at the "Bath of America," as Ballston is styled by the traveler; of Aldridge's, the "best house," with its "genteel company, many from the West Indies," its reading-room, its library, its billiard-hall, and its "balls three times a week, at which a number of the most celebrated belles from neighboring States exhibited beauty and fashion." But the country around the place was "dreary and miserable, affording no pleasant rides or walks." The waters Mr. Brisbane found "at first a little nauseous, but after several weeks' using left with regret, and the greatest stimulus to the appetite I ever experienced." During a day's trip to Saratoga, Mr. Brisbane tasted also the to him "very nauseous" but in later days famed Congress Spring water. In connection with another excursion to Saratoga he made the following note: —

"On the sign of the inn kept at Saratoga by one Putnam is a very ludicrous representation, taken from the story of General Putnam and the wolf. Two countrymen are seen pulling him out of the cave by the legs, while he brings out the wolf by the ears. The poor general is certainly not much obliged to his namesake for thus publicly exhibiting him as the hero of so ludicrous a scene."

After a northward trip to view the scenic beauties of Lake George, Mr. Brisbane turns southward to pass into New England, on his roundabout journey to Boston. He describes at length the habits of the "shaking Quakers" near Lebanon, and thence moves on into Connecticut, where happened one of the most amusing episodes of his trip: —

"After passing through Norfolk, and just before we reached New Hartford, a dirty-looking fellow came running toward the carriage, waving his hand. I ordered the coachman to stop the carriage, thinking him, from his ragged appearance, about to solicit alms; but as soon as he came near he told me we had broken the Sabbath, and must immediately stop. I informed him that we would stop at the first inn, one being then in sight. He said we should not go any farther, and attempted to take hold of the reins; but John, perceiving his intent, applied the whip to the horses, who soon disengaged themselves. He continued the chase for about one hundred and fifty yards, but, being outwinded, he slackened his pace, and

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we continued to the inn, where we ordered dinner. Soon in came the man, and informed us that we were his prisoners, and desired to know of the landlord whether he would bail us; if not, he must take us into custody, and keep us at his own house until next day. I told him I would neither give bail nor go with him, and that after dinner I would leave the house at the first opportunity I had. He then retired, and, lurking about the house, watched our motions to prevent our escape. Finding it impossible to get away, I went out and endeavored to persuade him by fair words, offering to pay his fees and give him any satisfaction for his trouble; but he was inflexible to anything I could say. Neither threats nor persuasion had any effect upon him, and he remained firm at his post. The landlord told me that after sunset travelers were permitted to pursue their journey, the Sabbath being then considered over. I therefore, as soon as the sun had set, ordered the horses to be put in the carriage, and was getting in, but was prevented by this conscientious officer, who told me I must appear before a magistrate and be tried for the offense. I was obliged to yield to his authority, and, in the mean time, went myself to the magistrate, who lived about half a mile up the road, and informed him that the constable had detained us at the inn upwards of six hours, but hoped he would have no objections to our going early in the morning, and mentioned my inducement for traveling on Sunday was that Mrs. B. was in bad health, and I was then traveling for its improvement, and did not wish to be detained at such miserable inns as were on the road. He said he thought that very reasonable. About nine o'clock that evening the constable came, and inquired at what time I would be ready to attend him. I told him early in the morning; and about sunrise, our carriage being ready, and Mr. Constable absent from his post, I took the liberty of proceeding; not, however, without apprehension of being pursued by the indefatigable constable, who really, I believe, from conscientious motives persevered in his duty with inflexible zeal."

It may have been partly the vexation growing out of this incident that prompts Mr. Brisbane to remark of the people of Connecticut, a little further on in his journal: —

"The people of Connecticut are well known to be the most federal in the Union; but there is, indisputably, more republican equality in the higher and democratic insolence among the lower orders in this State than perhaps in any other part of the civilized world. They seem to take pleasure in insulting travelers whose equipage they may deem aristocratic, or above the mediocrity of their own state, by making it as inconvenient as possible to pass them on the road, which has been experienced by many. We encountered a couple of these chaps, who were in a large cart drawn by oxen. They took possession of the centre of the road, and prevented our passing. My coachman called to them to give him room to pass, which, after hesitating some time, they did; but as soon as they got abreast of us they evidently veered about intentionally, and ran their cart against us. From the noise, I concluded one wheel, at least, was shattered, and called to them to know why they behaved in that manner. They looked at me with insolence, and without making any answer moved off, upon which I immediately jumped out of the carriage, seized the whip out of the hands of the fellow who was driving, and gave him a disciplining with his own instrument, to teach him a little more politeness in future. The fellow, astonished by the attack, made no resistance, but laid all the blame on the oxen, and they both suffered me to retreat to the carriage before they recovered sufficient spirit to retaliate. I

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thought myself well off (upon cool reflection) in having avenged the affront without getting a beating in the attempt."

By a zigzag route Mr. Brisbane traversed Connecticut and Rhode Island, mentioning cursorily, in the latter State, the Freemasons' lodge room at Providence as "the handsomest thing of the kind in the United States." A few days later he reached Boston, and found "quarters at Mrs. Carter's, in West Boston, who keeps an excellent boarding-house." Then comes his pen picture of the city in 1801 as seen by his Southern eyes: —

"Boston is a place of great importance. The people are very enterprising and industrious, and during the present European war have been very successful in business. Riches have greatly accumulated, and consequently money sunk in value more visibly than in any other part of the United States. A good criterion to go by are the charges at the boarding-houses, which must be regulated by the prices of provisions, house rent, etc. While here in the year 1789, I paid for board and lodging, at one of the first houses, one guinea per week, and now I pay three guineas. The price at the livery stable for horse-keeping is one dollar per day for each horse.

"In this ancient town, once so Puritanical in its morals as to punish even the smallest deviation, are now two of the largest theatres in the United States, and the citizens have so far relaxed their former strictness of living that, could their old selectmen rise from their graves, they could hardly be persuaded that the present race were their descendants. The town has rapidly increased within these few years. Among their public buildings the new State House stands foremost. It is a very superb structure, and is said to have cost $140,000. From the dome you have a beautiful view of the surrounding country, with numerous villages and country seats, and vessels entering and leaving port. This beautiful building is erected on an eminence, in front of which is a large common, where there is a handsome mall, consisting of two straight walks of considerable length, well shaded by rows of large trees. From these walks you have a fine prospect of the river, and the State House appears at great advantage. In the room where the Representatives sit is suspended from the ceiling the neatly carved and gilded figure of a codfish, that the members may have in view the staple commodity of the country and never neglect the fisheries, — an intent similar to the woolsack on which the Speaker sits in the British House of Peers. The hospitality of the people of Boston is well known to all travelers who visit it properly introduced. The people of fashion live in a very handsome style, and are polite with but little ceremony. Among those from whom we received civilities were John C. Howard and Mr. Moreton, two gentlemen residing at their country seats near the village of Dorchester, and who gave us very handsome parties. In short, we passed upwards of a fortnight in Boston very agreeably, from which we made several excursions, one to visit the college in the village of Cambridge. Harvard College is one of the most ancient and respectable seminaries of education in the United States. They have an excellent library and a handsome collection of curiosities. We also visited the card factory, a few miles from Boston, where the whole process is performed by machinery, — the cutting the wire and forming the teeth, and even the placing them in the leather. There is a glass-house in the town of Boston, where they make very good window glass, but I understand it has not been profitable to its proprietors. There are many handsome rides near Boston, in one of which we passed over a very capital bridge, and, proceeding through Cambridge, returned by the way of Charlestown over another elegant bridge. While at

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Charlestown we visited the ground on Bunker Hill, where a very severe action was fought between the American and British troops at the commencement of the Revolution, and where the brave but unfortunate General Warren fell in defending the American works. At or near the spot where he fell a monument is erected to his memory by the society of Freemasons. Colonel Trumbull, an excellent American artist, has very handsomely delineated the action and death of Warren. . . . Among the curiosities we saw at Boston was a beautiful African lion, eleven years old and very tame; the only one, I believe, that ever was seen in this part of the world."

Thirteen days, with brief sojourns on the route, were required, in that autumn of 1801, for Mr. Brisbane's journey in his own coach between Boston and New York. His longest stay was made at New Haven, where he copied these epitaphs, of some local fame, from the stone erected in 1657 to the memory of Theophilus Eaton, the first governor of New Haven colony: —

"Eaton, so famed, so wise, so meek, so just,
The Phœnix of our world here hides his dust.
This name forget New England never must."

"To attend you, sir, under these framéd stones,
Are come your honored son and daughter Jones,
On each hand to repose their weary bones."

What is now known as the Old Burying Ground at New Haven, but in 1801 recently laid out, seems to have impressed deeply Mr. Brisbane's fancy, as the following entry attests: —

"They have now a very handsome burial ground at a small distance from the town, laid out on a novel plan, with regular walks at right angles, the whole divided into small squares with low rails, and on the front of each square is painted the name of the proprietor. The walks are planted with Lombardy poplars and weeping willows, which give it the appearance of a grove. Through the trees are seen a number of elegant marble monuments. This place is well calculated to impress the mind of the gay and thoughtless with serious reflection."

At Greenwich, Conn., the tourist visited the scene of Putnam's too celebrated ride, — "certainly a very hazardous attempt, but greatly exaggerated by report." He arrived at New York on the 1st of November, 1801, taking "a very handsome suite of apartments in Cortlandt Street, near Broadway." Then follows a long chronicle of winter gayeties, — of routs, balls, concerts, plays, and dinner parties with the old Knickerbockers; pen sketches of scenes on lower Broadway, and of the fashionable groups that thronged the walks of the old Battery, while the band played, the stately ships went by, and the sun of a mild winter, "less severe than I have experienced in South Carolina," suffused the gay spectacle. Those days of social enjoyment sped swiftly by, and the next April found the traveler on a southward tour. We tarry with him at Philadelphia only long enough to quote his comparative view of New York and Quaker City ladies, as formed at a concert in Pennsylvania's chief city: —

"The ladies, many of them handsome, were dressed in Parisian style, and the scantiness and transparency of their drapery was scarcely sufficient to conceal their corporeal charms. In general the ladies of Philadelphia displayed more taste, and in my opinion were handsomer, than those of New York; but, at the same time, I believe rouge is much more used by the former than the latter, some of them evidently painting white as well as red."

We turn to another page of the faded journal to transcribe from the old Federalist's pen this sketch of the American Congress of the day: —

"I used daily to attend the debates, which were sometimes very violent. But

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the Democratic party generally succeeded in carrying their measures, notwithstanding the great preponderance of Federal abilities. They were much more numerous, and steadily adhered to their party. Bayard in the House of Representatives and Gouverneur Morris in the Senate, both Federalists, were the most powerful orators of Congress; but the ministerial party were deaf to every argument, and for some time in the House of Representatives they sat silent, not deigning to offer their sentiments, but, calling for the question, successfully opposed good sense and sound argument by dint of numbers."

It was in the autumn of the same year (1802), when homeward bound to South Carolina, that Mr. Brisbane again tarried at Washington, to visit "the President's palace." Is the satire on Jeffersonian simplicity conscious or unconscious in the passage that follows?

"We were shown the different apartments of this spacious and elegant building by his [President Jefferson's] Swiss servant, who sarcastically pointed out the old-fashioned and shattered furniture which, he said, was brought there by Mr. Adams, the late President, which certainly was not worth the expense of removal from Philadelphia, and differed widely from those articles introduced by the present occupant. Among other things we were shown the great mammoth cheese, weighing 1225 pounds, and which was presented to the President by a Democratic clergyman and his congregation in Massachusetts. When we saw it, a slice of upwards of 100 pounds had been cut out, and we readily accepted a small portion presented by the Swiss."

Mr. Brisbane's record of a visit to Mount Vernon in 1802, just before Mrs. Washington's death, may fitly close the selections from the journal: —

"We visited Mount Vernon, the seat of our late worthy President, General Washington, having a letter of introduction to his amiable relict. We were received with great politeness and attention. The family then at Mount Vernon consisted (besides the old lady) of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, — the first was General Washington's nephew, and his lady was a Miss Custis, a granddaughter of Mrs. Washington, — also Mrs. Lund Washington and George Washington Custis, the only grandson of the general's lady. We passed the day very agreeably, and were charmed with the polite attention of Mrs. Lewis, who, with her husband, seemed to take pleasure in showing us whatever was worth attention. In the evening we took leave, although very much pressed by the old lady to pass the night, but little thought, at parting, that the amiable mistress of this pleasant mansion was so soon to exchange this for a heavenly one. Three days after she was seized with a fatal illness, which quickly terminated her precious life at the good old age of threescore and ten years. She told us that she had not for several years been off the estate, and seemed to have no wish to live, but rather a desire to follow her late illustrious husband into the realms of bliss."

It is unfortunate for latter-day interest in Mr. Brisbane's portly manuscript that its narrative is overmuch personal, crowded with the small details of travel, and touching too lightly on the men and things characteristic of the times when it was written. Its beautifully penned pages and evidently veracious story supply us only here and there with glimpses of the sayings and doings of the ancestral life about which our generation finds it so interesting to read; and our fancy interlines the hundreds of pages in the beautiful folio with regrets for opportunities lost by the cultivated traveler, who, like many of our journalizing ancestors, wrote for himself, and not for posterity.

Clarence Deming.

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OVER THE TEACUPS.

X.

In my last report of our talks over the teacups I had something to say of the fondness of our people for titles. Where did the anti-republican, anti-democratic passion for swelling names come from, and how long has it been naturalized among us?

A striking instance of it occurred at about the end of the last century. It was at that time there appeared among us one of the most original and singular personages to whom America has given birth. Many of our company — many of my readers — are well acquainted with his name, and not wholly ignorant of his history. They will not object to learning some particulars relating to him, which, if not new to them, will be new to others into whose hands these pages may fall.

Timothy Dexter, the first claimant of a title of nobility among the people of the United States of America, was born in the town of Malden, near Boston. He served an apprenticeship as a leather-dresser, saved some money, got some more with his wife, began trading and speculating, and became at last rich, for those days. His most famous business enterprise was that of sending an invoice of warming-pans to the West Indies. A few tons of ice would have seemed to promise a better return; but in point of fact, he tells us, the warming-pans were found useful in the manufacture of sugar, and brought him in a handsome profit. His ambition rose with his fortune. He purchased a large and stately house in Newburyport, built by an old family connection of my own, and proceeded to embellish and furnish it according to the dictates of his taste and fancy. In the grounds about his house, he caused to be erected between forty and fifty wooden statues of great men and allegorical figures, together with four lions and one lamb. Among these images were two statues of Dexter himself, one of which held a label with a characteristic inscription. His house was ornamented with minarets, adorned with golden balls, and surmounted by a large gilt eagle. He equipped it with costly furniture, with paintings, and a library. He went so far as to procure the services of a poet laureate, whose business it seems to have been to sing his praises. Surrounded with splendors like these, the plain title of "Mr." Dexter would have been infinitely too mean and common. He therefore boldly took the step of self-ennobling, and gave himself forth — as he said, obeying "the voice of the peopel at large" — as "Lord Timothy Dexter," by which appellation he has ever since been known to the American public.

If to be the pioneer in the introduction of Old World titles into republican America can confer a claim to be remembered by posterity, Lord Timothy Dexter has a right to historic immortality. If the true American spirit shows itself most clearly in boundless self-assertion, Timothy Dexter is the great original American egotist. If to throw off the shackles of Old World pedantry, and defy the paltry rules and examples of grammarians and rhetoricians, is the special province and the chartered privilege of the American writer, Timothy Dexter is the founder of a new school, which tramples underfoot the conventionalities that hampered and subjugated the faculties of the poets, the dramatists, the historians, essayists, story-tellers, orators, of the worn-out races which have preceded the great American people.

The material traces of the first Ameri-

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can nobleman's existence have nearly disappeared. The house is, I think, still standing, but the statues, the minarets, the arches, and the memory of the great Lord Timothy Dexter live only in tradition, and in the work which he bequeathed to posterity, and of which I shall say a few words. It is unquestionably a thoroughly original production, and I fear that some readers may think I am trifling with them when I am quoting it literally. I am going to make a strong claim for Lord Timothy as against other candidates for a certain elevated position.

Thomas Jefferson is commonly recognized as the first to proclaim before the world the political independence of America. It is not so generally agreed upon as to who was the first to announce the literary emancipation of our country.

One of Mr. Emerson's biographers has claimed that his Phi Beta Kappa Oration was our Declaration of Literary Independence. But Mr. Emerson did not cut himself loose from all the traditions of Old World scholarship. He spelt his words correctly, he constructed his sentences grammatically. He adhered to the slavish rules of propriety, and observed the reticences which a traditional delicacy has considered inviolable in decent society, European and Oriental alike. When he wrote poetry, he commonly selected subjects which seemed adapted to poetical treatment, — apparently thinking that all things were not equally calculated to inspire the true poet's genius. Once, indeed, he ventured to refer to "the meal in the firkin, the milk in the pan," but he chiefly restricted himself to subjects such as a fastidious conventionalism would approve as having a certain fitness for poetical treatment. He was not always so careful as he might have been in the rhythm and rhyme of his verse, but in the main he recognized the old established laws which have been accepted as regulating both. In short, with all his originality, he worked in Old World harness, and cannot be considered as the creator of a truly American, self-governed, self-centred, absolutely independent style of thinking and writing, knowing no law but its own sovereign will and pleasure.

A stronger claim might be urged for Mr. Whitman. He takes into his hospitable vocabulary words which no English dictionary recognizes as belonging to the language, — words which will be looked for in vain outside of his own pages. He accepts as poetical subjects all things alike, common and unclean, without discrimination, miscellaneous as the contents of the great sheet which Peter saw let down from heaven. He carries the principle of republicanism through the whole world of created objects. He will "thread a thread through [his] poems," he tells us, "that no one thing in the universe is inferior to another thing." No man has ever asserted the surpassing dignity and importance of the American citizen so boldly and freely as Mr. Whitman. He calls himself "teacher of the unquenchable creed, namely, egotism." He begins one of his chants, "I celebrate myself," but he takes us all in as partners in his self-glorification. He believes in America as the new Eden.

> "A world primal again, — vistas of glory incessant and branching,
> A new race dominating previous ones and grander far,
> New politics — new literature and religions — new inventions and arts."

Of the new literature he himself has furnished specimens which certainly have all the originality he can claim for them. So far as egotism is concerned, he was clearly anticipated by the titled personage to whom I have referred, who says of himself, "I am the first in the East, the first in the West, and the greatest philosopher in the Western world." But while Mr. Whitman divests himself of the common title of the adult male

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American citizen, the distinguished New Englander thus announces his proud position: "Ime the first Lord in the younited States of A mercary Now of Newburyport it is the voice of the peopel and I cant Help it." This extract is from his famous little book called "A Pickle for the Knowing Ones." As an inventor of a new American style he goes far beyond Mr. Whitman, who, to be sure, cares little for the dictionary, and makes his own rules of rhythm, so far as there is any rhythm in his sentences. But Lord Timothy spells to suit himself, and, in place of employing punctuation as it is commonly used, prints a separate page of periods, colons, semicolons, commas, notes of interrogation and of admiration, with which the reader is requested to "peper and soolt" the book as he pleases.

I am afraid that Mr. Emerson and Mr. Whitman must yield the claim of declaring American literary independence to Lord Timothy Dexter, who not only taught his countrymen that they need not go to the Herald's College to authenticate their titles of nobility, but also that they were at perfect liberty to spell just as they liked, and to write without troubling themselves about stops of any kind. In writing what I suppose he intended for poetry, he did not even take the pains to break up his lines into lengths to make them look like verse, as may be seen by the following specimen: —

WONDER OF WONDERS!

How great the soul is! Do not you all wonder and admire to see and behold and hear? Can you all believe half the truth, and admire to hear the wonders how great the soul is — only behold — past finding out! Only see how large the soul is! that if a man is drowned in the sea what a great bubble comes up out of the top of the water. . . . The bubble is the soul.

I confess that I am not in sympathy with some of the movements that accompany the manifestations of American social and literary independence. I do not like the assumption of titles of Lords and Knights by plain citizens of a country which prides itself on recognizing simple manhood and womanhood as sufficiently entitled to respect without these unnecessary additions. I do not like any better the familiar, and as it seems to me rude, way of speaking of our fellow-citizens who are entitled to the common courtesies of civilized society. I never thought it dignified or even proper for a President of the United States to call himself, or to be called by others, "Frank" Pierce. In the first place, I had to look in a biographical dictionary to find out whether his baptismal name was Franklin, or Francis, or simply Frank, for I think children are sometimes christened with this abbreviated name. But it is too much in the style of Cowper's unpleasant acquaintance: —

"The man who hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumping on your back
How he esteems your merit."

I should not like to hear our past chief magistrates spoken of as Jack Adams or Jim Madison, and it would have been only as a political partisan that I should have reconciled myself to "Tom" Jefferson. So, in spite of "Ben" Jonson, "Tom" Moore, and "Jack" Sheppard, I prefer to speak of a fellow-citizen already venerable by his years, entitled to respect by useful services to his country, and recognized by many as the prophet of a new poetical dispensation, with the customary title of adults rather than by the free and easy school-boy abbreviation with which he introduced himself many years ago to the public. As for his rhapsodies, Number Seven, our "cracked Teacup," says they sound to him like "fugues played upon a big organ which has been struck by lightning." So far as concerns literary independence, if we understand by that term the getting rid of our subjection to British criticism, such as it was in the days when

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the question was asked, "Who reads an American book?" we may consider it pretty well established. If it means dispensing with punctuation, coining words at will, self-revelation unrestrained by a sense of what is decorous, declamations in which everything is glorified without being idealized, "poetry" in which the reader must make the rhythms which the poet has not made for him, then I think we had better continue literary colonists. I shrink from a lawless independence to which all the virile energy and trampling audacity of Mr. Whitman fail to reconcile me. But there is room for everybody and everything in our huge hemisphere. Young America is like a three-year-old colt with his saddle and bridle just taken off. The first thing he wants to do is to *roll*. He is a droll object, sprawling in the grass with his four hoofs in the air; but he likes it, and it won't harm us. So let him roll, — let him roll!

Of all The Teacups around our table, Number Five is the one who is the object of the greatest interest. Everybody wants to be her friend, and she has room enough in her hospitable nature to find a place for every one who is worthy of the privilege. The difficulty is that it is so hard to be her friend without becoming her lover. I have said before that she turns the subjects of her Circe-like enchantment, not into swine, but into lambs. The Professor and I move round among her lambs, the docile and amiable flock that come and go at her bidding, that follow her footsteps, and are content to live in the sunshine of her smile and within reach of the music of her voice. I like to get her away from their amiable bleatings; I love to talk with her about life, of which she has seen a great deal, for she knows what it is to be an idol in society and the centre of her social circle. It might be a question whether women or men most admire and love her. With her own sex she is always helpful, sympathizing, tender, charitable, sharing their griefs as well as taking part in their pleasures. With men it has seemed to make little difference whether they were young or old: all have found her the same sweet, generous, unaffected companion; fresh enough in feeling for the youngest, deep enough in the wisdom of the heart for the oldest. She does not pretend to be youthful, nor does she trouble herself that she has seen the roses of more Junes than many of the younger women who gather round her. She has not had to say,

Comme je regrette
Mon bras si dodu,

for her arm has never lost its roundness, and her face is one of those that cannot be cheated of their charm even if they live long enough to look upon the grown-up grandchildren of their coevals.

It is a wonder how Number Five can find the time to be so much to so many friends of both sexes, in spite of the fact that she is one of the most insatiable of readers. She not only reads, but she remembers; she not only remembers, but she records, for her own use and pleasure, and for the delight and profit of those who are privileged to look over her note-books. Number Five, as I think I have said before, has not the ambition to figure as an authoress. That she could write most agreeably is certain. I have seen letters of hers to friends which prove that clearly enough. Whether she would find prose or verse the most natural mode of expression I cannot say, but I know she is passionately fond of poetry, and I should not be surprised if, laid away among the pressed pansies and roses of past summers, there were poems, — songs, perhaps, of her own, which she sings to herself with her fingers touching the piano; for to that she tells her secrets in tones sweet as the ring-dove's call to her mate.

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I am afraid it may be suggested that I am drawing Number Five's portrait too nearly after some model who is unconsciously sitting for it; but have n't I told you that you must not look for flesh and blood personalities behind or beneath my Teacups? I am not going to make these so lifelike that you will be saying, This is Mr., or Miss, or Mrs. So-and-So. My readers must remember that there are very many pretty, sweet, amiable girls and women sitting at their pianos, and finding chords to the music of their heart-strings. If I have pictured Number Five as one of her lambs might do it, I have succeeded in what I wanted to accomplish. Why don't I describe her person? If I do, some gossip or other will be sure to say, "Oh, he means *her*, of course," and find a name to match the pronoun.

It is strange to see how we are all coming to depend upon the friendly aid of Number Five in our various perplexities. The Counsellor asked her opinion in one of those cases where a divorce was too probable, but a reconciliation was possible. It takes a woman to sound a woman's heart, and she found there was still love enough under the ruffled waters to warrant the hope of peace and tranquillity. The young Doctor went to her for counsel in the case of a hysteric girl possessed with the idea that she was a born poetess, and covering whole pages of foolscap with senseless outbursts, which she wrote in paroxysms of wild excitement, and read with a rapture of self-admiration which there was nothing in her verses to justify or account for. How sweetly Number Five dealt with that poor deluded sister in her talk with the Doctor! "Yes," she said to him, "nothing can be fuller of vanity, self-worship, and self-deception. But we must be very gentle with her. I knew a young girl tormented with aspirations, and possessed by a belief that she was meant for a higher place than that which fate had assigned her, who needed wholesome advice, just as this poor young thing does. She did not ask for it, and it was not offered. Alas, alas! 'no man cared for her soul,' — no man nor woman either. She was in her early teens, and the thought of her earthly future, as it stretched out before her, was more than she could bear, and she sought the presence of her Maker to ask the meaning of her abortive existence. — We will talk it over. I will help you take care of this child."

The Doctor was thankful to have her assistance in a case with which he would have found it difficult to deal if he had been left to his unaided judgment, and between them the young girl was safely piloted through the perilous straits in which she came near shipwreck.

I know that it is commonly said of her that every male friend of hers must become her lover unless he is already lassoed by another. *Il faut passer par là.* The young Doctor is, I think, safe, for I am convinced that he is bewitched with Delilah. Since she has left us he has seemed rather dejected; I feel sure that he misses her. We all do, but he more seriously than the rest of us. I have said that I cannot tell whether the Counsellor is to be counted as one of Number Five's lambs or not, but he evidently admires her, and if he is not fascinated looks as if he were very near that condition.

It was a more delicate matter about which the Tutor talked with her. Something which she had pleasantly said to him about the two Annexes led him to ask her, more or less seriously, it may be remembered, about the fitness of either of them to be the wife of a young man in his position. She talked so sensibly, as it seemed to him, about it that he continued the conversation, and, shy as he was, became quite easy and confidential in her company. The Tutor is not only a poet, but is a great reader of the poetry of many languages. It so

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happened that Number Five was puzzled, one day, in reading a sonnet of Petrarch, and had recourse to the Tutor to explain the difficult passage. She found him so thoroughly instructed, so clear, so much interested, so ready to impart knowledge, and so happy in his way of doing it that she asked him if he would not allow her the privilege of reading an Italian author under his guidance, now and then.

The Tutor found Number Five an apt scholar, and something more than that; for while, as a linguist, he was, of course, her master, her intelligent comments brought out the beauties of an author in a way to make the text seem like a different version. They did not always confine themselves to the book they were reading. Number Five showed some curiosity about the Tutor's relations with the two Annexes. She suggested whether it would not be well to ask one or both of them in to take part in their readings. The Tutor blushed and hesitated. "Perhaps *you* would like to ask one of them," said Number Five. "Which one shall it be?" "It makes no difference to me which," he answered, "but I do not see that we need either." Number Five did not press the matter further. So the young Tutor and Number Five read together pretty regularly, and came to depend upon their meeting over a book as one of their stated seasons of enjoyment. He is so many years younger than she is that I do not suppose he will have to pass *par là*, as most of her male friends have done. I tell her sometimes that she reminds me of my Alma Mater, always young, always fresh in her attractions, with her scholars all round her, many of them graduates, or to graduate sooner or later.

What do I mean by graduates? Why, that they have made love to her, and would be entitled to her diploma, if she gave a parchment to each one of them who had had the courage to face the inevitable. About the Counsellor I am, as I have said, in doubt. Who wrote that "I Like You and I Love You," which we found in the sugar-bowl the other day? Was it a graduate who had felt the "icy dagger," or only a candidate for graduation who was afraid of it? So completely does she subjugate those who come under her influence that I believe she looks upon it as a matter of course that the fateful question will certainly come, often after a brief acquaintance. She confessed as much to me, who am in her confidence, and not a candidate for graduation from her academy. Her graduates — her lambs I called them — are commonly faithful to her, and though now and then one may have gone off and sulked in solitude, most of them feel kindly to her, and to those who have shared the common fate of her suitors. I do really believe that some of them would be glad to see her captured by any one, if such there can be, who is worthy of her. She is the best of friends, they say, but can she *love* anybody, as so many other women do, or seem to? Why should n't our Musician, who is evidently fond of her company, and sings and plays duets with her, steal her heart as Piozzi stole that of the pretty and bright Mrs. Thrale, as so many music-teachers have run away with their pupils' hearts? At present she seems to be getting along very placidly and contentedly with her young friend the Tutor. There is something quite charming in their relations with each other. He knows many things she does not, for he is reckoned one of the most learned in his literary specialty of all the young men of his time; and it can be a question of only a few years when some first-class professorship will be offered him. She, on the other hand, has so much more experience, so much more practical wisdom, than he has that he consults her on many every-day questions, as he did, or made believe do, about that of making love to

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one of the two Annexes. I had thought, when we first sat round the tea-table, that she was good for the bit of romance I wanted; but since she has undertaken to be a kind of half-maternal friend to the young Tutor, I am afraid I shall have to give her up as the heroine of a romantic episode. It would be a pity if there were nothing to commend these papers to those who take up this periodical but essays, more or less significant, on subjects more or less interesting to the jaded and impatient readers of the numberless stories and entertaining articles which crowd the magazines of this prolific period. A whole year of a tea-table as large as ours without a single love passage in it would be discreditable to the company. We must find one, or make one, before the tea-things are taken away and the table is no longer spread.

The Dictator turns preacher.

We have so many light and playful talks over the teacups that some readers may be surprised to find us taking up the most serious and solemn subject which can occupy a human intelligence. The sudden appearance among our New England Protestants of the doctrine of purgatory as a possibility, or even probability, has startled the descendants of the Puritans. It has naturally led to a reconsideration of the doctrine of eternal punishment. It is on that subject that Number Five and I have talked together. I love to listen to her, for she talks from the promptings of a true woman's heart. I love to talk to her, for I learn my own thoughts better in that way than in any other. "*L'appétit vient en mangeant*," the French saying has it. "*L'esprit vient en causant;*" that is, if one can find the right persons to talk with.

The subject which has specially interested Number Five and myself, of late, was suggested to me in the following way.

Some two years ago I received a letter from a clergyman who bears by inheritance one of the most distinguished names which has done honor to the American "Orthodox" pulpit. This letter requested of me "a contribution to a proposed work which was to present in their own language the views of 'many men of many minds' on the subject of future punishment. It was in my mind to let the public hear not only from professional theologians, but from other professions, as from jurists on the alleged but disputed value of the hangman's whip overhanging the witness-box, and from physicians on the working of beliefs about the future life in the minds of the dangerously sick. And I could not help thinking what a good thing it would be to draw out [the present writer] upon his favorite borderland between the spiritual and the material." The communication came to me, as the writer reminds me in a recent letter, at a "painfully inopportune time," and though it was courteously answered, was not made the subject of a special reply.

This request confers upon me a certain right to express my opinion on this weighty subject without fear and without reproach even from those who might be ready to take offence at one of the laity for meddling with pulpit questions. It shows also that this is not a dead issue in our community, as some of the younger generation seem to think. There are some, there may be many, who would like to hear what impressions one has received on the subject referred to, after a long life in which he has heard and read a great deal about the matter. There is a certain gravity in the position of one who is, in the order of nature, very near the undiscovered country. A man who has passed his eighth decade feels as if he were already in the antechamber of the apartments which he may be called to occupy in the house of many mansions. His convictions regarding the future of our race are likely to be serious, and his expressions not lightly ut-

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tered. The question my correspondent suggests is a tremendous one. No other interest compares for one moment with that belonging to it. It is not only ourselves that it concerns, but all whom we love or ever have loved, all our human brotherhood, as well as our whole idea of the Being who made us and the relation in which He stands to his creatures. In attempting to answer my correspondent's question, I shall no doubt repeat many things I have said before in different forms, on different occasions. This is no more than every clergyman does habitually, and it would be hard if I could not have the same license which the professional preacher enjoys so fully.

Number Five and I have occasionally talked on religious questions, and discovered many points of agreement in our views. Both of us grew up under the old "Orthodox" or Calvinistic system of belief. Both of us accepted it in our early years as a part of our education. Our experience is a common one. William Cullen Bryant says of himself, "The Calvinistic system of divinity I adopted of course, as I heard nothing else taught from the pulpit, and supposed it to be the accepted belief of the religious world." But it was not the "five points" which remained in the young poet's memory and shaped his higher life. It was the influence of his mother that left its permanent impression after the questions and answers of the Assembly's Catechism had faded out, or remained in memory only as fossil survivors of an extinct or fast-disappearing theological formation. The important point for him, as for so many other children of Puritan descent, was not his father's creed, but his mother's character, precepts, and example. "She was a person," he says, "of excellent practical sense, of a quick and sensitive moral judgment, and had no patience with any form of deceit or duplicity. Her prompt condemnation of injustice, even in those instances in which it is tolerated by the world, made a strong impression upon me in early life; and if, in the discussion of public questions, I have in my riper age endeavored to keep in view the great rule of right without much regard to persons, it has been owing in a great degree to the force of her example, which taught me never to countenance a wrong because others did."

I have quoted this passage because it was an experience not wholly unlike my own, and in certain respects like that of Number Five. To grow up in a narrow creed and to grow out of it is a tremendous trial of one's nature. There is always a bond of fellowship between those who have been through such an ordeal.

The experiences we have had in common naturally lead us to talk over the theological questions which at this time are constantly presenting themselves to the public, not only in the books and papers expressly devoted to that class of subjects, but in many of the newspapers and popular periodicals, from the weeklies to the quarterlies. The pulpit used to lay down the law to the pews; at the present time, it is of more consequence what the pews think than what the minister does, for the obvious reason that the pews can change their minister, and often do, whereas the minister cannot change the pews, or can do so only to a very limited extent. The preacher's garment is cut according to the pattern of that of the hearers, for the most part. Thirty years ago, when I was writing in this magazine, I came in for a very pretty share of abuse, such as it was the fashion of that day, at least in certain quarters, to bestow upon those who were outside of the high-walled enclosures in which many persons, not naturally unamiable or exclusive, found themselves imprisoned. Since that time what changes have taken place! Who will believe that a well-behaved and reputable citizen could have been denounced as a "moral parricide," because he attacked

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some of the doctrines in which he was supposed to have been brought up? A single thought should have prevented the masked theologian who abused his incognito from using such libellous language.

Much, and in many families most, of the religious teaching of children is committed to the mother. The experience of William Cullen Bryant, which I have related in his own words, is that of many New England children. Now, the sternest dogmas that ever came from a soul cramped or palsied by an obsolete creed become wonderfully softened in passing between the lips of a mother. The cruel doctrine at which all but case-hardened "professionals" shudder comes out, as she teaches and illustrates it, as unlike its original as the milk which a peasant mother gives her babe is unlike the coarse food which furnishes her nourishment. The virus of a cursing creed is rendered comparatively harmless by the time it reaches the young sinner in the nursery. Its effects fall as far short of what might have been expected from its virulence as the pearly vaccine vesicle falls short of the terrors of the confluent small-pox. Controversialists should therefore be careful (for their own sakes, for they hurt nobody so much as themselves) how they use such terms as "parricide" as characterizing those who do not agree in all points with the fathers whom or whose memory they honor and venerate. They might with as much propriety call them matricides, if they did not agree with the milder teachings of their mothers. I can imagine Jonathan Edwards in the nursery with his three-year-old child upon his knee. The child looks up to his face and says to him, —

"Papa, nurse tells me that you say God hates me worse than He hates one of those horrid ugly snakes that crawl all round. Does God hate me so?"

"Alas! my child, it is but too true. So long as you are out of Christ you are as a viper, and worse than a viper, in his sight."

By and by, Mrs. Edwards, one of the loveliest of women and sweetest of mothers, comes into the nursery. The child is crying.

"What is the matter, my darling?"

"Papa has been telling me that God hates me worse than a snake."

Poor, gentle, poetical, sensitive, spiritual, almost celestial Mrs. Jonathan Edwards! On the one hand the terrible sentence conceived, written down, given to the press, by the child's father; on the other side the trusting child looking up at her, and all the mother pleading in her heart against the frightful dogma of her revered husband. Do you suppose she left that poison to rankle in the tender soul of her darling? Would it have been moral parricide for a son of the great divine to have repudiated the doctrine which degraded his blameless infancy to the condition and below the condition of the reptile? *Was* it parricide in the second or third degree when his descendant struck out that venomous sentence from the page in which it stood as a monument to what depth Christian heathenism could sink under the teaching of the great master of logic and spiritual inhumanity? It is too late to be angry about the abuse a well-meaning writer received thirty years ago. The whole atmosphere has changed since then. It is mere childishness to expect men to believe as their fathers did; that is, if they have any minds of their own. The world is a whole generation older and wiser than when the father was of his son's age.

So far as I have observed persons nearing the end of life, the Roman Catholics understand the business of dying better than Protestants. They have an expert by them, armed with spiritual specifics, in which they both, patient and priestly ministrant, place implicit trust. Confession, the Eucharist, Extreme Unction, — these all inspire a confidence

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which without this symbolism is too apt to be wanting in over-sensitive natures. They have been peopled in early years with ghastly spectres of avenging fiends, moving in a sleepless world of devouring flames and smothering exhalations; where nothing lives but the sinner, the fiends, and the reptiles who help to make life an unending torture. It is no wonder that these images sometimes return to the enfeebled intelligence. To exorcise them, the old Church of Christendom has her mystic formulæ, of which no rationalistic prescription can take the place. If Cowper had been a good Roman Catholic, instead of having his conscience handled by a Protestant like John Newton, he would not have died despairing, looking upon himself as a castaway. I have seen a good many Roman Catholics on their dying beds, and it always appeared to me that they accepted the inevitable with a composure which showed that their belief, whether or not the best to live by, was a better one to die by than most of the harder creeds which have replaced it.

In the more intelligent circles of American society one may question anything and everything, if he will only do it civilly. We may talk about eschatology, — the science of last things, — or, if you will, the natural history of the undiscovered country, without offence before anybody except young children and very old women of both sexes. In our New England, the great Andover discussion and the heretical missionary question have benumbed all sensibility on this subject as entirely, as completely, as the new local anæsthetic, cocaine, deadens the sensibility of the part to which it is applied, so that the eye may have its mote or beam plucked out without feeling it, — as the novels of Zola and Maupassant have hardened the delicate nerve-centres of the women who have fed their imaginations on the food they have furnished.

The generally professed belief of the Protestant world as embodied in their published creeds is that the great mass of mankind are destined to an eternity of suffering. That this eternity is to be one of bodily pain — of "torment" — is the literal teaching of Scripture, which has been literally interpreted by the theologians, the poets, and the artists of many long ages which followed the acceptance of the recorded legends of the church as infallible. The doctrine has always been recognized, as it is now, as a very terrible one. It has found a support in the story of the fall of man, and the view taken of the relation of man to his Maker since that event. The hatred of God to mankind in virtue of their "first disobedience" and inherited depravity is at the bottom of it. The extent to which that idea was carried is well shown in the expressions I have borrowed from Jonathan Edwards. According to his teaching, — and he was a reasoner who knew what he was talking about, what was involved in the promises of the faith he accepted, — man inherits the curse of God as his principal birthright.

What shall we say to the doctrine of the fall of man as the ground of inflicting endless misery on the human race? A man to be *punished* for what he could not help! He was expected to be called to account for Adam's sin. It is singular to notice that the reasoning of the wolf with the lamb should be transferred to the dealings of the Creator with his creatures. "You stirred the brook up and made my drinking-place muddy." "But, please your wolfship, I could n't do that, for I stirred the water far down the stream, — below your drinking-place." "Well, anyhow, your father troubled it a year or two ago, and that is the same thing." So the wolf falls upon the lamb and makes a meal of him. That is wolf logic, — and theological reasoning.

How shall we characterize the doctrine of endless torture as the destiny of

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most of those who have lived, and are living, on this planet? I prefer to let another writer speak of it. Mr. John Morley uses the following words: "The horrors of what is perhaps the most frightful idea that has ever corroded human character, — the idea of eternal punishment." Sismondi, the great historian, heard a sermon on eternal punishment, and vowed never again to enter another church holding the same creed. Romanism he considered a religion of mercy and peace by the side of what the English call the Reformation. — I mention these protests because I happen to find them among my notes, but it would be easy to accumulate examples of the same kind. When Cowper, at about the end of the last century, said satirically of the minister he was attacking,

"He never mentioned hell to ears polite,"

he was giving unconscious evidence that the sense of the barbarism of the idea was finding its way into the pulpit. When Burns, in the midst of the sulphurous orthodoxy of Scotland, dared to say,

"The fear o' hell 's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order,"

he was only appealing to the common sense and common humanity of his fellow-countrymen.

All the reasoning in the world, all the proof-texts in old manuscripts, cannot reconcile this supposition of a world of sleepless and endless torment with the declaration that "God is love."

Where did this "frightful idea" come from? We are surprised, as we grow older, to find that the legendary hell of the church is nothing more nor less than the Tartarus of the old heathen world. It has every mark of coming from the cruel heart of a barbarous despot. Some malignant and vindictive Sheik, some brutal Mezentius, must have sat for many pictures of the Divinity. It was not enough to kill his captive enemy, after torturing him as much as ingenuity could contrive to do it. He escaped at last by death, but his conqueror could not give him up so easily, and so his vengeance followed him into the unseen and unknown world. How the doctrine got in among the legends of the church we are no more bound to show than we are to account for the intercalation of the "three witnesses" text, or the false insertion, or false omission, whichever it may be, of the last fourteen verses of the Gospel of St. Mark. We do not hang our grandmothers now, as our ancestors did theirs, on the strength of the positive command, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

The simple truth is that civilization has outgrown witchcraft, and is outgrowing the Christian Tartarus. The pulpit no longer troubles itself about witches and their evil doings. All the legends in the world could not arrest the decay of that superstition and all the edicts that grew out of it. All the stories that can be found in old manuscripts will never prevent the going out of the fires of the legendary Inferno. It is not much talked about nowadays to ears polite or impolite. Humanity is shocked and repelled by it. The heart of woman is in unconquerable rebellion against it. The more humane sects tear it from their "Bodies of Divinity" as if it were the flaming sheet of Nessus. A few doctrines with which it was bound up have dropped or are dropping away from it: the primal curse; consequential damages to give infinite extension to every transgression of the law of God; inverting the natural order of the degree of responsibility; stretching the smallest of offences to the proportions of the infinite; making the babe in arms the responsible being, and not the parent who gave it birth and holds it.

After a doctrine like "the hangman's whip" has served its purpose, — if it ever had any useful purpose, — after a doctrine like that of witchcraft has

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hanged old women enough, civilization contrives to get rid of it. When we say that civilization crowds out the old superstitious legends, we recognize two chief causes. The first is the naked individual protest; the voice of the inspiration which giveth man understanding. This shows itself conspicuously in the modern poets. Burns in Scotland, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, in America, preached a new gospel to the successors of men like Thomas Boston and Jonathan Edwards. In due season, the growth of knowledge, chiefly under the form of that part of knowledge called science, so changes the view of the universe that many of its long-unchallenged legends become no more than nursery tales. The text-books of astronomy and geology work their way in between the questions and answers of the time-honored catechisms. The doctrine of evolution, so far as it is accepted, changes the whole relations of man to the creative power. It substitutes infinite hope in the place of infinite despair for the vast majority of mankind. Instead of a shipwreck, from which a few cabin passengers and others are to be saved in the long-boat, it gives mankind a vessel built to endure the tempests, and at last to reach a port where at the worst the passengers can find rest, and where they may hope for a home better than any which they ever had in their old country. It is all very well to say that men and women had their choice whether they would reach the safe harbor or not.

"Go to it grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry and a fig."

We know what the child will take. So which course we shall take depends very much on the way the choice is presented to us, and on what the chooser is by nature. What he is by nature is not determined by himself, but by his parentage. "They know not what they do." In one sense this is true of every human being. The agent does not know, never can know, what makes him that which he is. What we most want to ask of our Maker is an unfolding of the divine purpose in putting human beings into conditions in which such numbers of them would be sure to go wrong. We want an advocate of helpless humanity whose task it shall be, in the words of Milton,

"To justify the ways of God to man."

We have heard Milton's argument, but for the realization of his vision of the time

"When Hell itself shall pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day,"

our suffering race must wait in patience.

The greater part of the discourse the reader has had before him was delivered over the teacups one Sunday afternoon. The Mistress looked rather grave, as if doubtful whether she ought not to signify her disapprobation of what seemed to her dangerous doctrine. However, as she knew that I was a good churchgoer and was on the best terms with her minister, she said nothing to show that she had taken the alarm. Number Five listened approvingly. We had talked the question over well, and were perfectly agreed on the main point. How could it be otherwise? Do you suppose that any intellectual, spiritual woman, with a heart under her bodice, can for a moment seriously believe that the greater number of the high-minded men, the noble and lovely women, the ingenuous and affectionate children, whom she knows and honors or loves, are to be handed over to the experts in a great torture-chamber, in company with the vilest creatures that have once worn human shape?

"If there is such a world as used to be talked about from the pulpit, you may depend upon it," she said to me once, "there will soon be organized a Humane Society in heaven, and a

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mission established among 'the spirits in prison.'"

Number Five is a regular church-goer, as I am. I do not believe either of us would darken the doors of a church if we were likely to hear any of the "old-fashioned" sermons, such as I used to listen to in former years from a noted clergyman whose specialty was the doctrine of eternal punishment. But you may go to the churches of almost any of our Protestant denominations and hear sermons by which you can profit, because the ministers are generally good men, whose moral and spiritual natures are above the average, and who know that the harsh preaching of two or three generations ago would offend and alienate a large part of their audience. So neither Number Five nor I are hypocrites in attending church or "going to meeting." I am afraid it does not make a great deal of difference to either of us what may be the established creed of the worshipping assembly. That is a matter of great interest, perhaps of great importance, to them, but of much less, comparatively, to us. Companionship in worship, and sitting quiet for an hour while a trained speaker, presumably somewhat better than we are, stirs up our spiritual nature, — these are reasons enough to Number Five, as to me, for regular attendance on divine worship.

Number Seven is of a different way of thinking and feeling. He insists upon it that the churches keep in their confessions of faith statements which they do not believe, and that it is notorious that they are afraid to meddle with them. The Anglo-American church has dropped the Athanasian Creed from its service; the English mother church is afraid to. There are plenty of Universalists, Number Seven says, in the Episcopalian and other Protestant churches, but they do not avow their belief in any frank and candid fashion. The churches know very well, he maintains, that the fear of everlasting punishment more than any or all other motives is the source of their power and the support of their organizations. Not only are the fears of mankind the whip to scourge and the bridle to restrain them, but they are the basis of an almost incalculable material interest. "Talk about giving up the doctrine of endless punishment by fire!" exclaimed Number Seven; "there is more capital embarked in the subterranean fire-chambers than in all the iron-furnaces on the face of the earth. To think what an army of clerical beggars would be turned loose on the world, if once those raging flames were allowed to go out or to calm down! Who can wonder that the old conservatives draw back startled and almost frightened at the thought that there may be a possible escape for some victims whom the Devil was thought to have secured? How many more generations will pass before Milton's alarming prophecy will find itself realized in the belief of civilized mankind?"

Remember that Number Seven is called a "crank" by many persons, and take his remarks for just what they are worth, and no more.

Out of the preceding conversation must have originated the following poem, which was found in the common receptacle of these versified contributions: —

TARTARUS.

While in my simple gospel creed
That "God is love" so plain I read,
Shall dreams of heathen birth affright
My pathway through the coming night?
Ah, Lord of life, though spectres pale
Fill with their threats the shadowy vale,
With Thee my faltering steps to aid,
How can I dare to be afraid?

Shall mouldering page or fading scroll
Outface the charter of the soul?
Shall priesthood's palsied arm protect
The wrong our human hearts reject,
And smite the lips whose shuddering cry
Proclaims a cruel creed a lie?
The wizard's rope we disallow
Was justice once, — is murder now!

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Is there a world of blank despair,
And dwells the Omnipresent there ?
Does He behold with smile serene
The shows of that unending scene,
Where sleepless, hopeless anguish lies,
And, ever dying, never dies ?
Say, does He hear the sufferer's groan,
And is that child of wrath his own ?

O mortal, wavering in thy trust,
Lift thy pale forehead from the dust !
The mists that cloud thy darkened eyes
Fade ere they reach the o'erarching skies !
When the blind heralds of despair
Would bid thee doubt a Father's care,
Look up from earth, and read above
On heaven's blue tablet, GOD IS LOVE !

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

CONSOLATION.

IN the thirteenth chapter of the second book of Dante's Convito, or Invitation, to the study of divine philosophy occurs this passage : —

" When first I lost the chief delight of my soul, my Beatrice, I was penetrated by so deep a sadness that no comfort at all availed me. But after a certain time, when I had striven to reason my spirit into health, yet found no solace either without or within, I bethought me of resorting to the methods which other forlorn ones had employed, and I read that book, not known to many, in which Boethius, an exile and in prison, had found for himself consolation."

The poet goes on to tell us that, owing partly to his then imperfect knowledge of Latin, he received from that first reading only a dim and dreamy apprehension of the meaning of Boethius ; but later, when, after his own political misfortunes, he returned to the book, and gave it that careful study which is evinced by the frequency with which it is quoted in the Convito, he may well have been heart-struck by the identity, in all times and places, of human anguish, and the poignant applicability to his own case of many of the brave counsels of the Roman patrician. We have but to turn one more leaf of the Convito, and we light upon an affecting passage, whereby the subtle and difficult treatise in question still holds on to the heart and memory of men : —

" By the good pleasure of the citizens of the fairest and most famous daughter of Rome, — of Florence, I say, where I was born, and where I was nourished until the meridian of life ; where, too, my heart's desire would be to dwell in peace with her sons, and so rest my weary soul and finish the time appointed me, — now a pilgrim and a mendicant, showing my wounds against my will, . . . I have wandered wherever this Italian tongue is spoken. I have drifted as a bark without sail or pilot, at the *will of the dry wind of dolorous poverty.*"

We shall see, when we come to consider for ourselves the Consolation of Philosophy, that Dante frankly adopted the plan of the book — that of prose meditations, interspersed with metric hymns — both in the Vita Nuova and the Convito ; as Boethius, in his turn, had borrowed much from Seneca. Meanwhile, it seems a little strange that Dante should have spoken of the Consolation as known to few, since its influence on the thought and philosophy of the Middle Ages had been immense. Long before the time of the great Florentine, King Alfred of England had translated the Consolation into the Anglo-Saxon tongue, and Notker, a pious monk of the abbey of St. Gall, had rendered some portions of it into the barbarous German of the tenth century ; Jean de Meung, at the command of Philip the Fair, translated it into the French of his

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period, and Dante's own teacher, Brunetto Latino, turned it into the Italian vulgate. In England, a little later than Dante's time, first Chaucer and then Lydgate made versions of the entire book; Margaret Roper is represented, in a picture of Sir Thomas More by Holbein, as coming with the Consolation of Philosophy in her hand to minister to her father in prison; and, finally, Queen Elizabeth, with the faint touch of absurdity which can hardly be disassociated from her greatness, executed a translation with her own royal hand by way of comforting herself for the final conversion to Catholicism of Henry IV. of France. No writer ever had the fortune to find more distinguished commentators than Boethius, and nothing could be more interesting than to compare these memorable personages among themselves, with a view to discovering that common quality of them all to which the work of the last of the great Latin writers appealed so powerfully. But such an essay, however fascinating, would lead us too far from our present concern, which is with the man himself and the contents of his imperishable book.

Boethius was born, according to the best authorities, in 480, in the same year with St. Benedict, and with his own friend, the statesman and historian Cassiodorus. Anicius Manlius Severinus Boethius was his imposing style in full; and the first of these names, which marked the *gens*, or great family, to which he belonged, was one so renowned that even Emperors had coveted and assumed it without right, while the poet Claudian says, in his hyperbolical fashion, that every individual of that stock will be found to have sprung from a consul. Such was indeed the illustrious rank of the father and grandfather of Boethius, his own and that of his two sons. When little more than an infant, he was left an orphan, and inherited an immense estate; his principal guardian, Quintus Aurelius Memmius Symmachus, whose daughter he was to marry, and whose fate was tragically bound up with his own, being a direct descendant of the great pagan prefect and consular, Symmachus, who had done such brave battle only a hundred years before for the altar and statue of Victory. Now the men who bore the name of Symmachus were all nominal Christians, as the chief representatives of the Anicii had long been; but Roman pride and a passionate attachment to the old Roman civic traditions were equally inherent in the genius and inwrought with the culture of both races.

Even in boyhood Boethius displayed a brilliant aptitude for almost every branch of learning. Whether or no, as some have thought, he went to study in the schools of Athens, he certainly made himself master, at an astonishingly early age, of the whole range both of Greek and Roman letters. Nothing came amiss to him, — philosophy, theology, astronomy, music, mathematics, or mechanics.

The Pannonian soldier of fortune, Odoacer, during whose reign the father of Boethius was consul, had been conquered, superseded, and subsequently murdered by the great Theodoric, when the boy was thirteen. Some ten years later, we find Cassiodorus, now the prime minister of Theodoric, appealing in his master's name to Boethius as an authority on the most sympathetic of the arts.

"The king of the Franks," this letter runs, — and it is the renowned Clovis who is meant, — "attracted by the fame of our entertainments, has sent us a most pressing request for a harper, and our only hope of fulfilling his order lies in yourself, who are known to be so profoundly skilled in musical science." Cassiodorus then proceeds to show, in his own pompous and long-winded fashion, that he, too, understands something of the matter, and he indulges in a rather trite disquisition on the peculiarities of Dorian, Phrygian, Ionian, Ætolian, and Lydian measures, with lavish use of those technical musical terms

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which proved a man *knowing* in his day. "I have allowed myself," he winds up by saying, "this agreeable digression, because it is always so pleasant to discuss any branch of learning with a man who is accomplished in it. To return to the subject of the harper, pray use your utmost skill in selecting him, and let him be the best of our time. His task will resemble that of Orpheus. He will have to subdue the wild hearts of the barbarians by concord of sweet sounds."

"You, meanwhile" (here Cassiodorus resumes the imperial manner), "will earn our gratitude and be suitably rewarded. Rest assured that your obedience to our behests will redound to your own honor."

The harper was duly found, but an altered tone is not unnaturally adopted toward the formidable Clovis himself in the letter in which the statesman, still writing in his royal master's name, presents the musician to the king: —

"Your safety is our glory, your prosperity the best thing that can happen to the kingdom of Italy.

"We have been at great pains to secure an accomplished harper, destined for your service, who may amuse your glorious reign by the harmony of his voice and fingers. We trust that the man selected will meet your earnestly expressed requirements and prove altogether satisfactory."

There is no clear indication as to the date of another letter, in which Boethius is commanded, from the same august source, to procure a water-clock and a sun-dial for the king of the Burgundians. It is probable, however, that this also belongs to the same early period, before the young nobleman had quitted his peaceful and splendid library for the perils of public life, and it is interesting from the list it contains of the literary tasks which he had already accomplished.

"What is an every-day matter to ourselves will seem a miracle to them" (the Burgundians), "and very naturally they desire a sight of those marvels of which their ambassadors have given them so amazing an account. Now, we have been credibly informed of your own deep erudition in such matters, and that where the vulgar do but ignorantly dabble you have drunk at the very fountain of knowledge. You are thoroughly versed in Greek philosophy, and through the medium of your versions both Pythagoras the musician and Ptolemy the astronomer have been introduced to the men of Italy. You have also translated the works of Nicomachus the mathematician, Euclid the geometrician, Plato the theologian, and Aristotle the logician, and the great mechanician Archimedes you have turned into Latin for the benefit of his own Sicilians."

Here is a vast amount of important work to have been achieved by a young man of twenty-five, and especially by a youth of leisure and fortune, even though we refer to a somewhat later date the whole of his original writing, — the theological treatises which are now known to have been his, and that bucolic poem which the fine music of some of the metrical numbers of the Consolation inclines us to regret so keenly. It is also curious to note this one great writer of the chaotic sixth century as illustrating the observation that the masters of a specially forcible, original style (George Eliot is one of the most distinguished instances) have often served a long apprenticeship at translation before attempting anything of their own.

Whether it would have been better for his own soul and for the world if Boethius had been left to labor on in that study of his, "finished in ivory and decorated with crystal," who shall say? He was not to be so left. The public honors foreshadowed in the first of the letters quoted above were not slow to arrive. These were the great days of Theodoric, now firmly seated in the fair palace at Ravenna. The Amal prince had proved himself equal to his

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great fortune; the powers of his own mind were fully ripe, and not the faintest symptom had as yet appeared of that reaction toward barbarism which was to deface the closing scenes of his brilliant career. Italy, so long distracted, was appeased and almost prosperous, and it was an essential part of the broad and sagacious policy of the Ostrogothic ruler to make the ancient civilization tributary to the new life, conciliating and attaching to himself by all honorable means the senatorial party in Rome, and especially the more distant and indomitable spirits among the Roman aristocracy. It was thus that the father of Boethius's heroic wife, Symmachus, a man of the noblest character, great learning, and extensive charities, was made prefect of the city. He also enjoyed, by virtue of seniority, we do not know for how long a time before his judicial murder, the dignity of Head of the Senate, a position somewhat like that of a Dean of Legation, but more nearly corresponding to the unofficial rank of the Father of the House of Commons. He had been consul under Odoacer, as had the elder Boethius; and our Boethius was himself made consul during the year 510, his own thirty-first.

For this all-gifted and so far all-fortunate man the succeeding decade was one of unexampled worldly splendor and prosperity, of happiness at home and honor abroad, that seemed without a flaw. In 522, during a visit of Theodoric to Rome, the two sons of Boethius, namesakes of himself and his illustrious father-in-law, but still mere boys, each received the honorary title of consul; and the proud father arose from his place between them in the Senate, and welcomed the Gothic king to the Eternal City in a glowing panegyric. For this he was rewarded, in September of the same year, by receiving an appointment to the distinguished post of master of the offices.

But the jealous gods of the old dispensation, the jealous men of every dispensation, could endure no more. A buzz of malicious whispering rose around the ears of Theodoric, whose own clairvoyant spirit was already invaded by a fatal shadow, who was losing his marvelous powers of discernment and self-control, in whose brain throbbed the confusion of that incipient madness which was, in truth, the beginning of the end. He was made to believe that the Roman Senate in general despised him for an outer barbarian, was weary of his rule, disloyal to his person, and, in short, already intriguing with the Emperor at Constantinople to come with an army and reclaim the kingdom of Italy.

After the general charges came the specific ones, of whose nature we know more from the pages of Boethius himself than from any other source. The best man in the world can hardly be expected to make a perfectly unbiased statement of his own case, especially under such aggravated circumstances. It is, therefore, satisfactory to know that the indignant defense of Boethius is strengthened, upon the whole, by all that can be gathered from other original authorities: a few paragraphs, namely, out of that chronicler who is known as the Anonymus Valesii, a few words from the recently discovered Anecdoton Holderi. Cassiodorus, the prolific writer, the wise and learned but also the timid and time-serving man, avoids all mention of the affair, and his reticence tells in favor of Boethius; for he was the faithful minister and unflinching apologist of Theodoric and the whole Ostrogothic line, and if there had been anything to be said in his master's behalf concerning the most deplorable act of his life, we may be sure that Cassiodorus would have said it with interminable iteration. The bare facts appear to have been these: Albinus, a senator, was accused before Theodoric, then presiding over the high court of justice at Verona, by Cyprian, an officer of great

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consequence under the king, of treasonable correspondence with Constantinople. Boethius, who, like the accused, was evidently present upon the spot, stepped forward with impulsive generosity and denied the charge. "If Albinus be guilty," were his words, "I and the whole Senate are equally so." "They *are* all guilty," was the retort of the informer, "and Boethius as much as anybody."

The rage of the king knew no bounds, but he must have dissembled it at first, for the whole court appears to have started for the south in company. At Ticinum, however, near the modern Pavia, Albinus and Boethius were arrested in the sacristy of a church. The former may have been put to death at once, for we hear of him no more; but Boethius was thrust into a certain strong tower, where he lived immured for nearly a twelvemonth longer. He was never allowed a hearing, but sentence against him was extorted by Theodoric both from the prefect of Ticinum and the subservient Senate at Rome. Thus the last bitter drop was added to the cup of his humiliation, the last and most stinging impulse given to his precipitous plunge from so giddy a height into the lowest abyss of temporal disaster. He was betrayed by his own order, and basely handed over to the mercies of an insane barbarian by the very men whom he had staked his honor to defend.

Let us now visit him in prison, and see how he gathered himself up after so ghastly a reverse, and from what source he drew the fortitude which enabled him to go down into the dark valley, as a good man may, with head erect and unhesitating footsteps.

The Consolation of Philosophy opens with a plaintive song, of which the central thought is expressed in that solemn Greek proverb, "Let no man be called happy till his death." "But while I pondered these things in silence," the captive goes on to say, "inditing with a stylus my sorrowful complaint, all at once I seemed to see, towering above me, a woman of awful aspect. Fire was in her eyes and a superhuman clearness; and albeit she was full of years, insomuch that none could have deemed her a child of the present age, yet did the strength of her coloring testify to an inexhaustible vigor. Her stature appeared to vary. Now it conformed to the common measure of mankind, and anon it expanded until her head appeared to touch the sky. Yea, sometimes that head did penetrate the very heavens, and was lost to the eager gaze of men. Her garments were very fine and sheer, delicately wrought, and yet indestructibly strong; and I learned from her afterward that her own hands had woven them. Stains of age and neglect, such as we see in discolored statues, did somewhat mar the beauty of these robes, on whose lower hem was embroidered the Greek letter Π, and on the upper edge a Θ.[1] Between these two characters there were traces of a design running up like a stairway from the one to the other. I saw, too, that rude hands had rent this wonderful vesture, and even carried shreds of it away. There were books in her right hand, and in her left a sceptre. And when she perceived that the Muses were lingering beside my couch, and encouraging me to bewail my griefs in song, she was moved from her wonted calm, and an angry light shone in her eyes. 'Who summoned unto an ailing soul these theatrical jades?'[2] she cried. 'They cannot cure his pain. Their poisonous balms will but aggravate it. These are they who plant their sterile thorns so as to choke the rich harvest of right reason. They can but accustom the mind of a man to suffering, but heal it, never!'"

Electrified by these words, Boethius

[1] Standing for Practical and Theoretical Wisdom.

[2] Philosophy permits herself the use of a much more injurious epithet.

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lifts his eyes, and endeavors to shake off his deepening lethargy. The mist clears from his brain; he recognizes the nurse of his infancy, the mistress whom, in happier times, he had delighted to serve, Philosophy. "Why art thou come from heaven to me?" is his first dreamy inquiry; and her indignant yet inspiring answer, "Could I desert my disciple, and suffer him to bear alone the burden with which he has been laden for my sake? Is calumny, then, a new thing to me, and shall Philosophy forsake the footsteps of the innocent?" Then she bids him state his case to her, and he complies curtly and disdainfully, not without passionate invective against the scoundrels who have betrayed him. But first there is a brief musical interlude, and Philosophy no longer derides her patient's numbers, when he takes up this manlier strain: —

"Now breaks the cloud above my darkened brain,
My sight returns again;
As when a rainy gale hath blown all night,
Quenching the planets' light,
Morn brings no sunrise, evening falls or e'er
The stars of eve draw near; —
If the clear wind of Thrace do but arouse
Him from his cavernous house,
The scourgèd shadows flee away; we see
Imprisoned day set free;
And glorious Phœbus comes with sudden blaze,
To smite the enraptured gaze."

The defense of Boethius before his heavenly visitant would certainly have amounted to little at any human tribunal. It is too fiery and too fragmentary. He will not stoop to justify himself, even to himself, in a formal and explicit manner; and it is safe to say that if he had employed counsel, any good lawyer would forcibly have restrained him from telling his tale in this wise: —

"Thou askest, in fine, of what crime I am accused. Of endeavoring to secure the safety of the Senate! But how? They pretend that I hindered an informer from producing certain documents which would have involved the whole body in a suspicion of treason. What sayest thou, my mistress? Shall I deny the charge for fear of bringing disgrace upon thee? But I did desire to save the Senate, and shall never cease to do so! Shall I confess? Could I even admit that it is a crime to have desired the Senate's safety? That would indeed be playing the informer's game! Certainly they have done all they could, by their late decrees against myself, to make it one. But no amount of folly and deceit on the part of individuals can alter the essential rights of things, and there is a precept of Socrates which forbids me either to conceal the truth or to profess a lie.

"So then I submit the question to thy judgment, and to that of all wise men. I have made from memory, for the benefit of posterity, a true statement in writing of the whole course of the affair. As for those forged letters by which they pretend to prove that I desired the reëstablishment of Roman independence, I scorn to mention them. I could fully have exposed the fraud, had I been permitted the usual means of defense. I could have confounded my accusers out of their own mouth, a species of testimony which has ever been held conclusive. And indeed what liberty is there yet to hope for? I only wish there were any! I could have answered the king in the words of Canius, when accused by Caius Cæsar, the son of Germanicus, 'Had I known of such a conspiracy, you never should!'"

It has been thought by some even of the warm admirers of Boethius [1] that in

[1] Mr. Hodgkin, among the rest, fetches an ominous sigh over the flimsy nature of the philosopher's defense. There is, however, much ingenuity, and I am inclined to think much plausibility, in the suggestion which the historian offers, that Boethius may have been a stickler for the point that Roman senators, falling under any sort of accusation, should have the right to be tried at New Rome, by a council of the Roman Empire, and not at the itinerant

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this passage he came near to criminating himself. I do not think so. It seems to me, like his impulsive identification of himself with Albinus on the first accusation, to reveal in every line the careless rectitude of a rash and generous but haughty nature, too contemptuous, for its own security in this world (where, after all, there is no security), of ordinary precautions. For the rest, Boethius appeals to Philosophy, not to screen him from danger, but to prepare him for the worst; and he bows with all humility when she proceeds to rebuke him for those doubts concerning the moral government of the world which the flagrant injustice of his case had excited, and which had found their first expression in these melancholy lines: —

"O Framer of the jeweled sphere,
Who, firm on Thy eternal throne,
Dost urge the swift-revolving year,
The stars compel Thy laws to own, —
The stars that hide their lesser light
When Luna, with her horns full grown,
Reflects her brother's glories bright;
Paling, she too, when he draws nigh,
In his great fires extinguished quite: —
As Hesper up the evening sky
Leads the cold planets, but to fling
Their wonted leash aside, and fly
At Phœbus' bright awakening.
Thou who dost veil in vapors chill
The season of the leaf-dropping,
With its brief days, rekindling still
The fires of summer, making fleet
The lessening nights, — all do Thy will:
The year obeys Thee on Thy seat;
The leaves that Boreas bore amain
Return once more with zephyr sweet;
Arcturus tells the unsown grain,
And Sirius burns the waving gold.
The task Thy ancient laws ordain,
All do, — the allotted station hold:
Man's work alone dost thou despise,
Nor deign his weakness to enfold
In changeless law. Else wherefore flies
Sleek Fortune's wheel so madly round?
The good man bears the penalties
Of yon bold sinner, who is found
Enthroned exultant, apt to grind
His blameless victim to the ground.
Virtue is fain, in caverns blind,
Her light to hide; and just men know
The scourgings meet for baser kind.
Mendacious Fraud reserves no blow
For men like these, nor Perjury;
But when they will their might to show,
Then conquer they, with ease and glee,
The kings unnumbered tribes obey.
O Judge unknown, we call on Thee!
To our sad planet turn, we pray!
Are we — we men — the meanest side
Of all Thy great creation? Nay,
Though but the drift of Fortune's tide!
Compel her wasteful floods to pause,
And, ruling heaven, rule beside
O'er quiet lands, by steadfast laws!"

"From thy tearful sadness," then said the celestial guide, "I knew thee to be miserable and astray, but how far thou hadst wandered I did not guess until I heard this lay of thine. Nevertheless, it is thou thyself who hast abandoned thy fatherland; thou hast not been banished thence. This is what none could ever have done to thee. Bethink thee, therefore, of the country which is thy home." Philosophy then subjects her pupil to a long and searching examination concerning his belief in the sovereignty of God; and when she finds that his replies ring true, in the main, upon this fundamental question, "Thanks be to Him who gives all spiritual health," she cries, "thou hast not yet belied thy nature! Now have I found the earnest of thy cure, — a right opinion concerning the government of this world, in that thou ascribest it not to senseless hazard, but to the ordering of a divine intelligence. Fear nothing, therefore. From this tiny spark I will kindle a fire that shall both warm thee into life and give thee light." It becomes the turn of Philosophy to sing the succeeding song, of which the short lines in dactylic dimeter, a measure that Boethius particularly loved, fall with something of the kindling effect of a bugle

bar of Theodoric; and that this is what he means by the desire for the safety of the Senate, which he so defiantly avows. Such a desire was not necessarily treasonable to the king, but a correspondence upon the subject with the authorities at Constantinople, if tampered with by unscrupulous and hostile hands, might easily have been made to appear so.

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call. The reveille of Philosophy ends thus: —

"Truth wilt thou hail
In her uttermost splendor,
Painfully scale
The summits of light?
Cast out thy fears,
And thy hopes all surrender;
He 's done with tears
Who hath conquered delight.
Tarry no more
Thy soul's fetters to rend, nor
Linger and cower
In the kingdom of night!"

The second book of the Consolation is devoted to an examination of the worth of Fortune's gifts. Boethius is first bidden to look steadily on all that he has lost, and to dare measure the depth of his fall. It seems a cruel prescription, and the cry which it forces from the shrinking spirit, "In omni adversitate fortunæ infelicissimum genus est infortunii fuisse felicem," is literally repeated in that indelible passage of the Inferno: —

"Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria."

Even Philosophy is almost moved to compassion here, and she deigns, incidentally, to soothe the sufferer by reminding him that those whom he loves better than himself are still in safety. "That noblest ornament of the human race, thy father-in-law, Symmachus, whose life thou wouldst gladly have purchased with thine own, a man endowed with all wisdom and every virtue, is yet unharmed, and without apprehension on his own account, though deeply distressed for thy injuries. And thy wife yet lives, that chaste and gentle creature, of whose many gifts I can say no more than this, that she is like her father. . . . Thy boys, too, the young consulars, in whom the spirit both of their father and their grandfather shines out as brightly as may be at so tender an age. . . . Dry thy tears, Boethius. Fortune has not yet smitten thy dear ones for thy sake; neither can the tempest be too strong for thee while such anchors hold."

The main argument is then resumed, and the vanity successively demonstrated of riches, of great position, of power, and of fame. But when Boethius pleads with his monitress that his had been no vulgar ambition, but the desire to be remembered as one who had loved and benefited his fellow-men, she replies by showing him the insignificance, in the great universe of God, of the stage on which he had acted, and the trivial duration of the longest human fame in comparison with eternity.

Eternity! The soul of the prisoner is not bound, and he can wholly lose, for a little while, himself and the memory of his woes in the noble though ineffectual endeavor to fathom the full meaning of that mysterious word. "The space of a moment and the space of ten thousand years may be compared, for each represents a certain fixed portion of time, though that of the moment be infinitesimal. But that number of a myriad years, although indefinitely multiplied, would bear no comparison whatever with endless duration. For the things which have an end are comparable with one another, but not with the things which have none."

Having convinced her pupil of the vanity of all good fortune, Philosophy now promises to instruct him in the hidden excellence of evil; reminding him, as a preliminary, that even among finite beings adversity reveals a man's true friends, and the worth of their affection. The mystical song which follows, in which *love* is hailed as the principle of *order*, that which unifies and vivifies all created things, contains reminiscences both of Lucretius and of Plato. "O felix hominum genus," — "O happy human race," are its closing words, "if the love which rules in heaven rule your souls also!"

Here ends the second book of the

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Consolation. The third opens with a striking colloquy: —

"So she ceased singing; but as for me, the melody of her voice held me listening as if entranced, eager for more. Then, after a little, 'O sovereign consoler of all weary souls,' I said, 'how hast thou reanimated me, both by the power of thy thoughts and the beauty of thy song! Henceforth, methinks, I shall stand up against the blows of Fate. I dread no more the sharp remedies of which thou spakest awhile ago, but earnestly entreat thee to say on.' Then she: 'I saw that thou wast drinking in my words with mute attention, and I looked for this changed mood of mind in thee, or rather it is I who have induced it. My precepts are, verily, of those which are bitter upon the lips, but sweet within. Wherefore if even now, as thou sayest, thou cravest to hear more, what ardor would not fire thy soul if thou knewest whither I am leading thee!' 'Where, then?' I cried; and she answered, 'Unto true felicity, which indeed has been the dream of thy life, only thou wast beset by false images thereof, and couldst not discern the reality.' 'Oh, show it me,' I returned, 'without more delay!' 'That will I,' said my guide, 'and gladly. But first I will review yet once again those elements of happiness which are already known to thee, and endeavor to enlighten thee still further concerning them, that so, thy vision being cleared, when thou liftest thine eyes anew, thou mayest discern the shape of perfect beatitude.'"

Thus the kernel of the inquiry is reached, and we approach that discourse of Philosophy concerning the nature of the *Summum Bonum*, or "Highest Good," which occupies the whole of Boethius's third book. The great prizes of life in this world, rank and wealth, and love and honor, which had fallen so richly to his own share, are marshaled in his memory once more, and the mystery is patiently unfolded, that even these, though severally so frail and unsatisfactory, are nevertheless fragments of that supernal felicity, that consummate good, whose place is not here; which, being, moreover, a living integer, can be but mutilated or slain by the separation of its parts.

"'Since then, at last,'" resumes the guide, "'thou discernest the difference between true beatitude and its lying counterfeits, it remains for me to show thee the true.' 'For this,' I answered, 'I have waited long.' 'But if, as our dear Plato says in his Timæus, we ought, in the very least things, to invoke the divine assistance, how thinkest thou we may best be rendered worthy to discover the dwelling-place of the Supreme Good?' 'By appealing to the Father of all being,' I replied, whereupon she sang me this hymn: —

"'Undying Soul of this material ball,
Heaven and earth Maker, Thou who first didst call
Time into being, and by Thy behest
Movest all things, Thyself alone at rest!
No outward power impelled Thee thus to mould
In shape the fluid atoms manifold, —
Only the immortal image, born within,
Of perfect beauty; wherefore Thou hast been
Thine own fair model, and the things of sense
The image bear of Thy magnificence;
Parts perfect in themselves by Thy control
Are newly blent into a perfect whole;
The yokèd elements obey Thy hand;
Frost works with fire, water with barren sand:
So the dense continents are fast maintained,
And heaven's ethereal fire to earth restrained.
Thou dost the life of threefold nature tame
To serve the parts of one harmonious frame, —
That soul of things constrained eternally
To trace Thy image on the starry sky,
The greater and the lesser deeps to round
And on itself return. Thou too hast found
For us, Thy lesser creatures of a day
Wherewith Thou sowest earth, forms of a clay

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So kindly fragile, naught can stay our flight
Backward unto the Source of all our light.
Grant, Father, yet the undethronèd mind
A way unto the fount of truth to find,
And, sought so long, the vision of Thy face;
Lighten our flesh, terrestrial vapors chase,
And shine in all Thy splendor! For Thou art
The final Rest of every faithful heart,
The First, the Last, — of the expatriate soul,
Lord, Leader, Pathway, and eternal Goal!'"

The argument which follows is long and subtle; and if the pupil of Philosophy, sitting in her very presence, finds himself sometimes bewildered in the mazes of it, how much more the jaded reader of to-day! The conclusion has already been foreshadowed. It is God who is the Supreme Good, — the satisfaction of all desire, the final rest, the end of being. For a moment the soul of the prisoner is uplifted as by a new and glorious discovery; but then the heavy weight of all the "unintelligible world" once more descends upon him, and he makes an almost agonized appeal to Philosophy, in the beginning of the fourth book, for help toward the solution of those terrible problems of old and of every time, — the prevalence of evil in the world, and the conflict between God's foreknowledge and man's free will.

Concerning the uses of evil, Philosophy begins by reminding her pupil that evil is but a name. The most sinister events are in reality blessings just so long as they tend to make the individual better. Thus it depends upon man's free will to transmute into good that which appears to be evil. In the following metre, which is one of the most beautiful and spirited of the whole collection, Philosophy sings the sacrifice of Iphigenia, whereby the Greeks found the way to their homes; the vengeance of Ulysses upon Polyphemus, which delivered the land from so great a monster; and, last, the hard and weary labors of Hercules, whose end was deification and celestial peace: —

"Then last he bowed his mighty frame
Beneath the burden of the sky,
And so — like toil, like guerdon! — came
Unto his home on high.

"Wherefore take heart his steps to trace,
Nor loose the armor of thy wars!
Who spurns the earth shall find a place
Among the eternal stars."

"What then is chance?" inquires Boethius of his teacher, in the opening chapter of the fifth and last book of the Consolation; and the answer is authoritative: "There is no such thing. The river is not lost in its angry, whirling rapids, but emerges and pursues its course. An accident may be defined as an unforeseen event arising from external causes, coinciding with those which determine a man's purpose; but this very coincidence of causes is a part of that eternal order which assigns to all things their time and place, and has its source in the providence of God."

This explanation, though followed by a short elegiac poem, in which the illustration of the river is expanded and elaborated, fails quite to content the inquirer, who owns himself unable to see what place is left for the volition of man in the fatal interlacement of causes just described. Philosophy's mystical reply to this objection is little more than a development of that Platonic and Pythagorean doctrine so beautifully expounded in the Elysian fields by the soul of Anchises to his son: [1] —

"Ergo exercentur pœnis, veterumque malorum
Supplicia expendunt: aliæ panduntur inanes
Suspensæ ad ventos: aliis sub gurgite vasto
Infectum eluitur scelus, aut exuritur igni;
Quisque suos patimur Manes; exinde per amplum
Mittimur Elysium, et pauci læta arva tenemus;
Donec longa dies, perfecto temporis orbe,
Concretam exemit labem, purumque relinquit
Ætherium sensum atque aurai simplicis ignem."

This "ethereal sense" is indeed naught other than that spark of free

[1] P. Verg. Mar. Æn. vi. 739-747.

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will which every man possesses. It is not of equal strength in all. It is subject to degradation and enfeeblement through contact with the human body and surrender to sensual vice. It is subject to age-long purgation, also, to cleanse it from the stains thus contracted, but never to extinction. "Only tell me yet once again," the patient repeats with insistence, as one who feels that his time is growing short, "how this indomitable volition of man can consist with the omnipotence of God; and what, if all be in truth foreordained and foreknown, can be the efficacy of prayer; and without prayer, what living link is there between God and the soul?"

It is then that Philosophy gathers herself up for her supreme effort; and, strange as it may seem, the subtile yet strenuous argument which follows does actually appear to shed a momentary gleam of light into the measureless abyss of the "final inexplicability." All through the Consolation the horror of Boethius's actual position lends a reality to his wrestlings, a force to his words, quite other than that which attaches to the mental exercises of those who speculate upon these abstruse questions in the calm of entire personal security. And now, with the last imperious necessity pressing hard upon him, the man so absorbs us in himself that we are uplifted along with him, and seem to share, for one passing moment, the sublime freedom of spirit whereby he is enabled to reason so lucidly on the difference between an eternity which is conditioned by the category of time, like that which Aristotle imputes to the material universe, and an eternity like that of the Deity, which owns no such condition.

"All the seeming contradiction between foreknowledge and free will," urges the philosophic spirit, "may thus arise from a qualitative difference in the two eternities. A proximately conceivable eternity, which consists of an infinite succession of moments, known only as they pass, does indeed present a faint image of the other immutable eternity, but it is not the same thing; for to the higher both past and future are always equally present. Let us then say, with Plato, *the world is perpetual, but God is eternal.* God's knowledge of events does not constitute their necessity, any more than your knowledge that the sun will rise necessitates that event. You recognize a difference in inevitability between the rising of the sun and the motions of a man. So God foreknows (or knows; in Him is no before) that some things must needs be, and others are exempt from such necessity.

"Wherefore, if these things are so, the liberty of choice remains intact for mortal men; neither can those laws be unrighteous which regulate reward and punishment, since the will is not constrained. An all-knowing and everlasting God beholds us from on high, and the ever-present eternity of his divine vision coincides with the potentiality of our own future actions, dispensing rewards to the good and chastisement to the evil. Not vainly, then, do men hope in God, and lift up their souls in prayer to Him; for if we pray aright, our prayers must needs be answered. Shun vice, therefore; venerate virtue; let a reasonable hope animate the soul, and worship ascend from earth to heaven. Away with self-deception, and recognize the fact that the necessity laid upon you is one of righteousness, since you live under the eye of an all-seeing Judge."

This is the last word of the Consolation of Philosophy. We may even conceive of it as set down in haste, after the key of the executioner had grated in the lock, and his footfall was already sounding upon the turret stair; or yet in the interval between the delivery of the final summons and the issue of the intrepid prisoner to a death of ignominy, and only too probably also of lingering torture. Yet it cannot be denied

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that a certain obscure pang of disappointment mingles with our admiration of Boethius's valiant calm. "Is this all?" the Christian soul will involuntarily exclaim. "Shall there be no word concerning that future life, the persuasion of whose reality must have been by so much the stronger in Boethius's day than now, as the memory was fresher, in the world, of One who had brought immortality 'to light' with 'good tidings of great joy'?"

The omission does indeed appear a strange one, and we can but conjecture how it was explained by those Christian casuists of the dark ages who found in Boethius a perfect armory of arguments; and even raised him to the rank, neither needed nor deserved, of an orthodox martyr, on the strength of the Arianism of Theodoric. In later times two solutions of the problem have been offered. The pious and learned Bertius, in his very interesting preface to the Delphin edition of the Consolation, contends that the treatise as we have it is obviously incomplete; that Bòethius had not time to finish it; and that there was, undoubtedly, to have been a sixth book, in which the conclusions of natural religion would have been supplemented and confirmed by the sanction of a divine revelation. Certain recent French critics, on the other hand,[1] have stoutly maintained that Boethius was no Christian at all; and that the lost theological writings which tradition had always ascribed to him were really those of an African bishop of the same name, who was banished to Sardinia in 504. The latter half of this theory was, however, invalidated by the discovery, in 1877, of a fragment of ancient manuscript, transcribed in the tenth century by the busy monks of Reichenau, an island in the Bodensee,[2] which proves beyond a doubt that the selfsame Boethius of the Consolation was also the author of the pious treatises in question.

For myself, I see no need of resorting to either of these hypotheses. The Consolation, though marked by that simplicity of style and sincerity of tone which would naturally have resulted from the writer's desperate circumstances, is after all the work of a subtle thinker rather than that of an impassioned believer. So, too, we may conclude, were the ostensibly religious writings of Boethius the amateur productions, probably, of his precocious youth. Tràces are to be found even in the Consolation of the official Christianity of the author, although he undoubtedly held the Christian dogmas loosely. It seems most plausible to suppose that Boethius was thinking of the holy martyrs in that passage in the second book where he makes Philosophy say, "We know that many men have sought the rapture of beatitude not through death merely, but through death in exquisite torture." He appears also to emphasize the Pythagorean doctrine of purgatory as foreshadowing that of the Church.

But the *âmes d'élite* of this world are of two kinds, and bear themselves diversely under the onset of extreme disaster. There are those who instinctively stretch out their hands into the dark-

[1] M. Louis de Mirandol, who translated the Consolation, rendering the metres into rather diffuse French verse, and M. Charles Jourdain, author of an essay entitled De l'Origine des Traditions sur le Christianisme de Boëce.

[2] The following is a translation of this most important passage in what is known from the name of its discoverer as the Anecdoton Holderi: —

"Boethius was distinguished by the highest dignities. He rendered thanks to King Theodoric, in the Senate, for the consulate of his sons, in a splendid oration. He wrote a book concerning the Holy Trinity and divers essays upon doctrine, and a book against Nestorius. He also composed a bucolic poem. But in the way of translating works on the art of logic, that is to say, dialectic, and in mathematical studies he achieved so much that he equaled, if he did not surpass, the ancient authors themselves."

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ness, feeling for and finding, or so they deem, other hands to sustain them. There are those, again, whose impulse it is to turn inward, gather up their own forces, brace themselves against the assaults of Fate, "and, having done all, to stand." A great doctor of the Church, quite sound, for the rest, on baptismal regeneration,[1] once used the expression "souls naturally Christian." With equal confidence it may be affirmed that there are souls — and devout souls, too — which even under a Christian dispensation are born pagan, like Julian's and that of Boethius himself.

The latter was probably as good a Christian as a man so intensely Roman in sentiment, so tenacious of the old senatorial traditions, could be. Unquestionably there was a deep antagonism between that sentiment and those traditions and the spirit of Christianity. The "high Roman fashion" was, however, — and fortunately, we may believe, — the exclusive birthright of the patrician order; and this is why Christianity encountered no obstacle, but rather spread with joyous rapidity, among the more intelligent of the hitherto overshadowed classes, while the consulars and their like resisted it to the last, and were never as a body even nominally converted until their type had deeply degenerated, and was, in fact, upon the point of passing forever away.

Boethius, then, from our point of view, was a Roman citizen first, afterwards a devout deist, and an orthodox Christian last of all. But he lived purely, thought reverently, and died greatly; and it argues but a feeble conception of the resources of divine grace to doubt that the power by which a man does these things is the same in source and substance, whether it distills from heaven like summer dew, or gushes upward, crystal cold, out of the seemingly barren rock.

The exact date of the execution of Boethius is unknown, but it probably took place in the early summer of 524. Within a year from that time, his father-in-law, the blameless and venerable Symmachus, the thought of whose exemption from his own distress had cheered the heart of Boethius in prison, was also, on the rumor of his great grief for the death of his son, abruptly summoned by the king to Ravenna, imprisoned without examination, and speedily put to death.

But the angry clouds which had obscured the right reason of Theodoric were about to clear away. "And this," says Procopius, at the beginning of his *History of the Gothic War*, "was the manner of his death. A few days later, there was set before him at table the head of a huge fish, and it seemed to him to be the head of Symmachus, lately decapitated. For the teeth appeared to gnaw the under lip and the eyes to roll in fury, giving it a frightful aspect. Stricken with terror, he was seized by a strong chill, and took to his bed, commanding his attendants to heap upon him all the coverings possible. So after a while he slept, and when he woke he related all that had occurred to his physician, Elpidius, weeping bitterly for the sin he had committed against Symmachus and Boethius. And still lamenting, and oppressed with anguish for his guilt, he not long after expired. This" (the twofold execution) "was the first and last act of injustice which he committed against any of his subjects, and it came of his not having, according to his custom, examined into the proofs before he passed sentence upon these men."

From the same source we learn that a part, at least, of the property of Boethius was restored to his sons by Amalasuntha; and the History of the Gothic War also affords us a last striking glimpse of the widowed Rusticiana, who bore the name of her ancestress, the wife of Symmachus, the great pagan consul.

[1] Tertullian.

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During the terrible famine which accompanied the siege of Rome by Totila in 547, Rusticiana, not yet an old woman, had so lavished her resources in alms to the suffering poor that she was herself reduced to beg bread of her Gothic captors, when they entered the city. "Nor was this," says Procopius, "thought a shame. But the Goths demanded that Rusticiana should be slain, fiercely accusing her of having given large sums to the Roman leaders for the privilege of defacing the statues of Theodoric, and so taking vengeance for the slaughter of her husband Boethius and her father Symmachus. Totila, however, refused to hearken to them; . . . nor would he surrender her nor any other Roman woman, whether wife, maid, or widow, to the lust of the Goths, whereby he won the reputation of great clemency."

With which trait of barbarian generosity our harrowing tale of the sixth century may fitly close.

H. W. P. and L. D.

AMERICAN AND GERMAN SCHOOLS.

MAY a knowledge of the educational practices of other nations help us to improve our system and methods of education? Upon this question there seems to be a wide difference of opinion. On the one hand, it is asserted that no two nations have the same conditions of life, either social or civil; that the schools of a nation are a growth peculiar to itself, as are its laws and customs, and therefore that they can be perfected only by trial and experience under the peculiar conditions of their origin and existence. On the other hand, it is urged that the universality of the needs of men as human beings should be recognized; and as the highest end of education is to make good and wise men rather than citizens of any particular state or workers at any given calling, there should be some common means pursued by which this highest and common end is reached. A knowledge of the common means thus employed serves a double purpose: first, in proving the efficacy of true theories of education; and, secondly, in guarding against false ones. Thus the successes and mistakes of one people may be used for the benefit of all others.

The history of education shows that this principle of coöperation, or the transmission of theories through their embodied practices, has been a potent factor in the development of true methods of education. It was recognized in the times of Comenius and Pestalozzi, when hundreds of teachers of various countries flocked to see the practical working of theories which were not fully understood or believed. And when we reflect upon the influence of the imperfect and crude attempts of these men to embody in practice theories which without such practice might have fallen upon dull ears, — an influence which has extended throughout the civilized world, — we cannot resist the conclusion, not only that it is useful for one nation to study the educational practices of other nations, but that it is the surest and best way of extending and perfecting the science as well as the art of education.

In seeking to find where we may learn most of that which will be useful in improving our schools, we naturally turn to the countries where lived the great reformers whose names I have just given, and where the fiercest pedagogical conflicts have been waged. In these countries — Germany, Austria, and Switzerland — we find a system of education scientific and thorough in its character,

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broad in its scope, and uniform in its practices. So good, indeed, are the schools here that other countries willingly sit at their feet as learners, as shown by the throngs of visitors in the schools, either drawn thither by professional interest, or sent officially to study their systems and to observe their methods. Nor is the interest and zeal in behalf of the schools new to the German people. Ever since the Reformation, the government has encouraged the establishment of institutions of learning of every kind to such an extent as to call to the service of elementary education the best thought of the country. True, that thought has been erratic and at times abnormal in its applications. Yet it has always been vigorous and powerful, whether exercised in the severe classical formalism of Trotzendorf and Sturm or in the free naturalism of Comenius and Basedow. The experience, therefore, of Germany in the management of her schools has been a thoughtful one, and as such it commands our respect and invites our attention to some contrasting features of her system of schools and ours.

For the purpose of making a comparison which will be most effective in the minds of readers, I will speak only of the conditions under which the schools are maintained, and especially of those conditions which all agree to be vital to the best interests of the schools. The conditions of which I shall speak are: (1) qualifications of teachers; (2) permanence of the teaching force; (3) character of plan of studies; (4) school attendance; (5) supervision.

1. Whatever may be said of the superiority of natural over acquired qualifications for the teacher's calling, no one, I suppose, will doubt the general statement that the efficiency of teachers is enhanced by special preparation for their work. That being conceded, we turn to inquire how much so-called professional preparation is demanded of teachers in the United States. From a recent report of the Commissioner of Education [1] it will be seen that in California, Illinois, Kansas, New Hampshire, New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Vermont, and Wisconsin — the only States making full reports — only one out of every seventeen teachers was in 1886 a graduate of a normal school. A larger proportion, or about twelve per cent. of all teachers employed, is reported as having attended a normal school. These States doubtless have other training schools, in which some of the teachers have received more or less professional training. Making a liberal allowance for the number attending such schools and for the probable advance that has been made, it is safe to say that not more than one fourth of the present teachers of the above-named States have had any professional preparation for their work. The character of the teaching in these States is certainly as high as it is in the rest of the Union. It may be said, therefore, that as many as three fourths of all the teachers of this country now in practice entered upon their work without any direct training in the science or art of teaching. In other words, a majority of the people of the country regard teaching as less of an art than carpentry or horse-shoeing, for which some preparation, at least, is thought to be necessary. When it is considered that a large proportion of these untrained teachers are new to their work every year, the seriousness of the matter becomes apparent. The enormous waste of money which is occasioned by the misdirected energies of this army of novices is of little consequence beside the irreparable injury which their experiments and mistakes cause to the children.

In decided contrast to the amount of professional training required for teachers in this country are Germany's requirements. Candidates for positions in the elementary schools (*Volkschulen*)

[1] Report of 1886–87, page 453.

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must have the equivalent of a normal-school training of three years and pass two rigid examinations, — one at the close of the course, and the other not earlier than two and not later than five years afterwards. The examinations are oral and written, and cover all the subjects taught in the normal school, including religion, language (in some parts of Germany a good knowledge of one foreign language is required), mathematics, science, history, pedagogics, psychology, logic, and a practical test in teaching a class of pupils. During the last two years of the normal-school course the students have constant practice in teaching in a model school; and between the two examinations just mentioned permission is granted the candidate to teach, although no permanent position is given until after the second examination is passed.

The examinations of candidates for positions in high schools are very severe in the various subjects which they are called upon to teach; and before permanent positions are given them, they are obliged to teach for one year under the direction of a competent master. Other examinations are given candidates for positions as principal, as special teacher in any department, or as instructor in private schools. Even one who desires to teach in a private family must first have a certificate of qualification from an examining commission. These examining commissions consist of different classes of persons, depending upon the character of the examination; but in general it may be said that professional teachers of good standing are largely represented in the commissions, and that one or more representatives of the provincial or district school boards are present at all examinations.

Thus we see that teaching is recognized by the government of Germany as a profession, in every way as severe in its requirements and as honorable in its character as is either of what we are wont to call the three learned professions. Nothing could be more marked than the contrast between such a recognition of a noble profession and the *laissez faire* policy of many parts of our country, which permits a person who simply knows a little arithmetic, grammar, and geography to help mould in its most pliant period the human mind.

2. Efficient service depends not only upon intelligent effort, but also upon a continuance of that effort. A frequently changing personality in any department of industry means a loss in unity of purpose and effort, and consequent weakness. This is especially true in teaching, which requires united and harmonious efforts toward a common purpose. If we step to-day into any one of the one hundred thousand school-rooms of Germany, we shall find a teacher who feels that he is engaged in his lifework; and in nine tenths of those school-rooms we shall find teachers who have the assurance of their government that as long as they behave themselves they may remain where they are to the end of their natural lives. Very rarely are the permanently elected teachers changed from the position to which they are appointed, and more rarely still are they dismissed from service.

Aside from the efficiency of these professional workers, their permanence of place makes their efforts felt in a way not known in a system of constant changes like ours. From recent statistics [1] we learn that in the United States an average of twenty-six changes occurs yearly in every one hundred teachers' positions; that is, the average length of the service of teachers is less than four years. In some quarters the rule is to make a change every term, the term consisting of ten or twelve weeks. So accustomed are we to a want of permanency in the position of teachers that we regard it not out of place for a young

[1] Report of U. S. Commissioner of Education, 1886–87, page 71.

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woman to make it a convenient waiting-place for matrimony, or for a young man to use it as a stepping-stone to one of the so-called learned professions. What other business would permit such a large "tramp" element to impair its efficiency or to lower its standard of effective usefulness?

3. A good plan of studies is to the teacher what the chart and compass are to the navigator. By its aid progress in the right direction may be measured; without it there is likely to be much aimless and useless work done, if indeed it be not absolutely mischievous. The making of a good plan of studies implies not only a knowledge of the subjects to be studied, but also such acquaintance with the powers and capacities of the growing mind as to know the proper sequence of subjects and the relative amount of work to be done in successive periods. Such knowledge, it must be admitted, is scientific, and can be acquired only by long and varied experience.

The German system of schools recognizes first of all the importance of a plan of studies by providing for the best plan that experience and science can give, and by causing one to be placed in the hands of every teacher. The Minister of Instruction — the highest educational authority of the state, and a member of the government — issues for all kinds and grades of schools a general plan of studies, which is elaborated and adapted to special needs by inspectors and masters of schools. So carefully prepared are these plans that they may be said to be the result of the best educational thought of the state, — on the one hand so well defined as to make the teacher's duty clear, and on the other hand so unrestricted as to leave much freedom and independence of action.

In many parts of the United States the arrangement of a plan of studies is left to the local board, — a board which is made up of men who are able, it may be, to run a farm or factory, but who have no special fitness to direct teachers in respect to subjects of study. As a consequence, there are many towns which have no plan of studies for their schools, absolutely no guide of what is expected to be done beyond the wishes of parents who are ambitious for their children to go through or over many books. This may not be less harmful than a faithful adherence to the requirements of some plans which are made by persons wholly unfit to make them. And all these hindrances to good and systematic work are but little worse than the constantly changing courses of studies which ambitious school committees, superintendents and principals are fond of putting out as essential improvements over what has preceded, or as proofs of their ability as reformers.

4. In estimating the value of an educational system, the attendance of children upon the schools should not be left out of the account. No school system can be said to be good which is not supported by laws requiring a certain standard of education for all. How far the practice of many parts of our country is from this standard appears from statistics which show that in twenty-one States there are no compulsory laws of school attendance, and that in other States, according to the Commissioner of Education,[1] "in many instances the compulsory attendance law, if not actually a dead letter, is practically so." In many of the Northern States where the percentage of attendance is the highest, there is gross neglect not only in enforcing the laws of compulsory school attendance, but also in providing proper truant schools. This neglect is due largely to the fact that the execution of the laws is left to local authorities, who for political and social reasons fail to do their duty. Members of the school board do not stand a good chance for reëlection who by an enforcement of the

[1] Report of 1886–87, page 56.

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law entail extra expense upon the town; and they are few, especially in country towns, who are willing to proceed against a neighbor or a neighbor's children, in case of a violation of the law.

Comparatively little fault can be found with Germany either in the laws relating to school attendance or in their enforcement. For many years there have been in successful operation in the various states which now are a part of the empire compulsory laws, which provide that every child between the ages of six and fourteen, or until certain attainments are reached, shall attend school while the schools are in session; that is to say, about ten months in the year. The penalty for non-compliance with these laws operates upon parents as well as upon truant children, — the former being fined and imprisoned, and the latter being cared for in schools provided for the purpose. The rigid enforcement of the laws may be attributed to the fact that the police officers of the state act directly in conjunction with the school authorities, both in ascertaining the causes of absence and in prosecuting offenders. The extent to which the compulsory laws are enforced is shown from the statistics of school attendance. For example, "on the first of December, 1888, there were absent from school, for valid reasons, 170,439 children out of a total of five millions; 13,517 children were absent through illness; 8826 were incapacitated, through bodily and mental defects, from attending school; and only 3145 were absent without sufficient cause." [1]

5. Experience has proved the necessity of wise supervision in most departments of labor; and nowhere is wise supervision more needed than in a system of schools where there are teachers of different schools and grades, or where the teachers are deficient to any extent in the art of teaching. Germany has for many years made this provision in the management of her schools, and the results clearly demonstrate its importance. In that country, the organization of the schools, the examination of teachers, the criticism and direction in methods of teaching, — in short, all duties involving technical wisdom and skill, — are given only to professional educators. At the head of the educational system of each state of Germany is an official who is a member of the government and has a direct influence in shaping the educational policy of the state. He is in constant communication with the various school boards, and to him the several examining boards and school inspectors report at regular times. There are city and district superintendents, who have certain definite supervisory duties to perform. For example, in Saxony these officials are obliged to direct their attention especially to the observance of the law in relation to school attendance, to the teachers' adherence to the plan of studies, to the methods of instruction, and to the progress of the pupils in general and in each subject. His conclusions with reference to these and other specified matters are embodied in a report sent to the district board at the close of every school year. School inspectors are also employed to act in conjunction with local boards in attending to the external affairs of the schools, such as care of school property, collection of fees, etc. In addition to the supervision performed by school inspectors there is the closer supervision by principals of all the large schools, both elementary and secondary. Such principals teach only about twelve hours a week, the rest of the time being given to matters of organization and supervision.

No uniform method of school supervision is practiced in this country; each State, and in some States each town, determining the methods to be employed. The schools of most of the cities and of some of the large towns

[1] London Journal of Education for January, 1890, page 32.

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are well supervised by skilled superintendents, appointed on account of their superior qualifications. The weak points in the supervision elsewhere — which means, of course, in the larger part of the country — are quite apparent to all who know the worth of intelligent direction in school affairs. In some sections there is absolutely no supervision of the schools other than that done by members of school boards, who, as a rule, have little time to attend to the duties of their office, and are likely to have neither natural nor acquired fitness to criticise and direct the work of teachers. In other sections, county superintendents are either appointed by a board or elected by popular vote. Some of these persons are doubtless efficient supervisors, but their field of labor is frequently so large as to prevent their service from being felt in the schools to any appreciable degree. In general it may be said, therefore, that a greater part of the school supervision of this country is ineffectual on account of the largeness of the supervisor's field of labor, or of his dependence in election to and retention in office upon the will of the people, or of his want of proper qualifications to perform the duties of his office.

From this brief comparison of the conditions of education in Germany and America, there appear some features of difference to the advantage of the former country: first, in the professional standard of service required; secondly, in the uniformity of a complete system; thirdly, in the removal of all educational affairs from politics and from the dangers of a changing public sentiment. The practical question for us to consider is, to what extent and in what way we may secure these conditions of excellence, and not violate the fundamental principles of a republican government. In some favored localities of this country these conditions are partially realized, and they are effected in such localities by the voice of the people themselves. This is the key to the solution of the question. Our laws should be so made as to require the governing school boards to call to their aid the best educational intelligence in conducting those interests which are the most important and sacred interests of a self-governing people. Such a delegation of powers and duties is not inconsistent with the principles of our government. The technical details of affairs which involve the highest interests of the people should be attended to only by persons best fitted to perform the service. This principle is recognized in the requirements of many States concerning matters of health; as, for example, the inspection of public buildings and the practice of medicine and dentistry. The blunders of poor builders and quacks are, perhaps, more noticeable than those of poor teachers; but they are certainly not more disastrous to the public welfare, not to speak of economic considerations which constitute so large an element in all other public concerns. It would seem that no arguments beyond those of common experience would be needed to convince the average taxpayer that unskilled direction of the schools means not only poor instruction and a waste of the children's time, but a waste of the people's money as well.

If opposition to the proposed plan is raised on the ground that the rights of the people would be violated, or that popular interest in the schools would be lessened, the experience of places in this country which have, in part, followed the proposed plan may be cited. In Boston, for example, is there any feeling of uneasiness on the part of her citizens because her representatives have committed the management of the internal affairs of the schools to a superintendent and board of supervisors, or because the rule is established that no one shall teach in the schools who has not passed an examination of a high

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order? The well-known interest and activity always shown in the educational affairs of that city disprove the idea that the rights of citizens are infringed, or that their interest in the schools is lessened in any degree. The same may be said of all places which have schools taught and managed by professional teachers and superintendents; and the results shown in their schools only prove the value of the lesson which may be learned from the experience of Germany. That lesson, so far as it relates to the conditions of school education, may be distinctly stated as follows: to provide means by which teachers of all schools shall have a thorough preparation for their work; to secure a permanent tenure of office for all worthy teachers; to make compulsory the school attendance of all children under fifteen years of age; to provide for systematic, skilled supervision of the schools in every part of the country.

John T. Prince.

THE TRAGIC MUSE.

Mr. James has achieved a kind of success in his latest novel which goes far to illustrate a great canon of the art of fiction. The mind of his readers may be taken to reflect his mind, and we make the assertion with confidence that if, after reading the novel as it has been appearing in The Atlantic, with delight in the brilliancy of the group of portraits which it presents, they now take up the two comely volumes [1] in which the serial is gathered, their attention will be held by what may be called the spiritual plot of the tale. That which first commands admiration may not have been first in the author's mind, but it was first in the order of presentation. The artistic defect in novels of a purpose is that the function of the novel as a reproduction of life is blurred by the function of the tract. On the other hand, the artistic defect in the novel without a purpose lies in a superficial dexterity which supposes life itself to be shallow and incapable of anything more than a surface gleam. It is in the nice portrayal of surfaces, by which an undercurrent of moving life is now revealed, now concealed, that the highest art is disclosed. Sometimes this undercurrent is made manifest by the steady movement of the characters toward some final catastrophe; sometimes it is brought to light in the relation of the characters to each other as illustrative of a single large theme, and in such cases neither tragedy nor comedy is necessarily resultant; the issue may be in the decision of each person, the definite fixing of the place of each in some microcosm.

It is this latter class of novels, where the judgment of the persons delineated is not emphasized and made unmistakable by a rude confirmation of external circumstance, that is winning the regard of the most thoughtful and most penetrating writers. And is it not characteristic of a view of life at once profound and bright that the creator of fictitious forms should be indifferent to *coups de théâtre*, and should care most for those human judgments which seem best to reflect divine judgment? For the lightning does not strike the blasphemer, vengeance does not fall swiftly upon the parricide, hell does not open before the betrayer of innocence. It is a finer power which discerns the crum-

[1] *The Tragic Muse.* By Henry James. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

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bling of the interior defenses of the human citadel, and discloses the ruin by glimpses through the fair exterior. Surely the art of the novelist is acquiring a wider range when to the novel of adventure, the novel of dramatic completeness, the novel of character, is added the novel which gives us a picture of human life as it passes before the spectator, who might himself be a part of it, and at the same time offers an interpretation of that life, and attempts something like a generalization of the suborder to which it belongs.

This, at any rate, is what we conceive Mr. James has done for us in The Tragic Muse. As we have intimated, after we have admired the brilliancy of the figures which compose the group constantly before the sight, we become even more interested in the revelation of those characters to the mind by the patient and apparently inexhaustible art of the novelist, showing them by the aid of a few incidents only, but of innumerable expressions in situation and converse. The simple theme on which Mr. James plays with endless variations is profound enough to justify all the labor which he has expended in illustrating it. We are tempted to say, in the light of his great success, that it is the only adequate mode by which the theme could be treated in fiction. For the relations of man to art admit of and demand such subtlety of thought that the fine shades of these relations can only be distinguished by the most painstaking setting forth of delicate workings of this thought in action and speech. Thus, as one recalls the wealth of phrase in which this masterly work abounds, he will admit that it is the lavishness of true art, not the prodigality of a spendthrift in words. Follow as one will the lines of movement in the novel, they all lead to the few fundamental, authoritative principles which form the groundwork of the novel. To the careless reader there is a waste of material in determining the question whether or not Nick Dormer is to marry Julia, whether Peter Sherringham is to marry Biddy or Miriam. He may be amused by the suspense in which he is kept, and entertained indefinitely by the spirited dialogue, but, judging the novel by its issue, he would have his own applause if he demanded, Is the game worth the candle?

The triumph of the novelist, in our judgment, lies in the fact that he can hold the careless reader to the close, cajoling him with the notion that he is in for the matrimonial hunt of the conventional novel, while at the same time he slowly opens to the student of life a singularly interesting relation of the progress of human souls, each moving toward its determination by choice and the gravitation of nature, and presenting constantly fresh examples of the problems of which they are themselves only now and then distinctly conscious. Perhaps the subtlest of these disclosures is in the delicately suggested nature of the attitude which Miriam Rooth holds at the last toward Nick Dormer. The real staunchness of this artist's fidelity to his art is seen in the sincerity of his dealings with Julia Dallow, and his absolute immobility under the tentative advances of Miriam. Indeed, the reader comes to have a sense of compassion for the tragedienne which is nowhere directly solicited by the author. He reads between the lines, not because the author has written a story faintly there, but because he has described the persons so truthfully, so completely, that, given the persons and situations, this unexpressed relation is inevitable. Here is an artist brave with no heroics, but through the simple honesty of his nature. He is the rock toward which Miriam turns, uncompromising in fidelity to her art, as instanced by her penetrating disclosure of Sherringham's nature, but also conscious of her own feminine dependency. It was a stroke of genius, and not the

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pis aller of a novelist intent upon pairing off his characters, which made her contemptuously tuck Basil Dashwood under her arm at the last.

Mr. James, to the thinking of many, gave himself space enough for the explication of his theme, but it is clear that he limited himself deliberately by recognizing in his study of the relations of art to life only two forms of art, the pictorial and the histrionic. He needed two because he needed both Nick Dormer and Miriam Rooth; and some of his happiest interpretations of the entire theme are in the glimpses which he gives of Nick Dormer's attitude toward portrait-painting. Once, at least, also, he throws in a fine illustration from the art of writing when Gabriel Nash says: —

"Life consists of the personal experiments of each of us, and the point of an experiment is that it shall succeed. What we contribute is our treatment of the material, our rendering of the text, our style. A sense of the qualities of a style is so rare that many persons should doubtless be forgiven for not being able to read, or at all events to enjoy us. But is that a reason for giving it up, for not being, in this other sphere, if one possibly can, a Macaulay, a Ruskin, a Renan? Ah, we must write our best; it 's the great thing we can do in the world, on the right side. One has one's form, *que diable*, and a mighty good thing that one has. I 'm not afraid of putting life into mine, without unduly squeezing it. I 'm not afraid of putting in honor and courage and charity, without spoiling them; on the contrary, I 'll only do them good. People may not read you at sight, may not like you, but there 's a chance they 'll come round; and the only way to court the chance is to keep it up — always to keep it up. That 's what I do, my dear fellow, if you don't think I 've perseverance. If some one likes it here and there, if you give a little impression of solidity, that 's your reward; besides, of course, the pleasure for yourself."

Nash is a writer, though the fact is lightly stated, and Mr. James has not worked him as a *littérateur*. It is sometimes hard to say just what he meant to make of the figure, whose personality is faintly sketched, and who seems scarcely more than a stalking-horse of clever approaches to the main game; his taking off is the most effective part. The great character of the book is the title character, and the art which is most elaborately analyzed is the histrionic. The actual development of the perfected artist out of the crude shape in which we first discover Miss Rooth is not given. Instead we have the much more interesting study of Miss Rooth in her earlier phase, and then, presto! change! the Miss Rooth who blazes forth. For the author's interest and the reader's is not in how to make a great artist out of unpromising material, but how, when the artist is made, everything looks to her. There are few more deft touches in this clever book than the genuine surprise which all enjoy, Sherringham, Dormer, Madame Carré, and the reader, when the cocoon is broken and the brilliant butterfly emerges.

It is a striking illustration of Mr. James's power of handling his material that from first to last Miriam Rooth is always seen *en face*. That is to say, though their author indulges in analysis of his other characters, he gives the reader only a front view of his heroine. When she appears she is on exhibition. We see her reflected occasionally in the faces of her audience, but we are not helped to a more intimate knowledge through the private advices of her creator. The brilliancy of the effect is greatly enhanced by this means, and the sort of theatrical show which goes on is wonderfully effective as a mode of carrying off the study which Mr. James is constantly making of the tragedian's art, as seen in the attitude toward it of the

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tragedian himself, or, as in this case, herself. He seems to ask himself, How would a girl having this genius for the stage regard herself, the stage, the play, the critic, the audience; how even would she look upon marriage, so universally regarded as the crown of a woman's life. But inasmuch as this artistic life is led in the glare of publicity, he preserves the illusion by making Miss Rooth ask all these questions, as it were, in public. There are no concealments, and there is no evasion. The persistency with which histrionic art in its personal aspect is pursued, without any wearisome, impersonal discussion, is most admirable. The unfolding of this theme is the unfolding of the story. Not for a moment does the reader find himself in any eddies of conversation; he is always in the current. It would be easy to quote passage after passage in illustration of the wit, the insight, the broad sense, which mark the development of this interior plot of the story, but we should only be printing over again what already has been printed in these pages. We can only advise students of literature and art who wish to see how a fine theme may be presented with a technique which, at first blush, would seem inconsistent with breadth of handling, but on closer scrutiny proves to be the facile instrument of a master workman who is thinking of the soul of his art, to read The Tragic Muse.

AMERICANS AT HOME.[1]

Both as a nation and individually we profess to like to see ourselves as others see us, and the Marchioness de San Carlos has given us the chance of knowing how we strike a foreign woman of fashion. Madame San Carlos has had unusual opportunities of seeing Americans at home and abroad, and of comparing New York with London, Paris, Havana, and Madrid. She has embodied her impressions in a book, rather loosely put together and without serious method, but which will be read with interest and improvement by every woman in this country who is curious about the judgment of an impartial tribunal. The volume may be divided into two portions: the first deals with society, woman, the young girl, propriety, the new man, music, the machine, by which is meant not political organization, but the vast whir and whiz of American life; the other and larger part is devoted to art, literature, and the drama in the United States, to religion, education, the state, and the labor question.

Madame San Carlos writes with the light touch and amiable temper of a true woman of society, looking for the agreeable side of things. She has not fallen into the vulgar mistakes about this country to which even intelligent foreigners are prone; if some of her remarks appear to us stereotyped, it is because certain of our faults cannot fail to strike everybody from other countries in the same way. As long, for instance, as frivolity and extravagance are the besetting sins of our women, they must expect to hear about them. "The trouble a young American will take to gratify her slightest whim is inconceivable!" Madame San Carlos exclaims. But she has taken the measure of the American woman with remarkable accuracy, and while giving her credit heartily for her virtues shows a good deal of penetration in

[1] *Les Américains chez eux.* Par Madame la Marquise de San Carlos de Pedroso. Paris. Brentano: New York. 1890.

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asserting them to be unconscious rather than the result of effort. Madame San Carlos does not adopt the tone or gesture of a censor; her attitude from the outset is a recognition that there are more ways than one of living and looking at life; a slight shrug or shake of the head marks her dissent or disapproval. She owns that there must be some excellence in customs which make women so frank and independent. She adverts to one danger in the free intercourse between our young unmarried men and women which we never before heard any one mention, — the risk of a girl's falling hopelessly in love with a flirt or with a man who has only friendship for her. Against this and other flaws in our polite system for women, Madame San Carlos sees a safeguard in their general habit of reading; it is this, she says, which prevents the trifling American from becoming commonplace, or worse. It must depend in great degree on the nature of the reading, but she is no doubt right in supposing that the practice is on the whole strengthening and salutary. In her estimate of our national character, she gives the highest place to truthfulness, and she makes a good point in saying that the story of Washington and his cherry-tree, which is told to every American child, at once teaches and typifies the quality we prize most.

Madame San Carlos has not only a very lively, graceful way of writing, but an uncommon gift of description; her style is easy and unstudied, and though not what is at present known as graphic it gives a clear impression in a few words. A single page devoted to the ordinary New York house is as exact as a ground plan, and as faithful and unflattering as a photograph; after reading it one might paint, paper, and furnish every room to order without crossing the threshold. Another example of her descriptive power is the picture of the guest arriving at an evening party in overcoat and galoshes, blinded by the light of the long, narrow entry, down which the icy air from the street rushes in his wake straight upon the staircase with its crowded tiers of pretty girls in ball dress, whom he must face and trample on his way to the host's bed-room, where he leaves his wraps. She finds a painful sameness in New York parties notwithstanding the pleasant, cordial nature of social intercourse, owing to the practice of inviting too many people into too narrow quarters. The highest art of Madame San Carlos's talent for description is in her chapter on Niagara, for which she finds some fresh colors and original touches; of the whirlpool she says: —

"There one may sometimes see the prow of a canoe, or the hideous spectre of a wretch who has been drawn into the current far above the rapids. Strange! in the whirlpool every waif rises to the surface before being swallowed up forever. It is the sole spot where the uprooted pines once more behold the blue sky, and a man may look for an instant on the lifeless body of his friend."

In the chapters on the school, the church, taxation, and trades unions, not only is the subject matter more solid than in the previous ones, but the handling is so much heavier as to raise a suspicion that the Marchioness' pen began to tire her fingers, or that she passed it on to somebody else. The peculiarity of her book is that it has a moral: Madame San Carlos concludes from her observation of this country that the only power which can check the swing of irreligion and license is that of the Roman Catholic Church. Her inference reaches a possible consequence of our present condition, though not the cure for it. The decline of authority, parental, spiritual, conventional, and the defiance of every rule are giving a preponderance to tendencies in our national character which sooner or later will be

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compensated by a reaction of the self-adjustive balance of temporal affairs. If we do not seek for a safer counterpoise, we may feel the heavy hand of Rome on the beam, settling order; and it will take a long and costly struggle to shake it off and restore the true equilibrium.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Moral Perspective.

Is there anything in nature which when scrutinized does not appear wonderful? Familiar as it may be to our careless glances, the moment we begin to examine it we find how much more than we had imagined there is in it to study and ponder over. And true as this is of objects in nature, it is more true, so to speak, with regard to our fellow-men. The nearer the relationship, the closer the intimacy, the more we find to learn about our friend or brother. Never while he lives ought we to fancy we know of any man all there is to be known. The main lines of character, the stronger currents of feeling, we have perhaps discovered, but we may be sure there are regions whose depths we have not penetrated. All we do know has come to us as fragments, and we put the pieces together as a child does his "dissected map." Is it not true, on the other hand, that the very nearness to a friend which gives us opportunity of studying him in detail in another way interferes with our gaining a just and whole impression? We know there is an opposite method of approach to objects that brings into view features which, seen too close at hand, we are likely to overlook. I think we often fail of a proper understanding of our best known friend by forgetting to look at him in perspective. We see the picture habitually at too short remove from it, and not in the large wholeness of the composition, as in the intention of the artist and in its true proportions it should be viewed.

We regard our neighbor or friend too often from the standpoint of our own relation to him; it is as he affects us that we chiefly think of and judge him. It does not occur to us that he may have qualities which are not brought out at all in connection with us. The personality of each of us is like a little sphere, which meeting with another touches it at a single point and leaves it, rolling on to meet and touch in like manner a third sphere at some different point of its own circumference. To take a thorough and true account of any man, therefore, it is necessary — and impossible — that we know him as intimately in his relation to other persons as in his relation to ourself.

If we were taxed with the fault, most of us would admit that we are less grateful for the blessings of our life than disposed to complain of its deprivations and misfortunes. In the same fashion, we take our dear brother's or sister's graces and virtues calmly, as matters of course, while we wonder at and deplore his defects and faults. We are prepared to love perfectly, we believe, but it is a perfect being we unconsciously make demand for as the object of our affection.

Suppose we were really to love our neighbor as ourself, — in the way that makes us certain that we are better than any one knows us to be. We are aware of unworthy thoughts and wishes at times, it is true, which we should be ashamed to have come to light, and yet we are conscious also of aspirations and

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strivings after the infinitely good and true which we can never put into words. There are depths of love for those my life is bound up with that are never wholly revealed, either in my words or deeds. There is an ideal self in me to which my actual self is always striving to conform; is there not in my brother, too, an ideal I but dimly guess at? There is no time when we come so near to knowing a friend truly as when he has gone forever from our earthly sight. Then for the first time we see him in right focus of vision. Pettier, accidental traits are lost to us; the more distinctive ones come out; the general scope of character, the permanent, constructive forces of his soul, stand forth in clear light. We think of him not merely as he was to us, but as he was to himself and to his Maker. We wonder then that we thought so little of the ideal aspect of the man, — of that which during all his frail and faulty life he wished to be, tried to be, and perhaps in truth was more nearly than we suspected.

Thus sympathetically reviewed, the career of our dead friend becomes sometimes strangely pathetic. Brilliant in mind, sanguine in temperament, full of confidence and energy, he started out to win intellectual honors and social distinction, and perhaps achieved a measure of success; but repeated misfortunes or certain inherent weaknesses of character, lack of balance, wisdom, or staying power, got in his way, clogged the wheels of his advance, till at last he dropped behind, gave up the race, and ended his days in premature retirement from the world's activities. This drama of his life, — it was of intense moment and interest to him, but, preoccupied with ourselves, how little thought we had to spare for our friend! The new and truer apprehension of him flashed on us when too late; only in time to bring self-reproach for our selfish blindness.

Friends often smile inwardly as they listen to a mourner fondly recalling the noble and endearing qualities of a dear one gone, and go away saying to each other benevolently, It is only natural a man's family should idealize him when they have lost him. Yes, it is natural and it is right, and in the long perspective to which death has removed him he is first truly seen and known.

An Old Norse Punster. — There is scarce a class of humorists whose fortunes have been so fluctuating as those of the punster. We read that in the reign of the wise King James a happy play upon words often insured its author a rich living or even an episcopal see, whereas in our own times the perpetrator of a pun, however apt, is more in danger of being sent to Coventry. In the golden age of punsters referred to, the pun found its way into the very pulpit itself, the gravest divines introducing this popular form of wit into their sermons. Nowadays, puns are occasionally allowed to pass unchallenged in a humorous story or poem, but their position is by no means fixed, and the tide of popular favor may in the next decade sweep away their last prop. We can well understand Dr. Johnson's characterizing punning as "the lowest form of wit;" but all punsters, that is, the majority of mankind, must derive great comfort from the saying that "none despise puns but those that cannot make them." Every one with the least sense of humor must at times be struck by the resemblance between certain words, and, if he yield to the natural impulse to express it, the result is a pun, — in the vast majority of cases a poor pun.

But I am wandering from my purpose, which has to do not with punsters of our own day, but with a humorist of over nine hundred years ago. This worthy was named Egil the son of Skallagrim, and he lived in Norway and Iceland. He is famous in the history of the North for his powers as skald and warrior, and

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it is in the former capacity that he may be regarded also as a humorist. It is by no means paradoxical to state that extreme cruelty is often accompanied with a sense of humor; grim, to be sure, and not provocative to laughter, but none the less genuine. While committing the most dreadful deed of violence, the Old Norse warrior often pauses to utter some savage jest, and in the midst of death and torture the sufferer's lip curls with a scornful *mot*. Readers of Dasent's Burnt Njal will recall Skarphedin's fierce jest as he sees his father and mother and brother burning in the homestead, and similar instances might be culled in vast numbers from the sagas and poems of Iceland.

The quality of Old Norse poetry encouraged the use of puns. To the modern reader this poetry of the skalds seems characterized mainly by its extreme difficulty, caused by the employment of involved and often obscure circumlocutions. An Icelandic skald would have scorned to call a spade a spade. He would probably have delicately referred to it as the mighty sword that pierces the breast of Erda; and so with every word whose meaning could in any way be distorted by the ingenuity of the poet. The resulting obscurity ought perhaps to recommend this ancient poetry to the disciples of some of our modern English poets. Since so much attention was paid to the use of figures, what more natural than that the pun, perhaps the simplest and most obvious of all figures, should also have been not infrequently employed?

The examples that present themselves to our notice occur in the skaldic verses of the Egil's Saga, a work which, though second only to the Njála, has not yet been translated into English. The first that we shall consider is strongly tinged with pathos. Let us try to picture the scene. Egil is now an old man. After enduring the hardships of war and freebooting, the excitement of the duel and the chase, he finds himself in his old age, blind and feeble, constrained to seek rest and comfort in the *eld-hus* by the hearth. Some one of the company warns him that if he is not careful he will burn himself, whereat the old skald breaks out into verse, — the saddest I think, in the poetry of the North; not even the despair of The Loss of the Son touches a tenderer chord of human sympathy. The poet says: —

> "Long methinks
> I lie alone;
> A feeble carl
> Away from the king.
> Widows own I
> Twain, all-cold.
> But those wenches
> Crave the warmth."

It is in the fifth and sixth lines that the pun occurs. By the "two cold widows" Egil means his heels. The Icelandic word for heel is *hæll*, which is also a poetical word for "widow." The poet substitutes for this rare poetical word the ordinary one *ekkjur*, and carries out the pun in the following lines, "But those wenches crave the warmth." Taken all in all, it may be regarded as one of the most remarkable puns that have ever been made.

Egil did not, however, confine himself to puns upon words. He did not hesitate to tamper with personal names, an offense which at the present day is universally regarded as almost criminal, but was perhaps less heinous in Old Norse times. Names were then still in the process of change and formation. Egil's own father was named Skallagrim, but he was "sprinkled" Grim. The first part of the name means "bald," and the epithet could not have been applied before he had reached manhood. Skallagrim's father, again, was named Koeldulf (Evening Ulf), from his habit of sleeping in the evening. Being subject at any time to change, personal names could not have had the same sacredness that we attach to them. Immutability is essential to

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sacredness; a tendency to change is apt to bring with it a lack of reverence. Since a man's name could be changed or added to at will, what claim had it to any respect? If an insulting epithet were applied, the *holm-gang*[1] could always wipe out the offense in blood. Otherwise, no offense was intended, none felt. The poet had added one more figure to his poem, — that was all.

The first pun of this kind that we shall consider is made on no less a personage than Athelstan, king of England, whose name is mentioned in several of the Icelandic sagas. Egil had spent part of his youth in England, and had met Athelstan there and lived with him for some time. In the last verse but one that Egil composed, the poet refers to his old patron as "the lordly spear of Hamdir, the king." To one ignorant of Old Norse legendary lore, the connection seems very vague indeed, but by a little research we find that Hamdir was one of the sons of Gudrun, and that he was furnished by his mother with an armor invulnerable against steel. Learning this, his opponent, Jormanrek, orders his men to hurl stones at Hamdir, who is thus slain. The idea contained in the myth is of course similar to that of Achilles' heel. From this incident of mythology, a stone came to be called by poets "the spear of Hamdir," and as the latter part of Athelstan's name in Old Norse is *steiñn*, or "stone," the appropriateness of the pun in this case becomes quite obvious. For *athal*, the first part of the compound, which means "noble," a synonymous adjective is employed, and the pun is complete.

In an earlier verse of the same poet we find another example, which shows that the habit was not the result of senility. The victim, who was a dear friend of Egil, by the way, is named Arinbjörn. The first part of the word, *arin*, means literally "hearth," for the poet substitutes "the resting-place of the eagle." This is a poetical circumlocution for crag, rock, stone in general: here, a hearth-stone in particular. The latter part of the word means "bear," but strangely enough the poet does not avail himself of this tempting opportunity to extend his pun. We are not told what Arinbjörn said on hearing this mutilation of his name, but if he found its elucidation as difficult as modern scholars do, his anger had time to cool.

In chapter eighty-two of the same saga we find the following. There was a man in the saga named Einar Tinkling-Scale, in whose honor Egil composed a verse, in which Einar is referred to, not as Tinkling-Scale, but as the trusty joy of scales. Here the offense is perhaps not so great, since it is merely the nickname that is changed. As the greatest freedom prevailed with regard to the giving of nicknames, the same freedom must have been allowed in their mutilation.

In this short article I have of necessity regarded Egil from only one side of his character. But that this old Northern skald was a true poet must be acknowledged by every one who has read The Loss of the Son, referred to above. This poem was composed by Egil on the death of his favorite son, who was drowned before reaching manhood. Those ignorant of Old Norse can enjoy its spirit and pathos in Professor Boyesen's admirable translation, published four years ago in the Christian Union. We must not, however, judge Egil by our own standards of taste, and in considering his involved figures we must remember that they were in perfect keeping with the taste of the time and country in which the poet wrote. It is sincerely to be hoped that the pun will never regain the power it held among our great-grandparents' grandparents; but in measuring this sin among their others, we may credit the account, as

[1] The duel, or "island-going;" so called from the custom of holding such meetings on an island, or *holm*.

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historians are always bidding us, with "the age in which they lived." When cracking skulls was an ordinary occupation, cracking such jokes as the above was more harmless and less reprehensible than it is now.

Old Slave Names. — A contributor in the March Atlantic argues that Bryant followed closely the canons of reason and realism in giving to his hunter's wife the saintly name of Genevieve. The same contributor asserts that these fanciful names — Gwendolen, Editha, Alone, and the rest — especially abound in the backwoods of the South.

In the remote settlements of that sort of which I have any knowledge, it has usually happened that the names of the neighborhood showed distinctly the influence of the one or two cultivated and beneficent families living adjacent thereto. As the names of the members of these "old families" are usually almost Biblical in their plainness and severity, it followed that the dwellers in the neighboring settlements bear like simple names, — with, however, the favorite affix of the backwoods, Ann or Jane; as, for instance, Charlotte Jane, Julia Jane, Martha Ann, Phanuel Ann. Even the unique names that sometimes venture into the hallowed precincts of old families are adopted by the admiring "piney woodsman," and are treated with a like affix. Then names like the following become very popular in a poverty-stricken settlement: Dixie Ann, Buena Vista Jane, Secessia Ann Jane, — names that breathe of battle brought to absolute plainness by the peace-breathing affix. There are some names, however, indigenous to certain neighborhoods, which remain with a settlement and flourish there forever and a day, — names like these: Lorene, Lethe, Lomie.

There is one vein of Southern name-lore that will yield an unfailing supply of oddity and variety, — the names of the negroes: some new names given in freedom, but more especially quaint are the old slave names. The origin of these marvels of queerness is lost, as is the inception of so many marvels; their ultimatum is exhibited in these examples absolutely taken from life: Juniper Buzby, Rina Multon, Bania Agnew, Bob Robert Langdon, Moses Carr the Prophet, Prophet Christian, Reason Hinton, Shadrach-Meshach-Abednego-Hebrew-Chillen-De-Fiery-Furnace, Pirree Sylvanee Poke, Apple White Scarlet Jones, July Grey. Fancy the combination of any suggestion of dimness, any hint of gray, with the name of a month that sparkles through and through with unmarred brilliancy, that glitters with scintillation of sunshine and moonlight until it glows one flame of lucent gold!

The old negroes, the preservers of "before the war" memories, wear often the exquisite cognomens of Greece, — Daphne and Chloe being usual names for old head-handkerchiefed aunties. Their names sometimes are intended to tell a story, — a proposition that this bitter one accentuates: John Brown Son Of Jim Brown My Master Whip Me And De Niggers Stand Around.

The following belong especially to the negroes of "since the war" birth; they breathe freedom of fancy at least: Mary Ellen Purgana Roberta Louisa Eliza; Daisy Lucy Alice Mary Ella; Carter Avery John Wesley Mumford Jones; and still another, Marthine Nilline Feradine Hygine Corney White. But most marvelous of all is the name of an old, old negro of Hale County, Alabama, — a name that is a wonder and marvel, for there can be no other like it in heaven above or in the earth beneath: George Solomon King Dick Lick A Loon Half At Log Cabin I Been Dar Ole Verginny Nigger Lie By De Fire Eat Parch Corn And Potatoes And Send De Dogs Ter De Simmon Tree And Have Guards After Dem Ter See Dat Dee Do Go.

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BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Fiction. Black Beauty, his Grooms and Companions, by Anna Sewell. (American Humane Education Society, Boston.) A spirited autobiography of a horse, with the design of instilling kindness to animals into the minds of people. The intention of the book is so obvious that we wonder why the author, or her editor, has thought it necessary to italicize all the points. However, if this system impresses the special lessons on the mind, we ought not to complain, though so many shouts tend to defeat the loudness of each one. — A Waif of the Plains, by Bret Harte. (Houghton.) Like others of Mr. Harte's recent stories, this is a story of real life in stage land, clever and kaleidoscopic. The bits of colored glass which constitute his artistic material are shaken about into everlastingly new combinations, with the same general effect. Mr. Harte can no longer escape from the world he has peopled into that which exists for ordinary men and women. — The Mistress of Beech Knoll, by Clara Louise Burnham. (Houghton.) Mrs. Burnham has a bright story to tell, and her characters have an ease of life which is nearly as good as profundity of conception. The incidents are simple, and if there is no absorbing demand on the reader's attention, there is no lack of honest, straightforward movement toward a natural and agreeable end. — Yazoo, by Will J. Wheless. (Murray's Steam Printing House, Dallas, Texas.) A first performance, we suppose, by a writer who has a story in his head, but is very much bothered to get it out in some extraordinary fashion, instead of trusting to the simple form of story-telling. — Albrecht, by Arlo Bates. (Roberts.) Mr. Bates essays a romance of a primitive type in the midst of a scoffing generation of realists, and has added thus to the necessary perils of his undertaking that of an unsympathetic audience. But if one has a poetic thought which naturally takes to itself this form, why should he not be true to his art? It may yet be that we shall not be foolish partisans in our attitude toward the art of fiction. — A Chronicle of Conquest, by Frances C. Sparhawk. (Lothrop.) An enthusiastic story devoted to the exploitation of the Carlyle system of regenerating the Indian. Miss Sparhawk has the first requisite of success in a strong faith in this system, and her belief in it goes far to giving reality to characters which, without this faith, tend to merely conventional creations. — Circumstances beyond Control, by Luther H. Bickford. (C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) Hypnotism is in the doctor's hands for experiment with possible results in pathology. It is also in the novelist's hands with possible results of adding new enormities to fiction. — Two Voices, by Henry Harland. (Cassell.) Dies Iræ, the former of the two sketches which make up this little book, is a study of morbid anatomy; and De Profundis, the second, the meditation of a sinner on his deathbed. The work as a whole is crude, though not without force, but has an air of experiment about it. — Adrift, a Story of Niagara, by Julia Ditto Young. (Lippincott.) We notice that the author dedicates her book to Mr. Howells. If she intends by this to express her regard for that writer as a writer, she intimates by the book itself that she has profited little by reading his works. The story is realistically improbable, and has a conventional plot rendered more conventional by the air of naturalness that is cast about it. — Heart Stories, by Theodore Bartlett. (Putnams.) A thin volume containing the beginnings in literature of a young man whose short life is told pathetically in the preface. The work is marked by sentiment and generous impulses, and if it has the sound of other novelists' voices in it, that is a note which belongs to beginners' work. — Jack Horner, by Mary Spear Tiernan. (Houghton.) There must be a long step taken in the pacification of the North and the South when a Southern woman, writing a novel whose scene is laid principally in Richmond during the war, can use her art to bring about a marriage between a Confederate woman and a Union soldier, under circumstances which appear to cover the soldier with shame. Yet this is what Mrs. Tiernan has done with skill. Her pictures, moreover, of life in Richmond during the siege are vivacious and have the air of truthfulness. We are not quite sure that there is not some inconsistency in the development of the character of Madelaine, but the reader assuredly gets a very readable novel. — Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales, with notes on the origin, customs, and character of the Pawnee people, by George Bird Grinnell. (Forest & Stream Publishing Co., New York.) An interesting collection of Indian tales, told with evident intention on the part of the author to be faithful, and of notes drawn largely from first-hand observation. The treatment is sympathetic, but the author is neither a sentimentalist nor a blind partisan. He says some admirable things in his

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preface, especially when he is pointing out the false judgments passed on the Pawnee; for instance: "To speak of their stealing horses, using that verb in the sense which we commonly give it, would be like saying that an army stole the cannon which it captured in an engagement with the enemy. Captured horses were the legitimate spoils of war."

Education and Text-Books. Handbook of Psychology, Senses and Intellect, by James Mark Baldwin. (Holt.) There is something very refreshing in the naive hope with which the preface of this work opens, — a hope that "no book [on psychology] will hereafter meet the requirements of higher education for more than a generation." The author justifies his own course in producing one by a consideration of the rapid growth of the science. It would almost seem as if students of psychology who were also teachers would prefer to express themselves only on the lecture-platform and in the class-room, since by this means they could get out a new edition every year, if need be. Mr. Baldwin is an enthusiast, but a clear-headed one, and seeks to adjust the conflicting claims of psychology and metaphysics. Apparently he was trained in respect, at least, for the old school, while his individual bent is toward the new, and he seeks with much earnestness to do justice to each. The volume is to be followed by one on the Emotions and Will. The form of the work makes it adapted to class-room use. — Ancient History for Colleges and High Schools, by William F. Allen and P. V. N. Myers. (Ginn.) Part I. is devoted to The Eastern Nation and Greece, being a revision and expansion of the corresponding part of Mr. Myers's Outlines of Ancient History. It is a convenient epitome of modern research and theory. Part II., also a volume by itself, is a short History of the Roman People, by William F. Allen, whose death is a great loss to historical science in this country. A thoughtful, discriminating mind is at work on every page, and the part strikes us as having more unity of design and more individuality than the other, but the subject may account for that. — Les Trois Mousquetaires, par A. Dumas, edited and annotated, for use in colleges and schools, by F. C. Sumichrast. (Ginn.) The editing consists in the condensation of the original work by the omission of long descriptions, and of the immoralities which are out of place in the school-room. Where are they in place? An excellent body of notes contains the biographical and geographical ones in an alphabetically arranged section by themselves. — Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year 1887-88. (Government Printing Office, Washington.) There is the customary body of statistics, and a great deal of testimony on a variety of topics from a number of persons holding educational offices. There is also a good deal of digest of published reports. In our opinion, local influences determine educational methods to so great an extent that the comparative method is of little value except in the hands of a master of statistical science. A considerable part of what is collected with so much labor is of no value except to a few persons, and they are likely to accept the results with allowance for error. — The Bureau of Education also issues Proceedings of the Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association at its meeting in Washington, March, 1889, and the History of Federal and State Aid to Higher Education in the United States, by Frank W. Blackman. The latter contains a summary drawn from a number of accessible works, but no one portion of the subject seems to have been exhaustively treated. There is also the customary aimless kind of writing. It is hard to say why it should be so, but there is a sort of dry rot to most official documents of this class in America. Apparently no pains is taken to present matter in its best form, but volumes are ground out by the public printer which appear to have been written with no expectation that any one would read them. — The Nursery Lesson Book, a Guide for mothers in teaching young children: fifty easy lessons, each lesson combining simple and progressive instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic, drawing, and singing; with one hundred illustrations in outline, and sixteen songs set to music. By Philip G. Hubert, Jr. (Putnams.) This full title-page indicates the character of the contents. The book is rather for home use than for schools. We think the music and some of the hints given are of more value than the special method of the whole book. — Minna von Barnhelm, oder das Soldatenglück, by G. E. Lessing, edited by Sylvester Primer. (Heath.) A number of Heath's Modern Language Series. The introduction to the play contains a good sketch of Lessing and the influence of the times, as also an analysis of Minna. The notes are critical and explanatory, and a bibliography of books of reference used by the careful editor is appended. — A Primer of School Management. (Bardeen.) A somewhat vague and generalized little treatise, with copy-book advice. — Sesenheim, from Goethe's Dichtung und Wahrheit; edited, with an introduction and notes, by H. C. O. Huss. (Heath.) Tales from History, by Dr. Friedrich Hoffmann; edited, with notes, by H. S. Beresford-Webb. (Heath.) Both of these little books are in Heath's Modern Language Series, which appears to be a fresh and unhackneyed collection of reading manuals. — In the same ex-

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cellent Series, two new numbers are Schiller's Ballads, edited by Henry Johnson, and Sept Grands Auteurs du Dix-neuvième Siècle, by Alcée Fortier. Mr. Johnson shows his careful scholarship in the body of notes which he has collected, and especially in his study of Schiller's own attitude toward his work. Mr. Fortier's book is a course of lectures which he delivered in French at Tulane University, on Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Vigny, Alfred de Musset, Gautier, Prosper Mérimée, and François Coppée. The lectures are running notes on the writings of these authors. — Two Great Teachers, Johnson's Memoir of Roger Ascham, and selections from Stanley's Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, with introductions by James H. Carlisle. (Bardeen.) Arnold's life comes a little nearer to the experience of modern school-teachers, and both lives are valuable in proportion as methods are subordinated and principles given heed to.

Literary Criticism. Mr. Jesse Shepard prints in Paris, at the press of T. Symonds, a little volume of Essays and Pen-Pictures upon various themes suggested by life in Europe, such as Aristocratic Paris, A Visit to Gatchina, together with discussions upon topics which do not require a familiarity with life abroad, but are due to interest in æsthetic and literary subjects, such as Wagner's Music, Joseph Roux, Dumas. There is an imaginary dialogue between Euripides and Æschylus on the tragedy of Macbeth, an imaginary discourse by De Quincey on Optimism, and other papers. The general tone is that of protest against the physical school of philosophy, and of reverence for every form of genius as displayed in art. The same writer sends us his Pensées et Essais (Librairie Documentaire), which is in part, at least, the same material in a French dress. We have not the two books by us at once, but our impression is that in using the French form the author has introduced matter which finds a more familiar association with the French language than with the English. — The Poetry of Job, by George H. Gilbert. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.) Mr. Gilbert gives a rhythmical translation, and afterwards an interpretation of the poem. His translation may be more exact, and it may aim at a studied rhythm, but it has not the fullness, the real rhythmic splendor, of the authorized version, which no one should attempt to meddle with who is not a poet as well as a scholar. It does not seem to us that Mr. Gilbert's interpretation, which is chiefly of details, sufficiently considers the work as a whole, as regards either its literary form or its philosophic content. Mozley's essay is more likely to set the reader to thinking, and Mr. Genung's essay in the Andover Review shows possibly an acuter perception of the structural character of the work. The reader, however, will find many interesting and sympathetic comments in Mr. Gilbert's study. — Lectures on Russian Literature, by Ivan Panin. (Putnams.) The authors treated are Pushkin, Gogol, Turgenef, and Tolstoy. Mr. Panin finds in literature a revelation of soul through its manifold changes and developing forms, and holds that a certain cycle is run by each nation. Such a cycle he discovers in Russian literature, but he denies any originating force in this literature. The comparative method which he adopts is an interesting one, and his book, illustrated as it is with many translations from the representative authors whom he selects, offers a suggestive study, of more value to the reader than such books are apt to be, because the critic constantly appeals to the reader's familiarity with parallel manifestations in Occidental or classic literature. The great need, in any study of a foreign literature, is of standards of comparison. — Literature and Poetry, by Philip Schaff. (Scribners.) Dr. Schaff discourses on the English Language, the Poetry of the Bible, the Great Latin Hymns, the University, Ancient and Modern, and Dante, with various illustrative and companion subjects. We do not see the significance of the title. Does he exclude poetry from the class of literature? The work is encyclopædic and matter of fact rather than marked by the insight which belongs to a quickening apprehension of literature. — Studies in Literature and style, by Theodore W. Hunt. (Armstrong.) "It is the purpose of these Studies," says the author in his preface, "to state, discuss, and exemplify the representative types of style with primary reference to the needs of the English literary student." Under the captions, thus, of the Intellectual Style, the Literary, the Impassioned, the Popular, the Critical, the Poetic, the Satirical, and the Humorous, with special studies of the style of Matthew Arnold and of Emerson, the author undertakes to state principles and to give examples. It is a temperate book, with a certain independence of judgment about it, and a vigor of moderation which imparts a sane air to the work. — In a Club Corner, the Monologue of a Man who might have been Sociable, overheard by A. P. Russell. (Houghton.) The slight mannerism of the title fits well the book, which is a mosaic of bits of criticism and comment from a great variety of authors. Mr. Russell has studied this literary art so long and faithfully that he has become exceedingly skillful in joining his bits, so that one sees no longer a collection, but a whole. — W. A. W., a Souvenir of the Fourth Annual Convention at Warsaw, Indiana, July 9, 10, 11,

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and 12, 1889, by L. May Wheeler and Mary E. Cardwill. (M. Cullaton & Co., Richmond, Ind.) It is plain that we must look beyond the title-page for an explanation of W. A. W., and we find it on the first page of the book in the expansion into Western Association of Writers. The book is a report of the Convention of Western Writers. The West is a large term; perhaps it was the place where the convention met which gives the reader the impression that the West means Indiana. It is clear that the writers all had a capital time, and read poems and papers in the most reckless manner. At the East we fear they would have played base-ball. If to a reader not born within reach of Warsaw there seems sometimes to be a little lack of proportion, the thought quickly comes that the West will cure that trifling evil, if the enthusiasm of the Western Association may be taken as an indication.

Domestic Economy. Dinnerology, our Experiments in Diet, from Crankery to Commonsense. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) The writer of this book resorts to the expedient of connubial conversation and similar frippery to enable him to set forth various experiments looking to the reduction of weight, the extirpation of dyspepsia and similar evils in modern good living. The embellishment of small and usually poor jokes adds to the discouragement of the reader who is trying to find the real substance of the book. Still, patient labor will disclose a residuum of good sense. — Delicate Feasting, by Theodore Child. (Harpers.) This book was written in the meridian of Paris, and the author is at the top of an Eiffel Tower of supreme condescension for England and America. If he had as much lightness of touch as he has earnestness of principle in all matters relating to the dinner table, he might have made an amusing as well as an instructive book. We find most useful hints in his work, and we take the chastising with good nature. It is something for an American to be whipped into an appreciation of the stomach and the palate as the last fine retreat of the spirit of man.

Poetry and the Drama. Eleusis is the title of a poem privately printed in Chicago, copyrighted, but by nobody, and dedicated to W. H. S. We can give the reader no further clue to the publisher or author, but we wish we could, for the poem is worthier attention than many that come heralded with pomp of advertisement. We cannot say that it impresses us as a work of original power. On the contrary, it is quite assuredly reflective. It reflects in its measure In Memoriam, in its thought it reflects the pessimistic philosophy of the day, in its phraseology it reflects Tennyson; but it is thoughtful and it is musical, the work of a man of fine feeling and sensitiveness. If one drifts along with it, he is suffused with a not disagreeable melancholy; if he stops to analyze, he begins to question the fundamental thought; and if he be pretty sane, he is likely to consider at the close that noble poetry is not built upon negations. Fitzgerald's poem, for example, depends for its life upon its positive philosophy, not upon its superficial denials.

Economics. The Economic Basis of Protection, by Simon N. Patten. (Lippincott.) A temperate, thoughtful little book, in which the writer studies his subject from the point of view which assumes the question of a free-trade or protection policy to be an individual one for each nation, and not capable of being formulated into a general law. Hence his inquiry is, What conduces most to the growth and well-being of the United States, that nation having certain differentiated conditions not to be averred of other nations? — Silver in Europe, by S. Dana Horton. (Macmillan.) A pamphlet in cloth covers. The author, a well-known authority on bimetallism, aims to get a hearing, from those whom it is important to influence to-day, upon the theme of the general restoration of silver to legal equality with gold. His book is historical so far as it treats very recent movements like the Paris monetary Congress of September, 1889, and argumentative as it undertakes to pass in review the objections which have been raised by monometallists.

History. The Dutch in America, by William Henry Arnoux (Privately printed), is an argument in a New York elevated railway case, involving the question whether the Dutch Roman law prevailed in Manhattan Island previous to 1664. The railway corporation claimed that, under this law, the state held full control of the streets, and that the owners of abutting property had no rights or easements therein. The point furnishes Mr. Arnoux with the text for a very interesting historical essay.

Handbooks. Barnes & Co. have issued a new and revised edition of A History of Art for classes, students, and tourists in Europe, by William H. Goodyear, late curator in the N. Y. Metropolitan Museum of Art. This excellent handbook is very fully and handsomely illustrated with process plates in various tints.

Travels. A Naturalist's Voyage around the World in 1831, by Charles Darwin, has a staying charm not usual in books of travel. This new edition contains a number of excellent illustrations. (Appletons.)

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